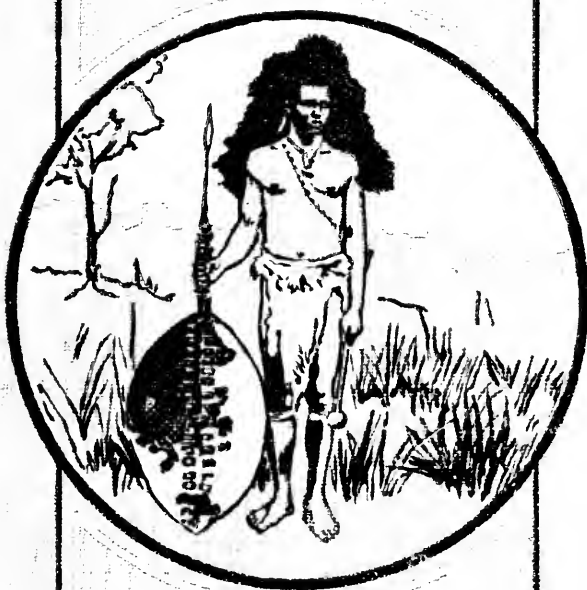




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LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.



yr old friend & Brother
F. Corillard

COILLARD OF THE ZAMBESI

THE LIVES OF FRANÇOIS AND
CHRISTINA COILLARD, OF THE
PARIS MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN
SOUTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA
(1858-1904)

BY
C. W. MACKINTOSH

WITH A FRONTISPIECE, A MAP, AND 77 ILLUSTRATIONS

T. FISHER UNWIN
LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE
LEIPSIC: INSELSTRASSE 20

First Edition . . April, 1907
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Third Impression 1909

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Preface

THE life of François Coillard might be written from several points of view. He influenced the map of South Africa and the natives far and wide. He deeply stirred the Reformed Churches of the Continent. But possibly his life will prove to have told most profoundly upon his fellow-labourers in the world-wide mission-field; he was pre-eminently the missionary's missionary. He did not lay claim to be an original thinker, a scientific observer, or a great commander and organiser, yet all who met him felt they were in the presence of genius—the genius of insight, of sympathy, and devotion. He and his wife stand forth as types of those pioneer days which are past for ever. Besides the power of action, both had the power of feeling and expression to an unusual degree, and that is why their history has been deemed worth recording.

Both left copious journals and correspondence. The difficulty of selection from this mass of material has been very great, and much that was valuable and interesting has inevitably been sacrificed to the continuity of the narrative. In order to place the various events in their proper light, it has been necessary to consult other authorities, chief among these being the numbers of the *Paris Journal des Missions Evangéliques* since 1855, and

the *Basutoland Records*, compiled by Dr. Theal. I am also indebted to Dr. Theal for much kind personal help and advice; as, however, he has not seen the proof-sheets, it would not be right to identify him with the views of affairs here set forth. I would also express my cordial thanks to the British South Africa Company for kindly granting me access to their archives concerning Barotsiland and permitting me to quote the letter on page 383, and to Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell and to His Honour the Administrator of North-West Rhodesia for the tributes to M. Coillard's work which appear in the Appendix. My gratitude is also due to the Staff and Directors of the Paris Missionary Society, both at headquarters and in the field, for all their assistance, and especially to my revered friend, Mme. Mabile, whose opportune presence in England afforded me inestimable help in writing the earlier chapters of this book. I would, moreover, thank all M. Coillard's friends (particularly among the Dutch Churches of South Africa) who have placed photographs, letters, and reminiscences at my disposal. Many documents not quoted have been of great value in establishing dates and clearing up obscurities.

It would be impossible to write a book about South Africa, covering so stormy a period, which should be acceptable to everybody. My sole aim has been to ascertain the facts, however painful sometimes their character, and to present them as simply as possible. M. Coillard's own journals and letters fit into the official records like pieces into a puzzle, many "undesigned coincidences" proving his accuracy and candour as a narrator.

The spelling of African names does not pretend to be authoritative; it merely follows usage.

It need hardly be said that, however great the sympathy between my uncle and aunt and myself in all that

concerned their work, it was unlikely that persons so different in age, upbringing, and (in his case) nationality could see eye to eye in everything. Where there was divergence I have endeavoured to give effect to their views, not my own.

In looking over this biography, I am deeply conscious of its inadequacy to give a living portrait. All the letters and journals quoted have been very much condensed, and in the process much of their aroma has fled. Some will see in the last pages merely the record of heroic failure. But François Coillard's labour on the Zambesi was not a failure. It was only the beginning of a work which it is our responsibility to continue if not to complete. Some who read may perhaps feel this responsibility a personal one, and hence may be glad to know that both the Basuto and Barotsi branches of the Paris Society are represented in England by auxiliary committees, the addresses of which are given below.

This Preface may fitly conclude with a passage from M. Coillard's own autobiography, written in 1880, describing the opening of the second *Maison des Missions* in 1857, the original one having been closed in the Revolution of 1848:—

“I was struck by the text on which M. Grandpierre based his discourse, Haggai ii. 9: ‘*The glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former house.*’ It was fine, but it was a dream, to my mind impossible of realisation. The first Mission House had a glory of its own. . . . It cradled a race of rare men, a race of giants who belonged to another epoch than ours. . . . The names of Lemue, Rolland, Pellissier, Daumas, Casalis, Arbousset stand beside those of Vanderkemp, Moffat, and John Williams. Yes, these were among the heroes whose deeds of valour have built up the Church and have been the salvation of nations. The missionary calling has no longer—it cannot have—the adventurous character of fifty or sixty years ago. No need now of courage and boldness and transcendent devotion for those who follow it. But ‘those that honour Me, I will honour,’ saith the Lord, and that is enough.”

So wrote François Coillard in 1880, not knowing that his greatest achievements still lay before him, and that he himself would be numbered among those for whose exploits he thought the world had neither space nor need. So may it prove with those who come after, and who are conscious, as he was, of their unfitness to follow in such footsteps. New tasks of equal grandeur await new men. The lives of their forerunners have proved that the work of unrighteousness and calumny decays; the work of justice and of mercy endures, even through persecution and outward ruin, and in God's own time bears fruit.

"He will keep the feet of His saints; and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail" (1 Sam. ii. 9).

CATHERINE WINKWORTH MACKINTOSH.

January 29, 1907.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

IN this reprint a few corrections and emendations have been made.

June, 1907.

C. W. M.

The Directors of the Paris Missionary Society may be addressed at 102, Boulevard Arago, Paris, France.

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Barotsiland Mission, London Auxiliary. Hon. Sec., 5, Adamson Road, South Hampstead, N.W.



KING LEWANIKA OF BAROTSILAND, UPPER ZAMBESI.

Taken at Bulawayo in 1902.



HER CONSORT, THE MOKWE TUNGA.

QUEEN MORWAE.

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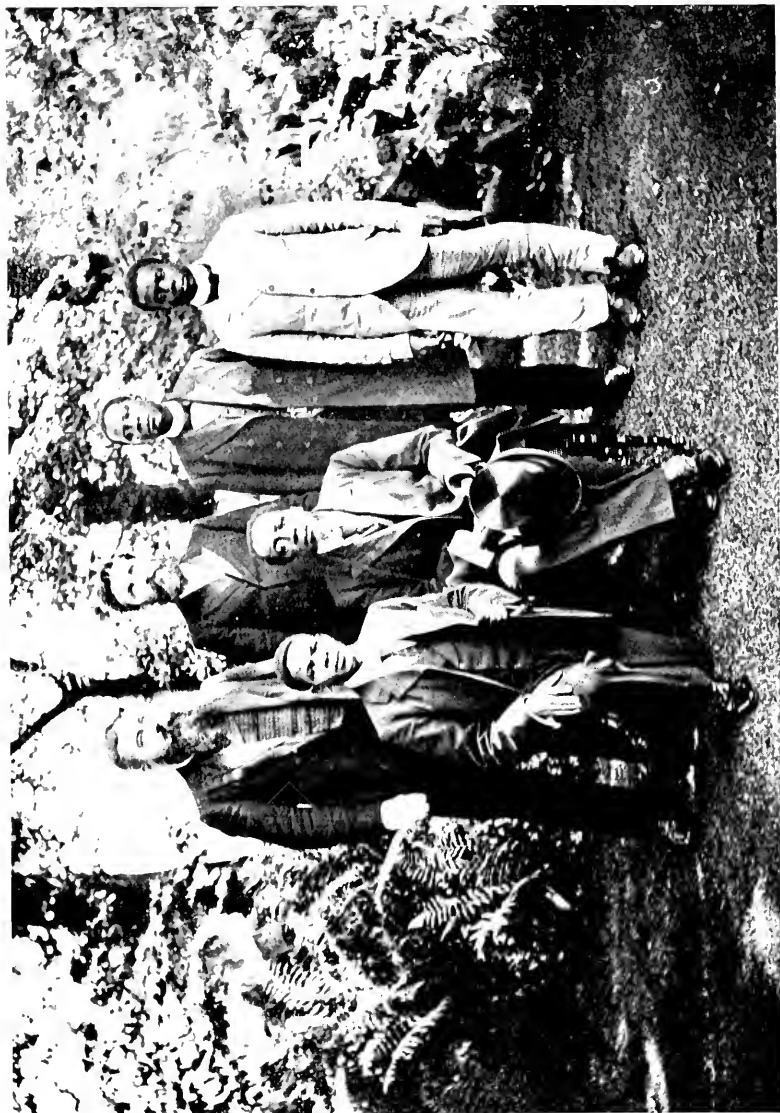
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NOTE

THE illustrations, except where otherwise stated, are from photographs by M. Coillard. His own portrait is from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street; that of Mme. Coillard is by Penabert, Passage du Havre, Paris. The photographer of the three Matabele photographs is unknown.

Captain A. Bertrand. Rev. A. Jalla. Mokamba, the Gumbella. Lewanika's son-in-law



Interpreter.

KING LEWANIKA AND SUTTE IN ENGLAND, 1902.

(Taken at Beddau House School, Goudhurst, where he was visiting his sons.)

PART I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH IN FRANCE

1834-1857

with extraordinary effect but amid violent opposition. It was through their influence and friendship that the father of Christina Coillard, the Rev. Lachlan Mackintosh, was brought into the ministry; and it was under the preaching of James Haldane in Edinburgh that his children grew up. This was the first link in the chain; and the second was Robert Haldane's visit to the Continent in 1816.

The Reformed Churches of France and Switzerland were just then in a deplorable condition, owing to the Revolution in the former, and in the latter to the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau, who had come to live near Geneva. Ever since the visit of the mystical Mme. de Krudener, a small company had been meeting there to pray that a teacher might be sent to them. One of these was a student, Ami Bost, afterwards pastor of François Coillard's native village. Mr. Haldane was welcomed as the answer to their prayers. He arrived in Geneva simply as a private traveller, and invited two or three students, to whom he had personal introductions, to come and read the Bible with him in his rooms. The number gradually increased, and for over a year they used to meet three times a week around his table, at the head of which he sat with his powdered hair and queue. The Epistle to the Romans was their text-book, and his great themes were the Godhead of Christ, the plenary inspiration and authority of Scripture, and the necessity for regeneration.

As a result, between twenty-five and thirty students and one or two pastors came to know these things as realities, but the Venerable Company of Geneva refused to ordain the candidates who insisted upon preaching them, and withdrew the licences of those who were already pastors. In consequence, these young men, all ardent, gifted, and highly educated, but rejected from the ministry,

were formed into the Evangelical Society of Geneva, which is still carrying on its invaluable work. It then included, among others, such men as Cæsar Malan of Geneva, Pyt of the Pyrenees, Olivier, F. Monod, Merle D'Aubigné, Felix Neff of Dauphiné and the Waldensian Valleys, and Ami Bost,¹ already mentioned. Within a very few years their labours as travelling preachers resulted in a great religious awakening in Switzerland, which spread over the French, German, and Italian borders. The converts were called in derision *momiers*. Almost all the places then associated with their work are still centres of Christian life and work. This Revival gave birth to the Paris Missionary Society, founded in 1828, and to a multitude of other religious and charitable undertakings which are still flourishing: indirectly also to the Free Churches of France and Switzerland, and thus to the *Mission Romande* in the Transvaal and Lorenzo Marquez.

From Geneva, Robert Haldane went to Montauban, the headquarters of French Protestantism. Here he found that the Revolutionists had successfully abolished Sunday observance, and had ransacked public and private libraries, burning every religious book and every Bible they could find. Of the latter, not one copy could be found on sale, nor even a New Testament. Through his exertions 16,000 were printed, and with the help of Henri Pyt recourse was had to the old Reformation plan of circulating them from house to house through the agency of the Colportage Society then organised.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the effect of this one year's quiet, unofficial labour. "The name of Robert Haldane," wrote Frédéric Monod, "stands inseparably

¹ Pastor Bost never actually met Robert Haldane. None the less did he experience the effects of his ministry: he was emphatically a *fils du Reveil*.

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connected with the dawn of the Gospel on the Continent of Europe" (*i.e.*, after its eclipse in the French Revolution). "The work he began in 1817 has been advancing ever since." Merle d'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, bears similar testimony.

"If at the Reformation Geneva gave something to Scotland, if she communicated light to John Knox, Geneva has received something in return in the blessed exertions of Robert Haldane."

His activities ceased only with his death in 1842. Little did he dream that the streams of influence he was privileged to set in motion were all to converge in the life of one little boy, then herding turkeys on the fields of France, and were to result in giving two spheres of labour to the Church of God, and (indirectly) two provinces to the British Empire.

CHAPTER I

HOME AND STUDENT LIFE

1834-1857

Childhood of François Coillard—Poverty and Hardship—*La Mère Bonté*—Pastor Bost and his family—The Revolution of 1848—Years of Bondage—Glory in the Jura—The Call to Mission-work—Paris—Strasburg University—Asnières - les - Bourges—Ordination.

FRANÇOIS COILLARD was born in the village of Asnières-les-Bourges, Province of Berry, Central France, on July 17, 1834. In a fragment of autobiography written for his friends in France, but unfortunately too long for the limits of this book, he has given a fascinating account of his early experiences and surroundings; and from this the following details are taken.

His parents belonged to the peasant class, a term which in French covers a great variety of conditions. His father was what in England would be called a wealthy yeoman, farming his own lands; his wife, Madeleine Dautry, had, moreover, brought him a large property. The ancestors of both had given martyrs to the Huguenot cause. Many local families had handed down the memories of St. Bartholomew and other persecutions in their village. It was at Asnières that Calvin had exercised his calling as a lawyer, that his reforming influence had first made itself felt and had led to the founding of the little Protestant Church. All

these traditions, treasured by his mother, were among the future missionary's earliest and most cherished recollections.

He was the last of seven children, and being more than nine years younger than his predecessor, he was called by their neighbours *le Trop-Tard-Venu* (Come-too-late), a name which seemed sadly appropriate when, two years later, his mother was left a widow and destitute. Her husband, a sociable and generous man, had backed bills for his friends, and no sooner was he in his grave than a pack of creditors came down upon her. Hoping to save her children's patrimony, she first sacrificed her own estate, which legally she might have kept; but after two or three years' struggling, she had to let the whole go—farmstead, lands, and stock. Only a few patches of field and vineyard were left, which she had not the means to cultivate. Of her elder children, several were already married, and crippled as they were by the loss of their inheritance, they could do nothing to help her. She therefore leased her small remaining property, and the cottage containing the remnant of their once beautiful furniture, and took a situation as housekeeper and farm-wife at the Castle of Foëcy fifteen miles distant, where lived the managers of a china factory. Her little son, by that time six years old, but very small and delicate for his age, was sent out to herd the turkeys. "But," he says, "children have an extraordinary power of adapting themselves to circumstances, and so did I to mine. I read to myself in the fields, for I could read already; and I read and re-read the only book I possessed—one of the Gospels."

Two years later, Madame Coillard *mère*, having saved a little capital, returned to Asnières, where there was an excellent Protestant school, for the sake of educating her boy, whom, with a mother's insight, she had already



Ph. F. C.]

ASNIÈRES. HOUSE WHERE FRANÇOIS COLLARD WAS BORN.



Ph. F. C.]

ASNIÈRES. PEASANT WOMEN WORKING IN THE PLACE D'AUJONNIÈRE.

[To face p. 8.]

dedicated to the ministry. Here she farmed her few acres with her own hands and such help as she could command. She was a woman of heroic character and deep piety, well known for miles round as *La Mère Bonté* (Mother of Kindness). Her cottage was always open to the colporteurs, and whilst she entertained them, *le petit cousin*, as he was universally called (all Protestants being counted cousins), was free to feast upon the books which filled their packs.

“Few realise (he wrote) the influence which these evangelists of the humble exercise over the people in localities like ours. Every night our room used to be thronged with people, and the evening would pass in singing and serious conversation. These pioneers were the first to introduce the singing of hymns, for till then nothing was known save the Psalms of David and the Paraphrases. Every Revival has its hymns; a new setting is needed for experiences new to us; and the older I grow the more I am impressed with the importance of singing as a means of evangelisation.”

Thus his childhood (as afterwards his manhood) was spent amid Revival activities. This was, perhaps, one secret of its dynamic. The coming of a new pastor, M. Ami Bost, brought a fresh element into the parish, and developed not only his mind, but the two passions of his life—the love of church music and of missions. M. Bost’s example, moreover, taught him that bodies as well as souls must be reached and helped. He was a musical genius, and his large family inherited his gifts. His two youngest sons attended the village school. François Coillard became their chosen friend, and thenceforth all his play-time was spent at the manse until late in the evening when his mother returned from her

work. There he prepared his lessons, and listened, as he says, "to their enchanting concerts, which many an audience of the cultured world might have envied." The Père Bost, however, was much more than a musician. He was a man of great intellect and practical ability—a born Reformer. "Looking back," says M. Coillard, "he produces on my memory the effect of a powerful battery brought to bear on our lethargic vine-dressers. He would fain have been our Oberlin and our Felix Neff. Everywhere he found material for reform. The dwellings of our peasants were pitiable; the state of the roads especially deplorable."

M. Bost and his boys might often be seen at work mending the paths. The villagers were not at all grateful for all his efforts; they would much rather have been let alone. Still less did they tolerate the strict discipline and other changes he sought to bring into the Church. The Bost family came originally from Alsace, where the Lutheran was the prevailing form of Protestantism, and the innovations they brought with them, their hymns, the choir practices of Mlle. Bost, the domestic orchestra, the Christmas-trees and Church music, the *Gloria*, the *Magnificat*, and other anthems their pastor (Presbyterian though he was) composed for the festivals of the Christian year were denounced by the elders as "just Popery."

"The Père Bost was not and never could have been popular, but Catholics and Protestants alike adored his only daughter, Marie Bost. For her, no barriers existed; her ministry of love reached out to all. It exercised itself chiefly among the school children and elder girls. No influence has more contributed to make me love the things of God and to prepare me for my calling as a missionary.

“It was then that I first heard missions talked about. She charmed us by her stories, and those who had them gave their *sous*. I had none, and I could not ask my mother for them for she had none either. . . . I often cried bitterly about it. One day I noticed our good school-master planting cabbages. He had swept up a quantity of manure from the road for this purpose. Here was a ray of light. Perhaps if I did it for him, I might earn a penny for Mademoiselle’s collection. The dear, kind man understood, turned his barrow over to me, and, my work done, he gave me *sous*. This joy of *giving* shines in my childhood, amid all the mists of far-off memories, with a purity which I still delight to look back upon, and—let me confess it—which I envy.

“Missionary! all the family were that. M. Bost has himself related the great meeting of these eleven sons (who, as he said, had each a sister!), come from all parts. It was really something phenomenal. On the Sunday, they all took part in a special service, some by short addresses, others by their singing. One entered the pulpit, propped on crutches. This was Ami, the merchant from Scotland. Another spoke to us of his *children*, his incurables. It will easily be guessed that this was John Bost [founder of the famous *Asiles de la Force*]. Another made a no less profound impression upon me. I heard him called the *missionary*. It was M. Samuel Bost. He showed us the little idols worshipped by the heathen. For me it was a memorable day. ‘Oh, mother,’ I said, ‘how splendid it must be to be a missionary!’ And she answered, ‘Yes, my child, it is a much finer thing than even to be a pastor.’ From that time, missionary interest took a new lease of life among us.

“Mlle. Bost would lend me little books and say, ‘François, read that to La Mère Bonté.’ . . . The same

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ones, read and re-read for the twentieth time, were as fresh as ever. But nothing in my youth impressed me like the work of Moffat. In the adventures and in the spirit of this Christian hero there was something fascinating to me.

“Through the long winter evenings, women would come in and bring their work, one her distaff and spindle, another her knitting, a third her sewing. Even men were there, and *le petit cousin* read aloud to them.

“In midwinter, everybody crushes their walnuts on various days, and invites friends and relations to a ‘Bee,’ in reality to pass the time sociably. A large table would be improvised, and all sat round it. The bruised nuts were piled up along the centre, and every one husked them for the oil [used for lamps]. This business, not very attractive in itself, was transformed into quite a festivity, which every one took his share in promoting—one by his blood-curdling ghost stories, another with tales of his military service, a third by the songs he would carol forth in a sentimental *tremolo*, and the entertainment closed with a simple repast designed for sound appetites. At our own house, and often in those of our neighbours, my part was to sing hymns, for I knew nothing else to sing, except the ballad of the *Wandering Jew*, which my dear mother had explained to me; or I would retail the missionary stories I had read, to which they listened open-mouthed. ‘Can that be true?’—‘I read it in a book,’ was my invariable reply, one which proved completely satisfying.

“These *veillées* were golden opportunities for doing good, and I do not wonder that our friends the colporteurs used to join them, as did the schoolmaster and the pastor too. For me the association of ideas and tender memories has encircled the winter season with a halo of poetry. I used to dream of the Frozen North and the Aurora Borealis,

and envied the missionaries in Greenland and the Lapps their perpetual snow and ice, as though they too had their *veillées* and walnuts to crack.

“At my mother’s suggestion, I went every day to an old bed-ridden dame of over eighty to read the Bible to her, the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, or some other good book. She appreciated my visits very much, and people got into the habit of calling *le petit cousin* hither and thither to read a chapter or a prayer.

“Brought up most religiously from childhood, this religiosity had become a sort of second nature to me. But it was mere self-deception. Yet some outward changes must have taken place in me at this time, since it struck those around me. My mother used to say, ‘Oh, my darling child, if I were only rich enough, you should be a pastor; and if ever I could see you enter the pulpit like your cousin Cadier at Pau, it would be the finest day of my life.’ My two eldest brothers, of whom I stood very much in awe, by no means shared these sentiments, and thought my mother spoilt me.”

Even now he did all that a child could do to lighten his mother’s burdens; sold his pet lamb, and reared rabbits in order to pay for his Latin books and school stationery, and went to market every week to sell her butter, eggs, and cream-cheese. But changes were at hand.

“One day at one of her meetings Mlle. Bost told us they were all going to leave us. She burst into tears, and all of us with her. . . . The dreaded day arrived. It was a public calamity. Never had such a spectacle been witnessed. Everywhere people were weeping at their work, in their cottages. We went home feeling like orphans.

“By this time I was nearly fourteen. The Revolution of 1848 had broken out. The Republic was proclaimed; everywhere in the schools the Marseillaise was taught. On a certain day we took part in a great civic ceremony [at Bourges], and amid frantic enthusiasm, planted the symbol of what was called Liberty. The tree, however, perished, and some unkind wits said, ‘Liberty is dead!’ At any rate, there ensued a time of complete anarchy. Bands of Socialists roamed over the country, pillaging and burning the country seats, farms, and mills. Every evening the tocsin sounded, and fresh fires were seen lighting up the sky. Panic seized every one. Troops occupied the whole district. Patrols of volunteers relieved each other every two hours in and around the village. These supposed guards were mostly armed with forks and scythes. Young as I was, I offered my services like every one else, and the neighbours said, ‘*Le petit cousin est brave!*’

“To these political agitations public calamities were soon added: the potato disease and a terrible famine. The bakeries were besieged, and I have often fasted for whole days without ever complaining, but our good schoolmaster’s wife noticed this sometimes, and would give me a little food. I cannot help thinking that they too were often badly off.

“The situation became desperate. One evening my poor mother burst into tears and said, ‘My poor little boy, I am beaten. I can struggle no more; we shall die of hunger.’ ‘Oh, mother,’ I said, ‘don’t cry; I am big now, and can earn my living and help you.’ And indeed I had already begun. For a long time I had been going into the vineyard with one of my brothers-in-law. I wanted to show them that I too could work.”

François Coillard’s childhood had come to an end.

The new minister, struck by his precocious talents, and with his progress in Latin, interested a wealthy lady who had lately come to occupy the Castle at Foëcy. She offered "to adopt him and push him on." Understanding, as did the minister, that she intended to educate him for the pastorate, the mother gave him up, though with a breaking heart. The lady, however, apprenticed him to her gardener.

Of the time spent in her service he could never speak without a shudder. The old-remembered castle had been transformed, the moat filled in, the glacis turned into flowerbeds: the Norman turrets fitted with pagoda roofs. Small and delicate as he still was, the servants, whose drudge he now became, kept him early and late at the hardest household tasks. The daylight hours were spent under the gardener, a Roman Catholic, who had conceived an insane jealousy of him, and vented his spite by continually jeering at everything the boy had been taught to hold most sacred.

"I occupied a little attic in a disused workshop of the china factory, now empty and silent. There, after a well-filled day, when I had given out all the physical energy I possessed, I could cry my eyes out with no one to see or hear. I often tried to read, but even candle-ends were grudged me."

Here came on a visit a lady who was to play an important part in his future life—Mme. André-Walther. Seeing him in the garden, she spoke kindly to him of his home, and hearing he was to be confirmed at the same time as her young daughter, she wished to know if he were converted.

"Converted! . . . This word fell into my heart like a

live coal. I knew the word very well, but not the thing. I was a good Protestant, anxious to fulfil rightly all my religious duties. My Huguenot blood revolted against the gibes of the Catholic workpeople, and I retorted on them with ardour and conviction. I was proud not merely of being a Protestant, but, above all, of being a descendant of the Huguenots, and I felt that, like them, I would gladly have perished for my Faith—yes, even such faith as was in me then. But I felt not the need of what they called conversion. I was full of self-righteousness. The first Communion was to me a Diploma of Religion. If everybody was so satisfied with me, why should not God be satisfied too? Certainly I was perfectly satisfied with myself.

“ Winter came. The Castle was closed, and its owner left for Paris with all the servants, so I was delivered over to the tender mercies of the gardener. The work was heavy, the weather severe. I was ill-clad, and still worse lodged. The wind and frost drove into my garret. One day I could bear it no longer, and I wrote to Mme. — in Paris. The reply brought my immediate dismissal.”

A similar place was now found for him with an English clergyman and his family, named Kirby, who held the historic Castle of La Ferté Imbault and the thirty farms comprised in the manor. They liked to surround themselves with Protestants, and their factor was married to François Coillard's sister. On Sundays he and all the farm-hands (many of whom were natives of Asnières) attended a Church of England service conducted in French; and it was thus that he learnt to appreciate as he did the Book of Common Prayer. Indeed, one of the last requests of his life was to have a copy sent to him, his own being worn out. At the time, however, he

was indifferent. His childish piety had given place to pride, ambition, and rebellion against his lot. The Kirbys were good and kind people, but he could not give up his dreams of study. He slept at the top of a stone turret on the postern wall, and when they saw that his light burnt more than half the night, and sometimes found him asleep over his Latin books, they took them away and threatened dismissal. All was in vain. At last they realised this, and kindly encouraged him to become a schoolmaster. He obtained admission to a training college at Glay, in the Montbéliard country (French Jura), specially founded for young men like himself without means. He was now seventeen.

“I had no ambition for the moment (he says) but to study. What I longed for above all was an easy, sedentary life which would enable me to keep my dear mother near me and to care for her declining years.

“But the last Sunday of my stay in Asnières [to take leave of the family] the pastor read us an appeal from the Paris Missionary Society. It made a deep impression upon me. As we came out I said to my mother, ‘Why should I not become a missionary myself?’

“‘Oh, my child!’ she exclaimed, ‘be anything else you like, but not that. You would be lost to me!’ The impression faded by degrees, but it did not fade with my mother. An agonising presentiment had seized her, and as she saw me off at Bourges, she said, amid sobs, ‘God bless you, my boy, but I beg of you not to be a missionary!’ Again I reassured her, not a little surprised at her insistence on this point.”

GLAY.

“M. Jaquet, the Director of Glay, was a man of faith and prayer. He would sometimes tell us about the

founding of the Institute. . . . He was travelling alone in the Black Forest, and was praying earnestly, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' He seemed to hear a voice from heaven, commanding him to come to the help of young men without means, who wished to give themselves to teaching and evangelising. But whence were the resources to come, for he had not a penny? Then the words came to him which have since become the motto of the house—'*L'Eternel y pourvoira*' (The Lord will provide). He hired the large house, which later on he bought: the cradle of a work which has made very little noise, but which has since reached colossal proportions. There he waited. One day a young man presented himself, his cap cocked over one ear. He was a fiddler, who presided over the dances in a neighbouring village, and he wanted to be educated. This was Samuel Rolland [the first missionary of the Paris Society]. Soon another young peasant appeared. This was Samuel Gobat [afterwards the well-known Bishop of Jerusalem]. Little by little their number increased, and resources increased in proportion. Christians in the neighbourhood began to take an interest in these small beginnings, and to bring their contributions. The results fully justified the motto of this new Abraham, the spiritual father of many children.

"In this atmosphere of peace and content I was apparently happy, and yet I felt that something indefinable was lacking to me. I had not long been in the house when an event occurred which was to prove the turning-point of my life. . . .

"One day we were called. Tante X. [one of the old servants of the house who had long been ill] was asking to see us. Supported by M. and Mme. Jaquet, she thanked us for what we had done for her, and besought us to be converted and yield ourselves to the service of God. In

the way this old 'Tante' spoke there was something so personal, pressing, and persuasive as to break up the very depths of my being. I felt myself in contact with that *something* which I had already recognised in the lives which commanded my deepest homage, and I felt I had it not.

"Probably all these impressions would gradually have faded away, but that the following Sunday it pleased God to set His seal upon them. M. Jaquet was anything but an orator. I found his addresses supremely dull, and I wondered that so many worthy folk would come from distant villages to profit by them. That day, if I had dared, I should not have set foot inside the chapel. I was out of humour, and certainly not the least inclined to endure the tedium of a sermon. To my great surprise M. Jaquet did not preach one, but began to read us a little tract. It was a sermon, but of a new kind: *Wheat or Chaff*, by Ryle [afterwards the well-known Bishop of Liverpool].

"The title in itself struck me. 'Wheat or chaff'—what does that mean? And at every fresh heading this question re-echoed more and more solemnly. I wanted to stop my ears, to go to sleep, to think about something else. In vain! When the reading was over and the question had sounded out for the last time, 'Wheat or chaff, which art thou?' it seemed to me that a vast silence fell and the whole world waited for my answer. It was an awful moment. And this moment, a veritable hell, seemed to last for ever. At last a hymn came to the rescue of my misery. 'Good,' I said to myself, 'that's over at last.' But the arrow of the Lord had entered into my soul. Oh, how miserable I was! I ate nothing, could not sleep, and had no more mind to my studies. I was in despair. The more I struggled the more the darkness thickened. I sought light and comfort in the pages

of God's Word. I found none. I saw and heard nothing but the thunders of Sinai. 'Your sins: how can God ever forgive them? Your repentance and tears! You do not feel the burden of your sins: you are not struck down like St. Paul or like the Philippian jailer. Hypocrisy, hypocrisy!' insinuated the voice which pursued me. I had come to the end of all strength and courage. I saw myself, I felt myself *lost*—yes, *lost*, without the slightest ray of hope. My difficulty was, I wished I knew what it could be to *believe*. At last I understood that it was to accept salvation on God's conditions; that is to say, without any conditions whatever. I can truly say the scales fell from my eyes. And what scales! I could say, 'Once I was blind, and now I see.'

"Never shall I forget the day, nay, the moment, when this ray of light flashed into the night of my anguish. 'Believe,' then, means to *accept*, and accept unreservedly. 'To as many as received Him, to them gave He power—the *right* to become the sons of God, even to as many as believed on His Name.' It is plain, it is positive. 'O my God,' I cried, in the depth of my heart, '*I believe*.' . . . A peace, a joy unknown before, flooded my heart. I could have sung aloud with joy."

The intensely personal character of this experience coloured his whole life. From that time it was individual souls he sought, strove with, and prayed over, sometimes for years: and especially those who had been like himself rooted in self-righteousness and conventional religion.

In a letter dated May 10, 1904 (one of the last he ever wrote), he said (to a relative in France):—

"As for me, my dear niece, I am growing old. In two months I shall be seventy. I feel indeed that it is evening, and when I look back I grieve not to have worked more or better.

“When we know Jesus we love Him, and desire that everybody should know Him and love Him. I often ask myself how it is with you in this respect? The traditional religion which our parents have bequeathed to us is worthless and deceptive, if there has not been within us the change of heart which is called *conversion*. If we only required of the heathen around us to become good Protestants, to go to church, and to perform what are called their religious duties, we should have crowds. But we require more than that, or, rather, the Lord Himself demands more than that. As to religious forms He says, ‘Not every one that saith to Me, “Lord, Lord,” shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father in Heaven.’”

The *Autobiography* continues :—

“Very tender memories are interwoven with this time of my life. There was such life, such freshness among the people of this Revival, which had fallen like a shower from heaven over the whole principality of Montbéliard. To me this pure and elevated atmosphere was most congenial. I drew deep breaths as of my native air.

“It was about this time that a new appeal reached us from the Société des Missions de Paris. It knocked loudly at my heart’s door. To me the greatest obstacle was my mother. As the call of God waxed urgent and imperious so did my duties to her seem more than ever binding. I wrote to my mother . . . [her reply] was a cry of anguish, and nearly broke my heart. . . . I set aside a definite period, during which I would give myself to prayer. If this time passed without my mother giving her consent, it would be an indication of God’s will for me, and I would give up the calling once for all. If, on the contrary, my mother gave her consent without my asking it, this would be an indubitable proof to me that God was calling me, and that I must not take counsel with flesh and blood. . . . I wrote no more . . . but I prayed as I had ne er prayed before. The last day had

come, when the postman arrived with a letter from my mother.

“ ‘My child,’ she wrote, ‘. . . I understand now that God is calling you. Go, I will not keep you back. I had always hoped you would be the staff of my old age, but, after all, it was not for myself I reared you. And the good God will not forsake me if He sends you to the heathen. So go without misgivings.’

“An arrangement [with her elder children] which set her beyond want, left me a certain liberty of action where she was concerned. From that time I . . . fully regarded the missionary calling as marked out for me. . . . I have never seriously doubted it, even amid the greatest discouragements and trials.”

The Revival in the Jura much resembled the one in Wales, only that the Churches and most of the regular ministers, though not all, held aloof from it. Every cottage had its household meetings. There were no hymn-books in those days, but the beautiful compositions of Cæsar Malan, Bost, Olivier and others, set to equally beautiful melodies, passed from hand to hand in manuscript, and were eagerly caught up by the peasant folk, to whom part singing came naturally. From time to time larger meetings were held on the mountain-sides, to which people flocked from far and wide; Moravians, and the Pietists of Swabia, as well as French and Swiss. It was in one of these assemblies that François Coillard, being called upon to address it, first gave proof of that gift which afterwards won for him the name of Chrysostom among his fellow-students in Paris. But this was not till nearly two years after his conversion. In a quiet way he had made no secret of his new joy, and had thereby earned the name of *momier* (Methodist) from the other pupils. But strange to say, though his mother

had trained him from childhood like Samuel to "minister in holy things," the moment they became a reality to him, his lips seemed to be sealed. Often he asked himself in distress how he should ever be able to preach to the heathen, and though he overcame this diffidence entirely where natives were concerned, to address an audience of white people was always a painful ordeal to him.

He learnt a good deal at this time from the teaching of the late J. N. Darby, who was himself travelling just then and preaching in the Montbéliard country, but he does not seem to have met him personally.

The Paris Missionary Society which, in accepting him, had undertaken his training, placed him under the care of M. Jeanmaire of Le Magny, a well-known Lutheran pastor (himself one of the *filz du Reveil* as they called themselves), to begin his theological studies; and in 1854 he passed into a seminary in Paris. The change from the free country life tried him very much, and, moreover, at the end of twelve months he nearly died from an attack of typhoid fever, the effects of which he felt all his life. Scarcely had he returned to his studies when a new crisis arose. The Crimean War had just broken out; to be drawn in the conscription would have meant serving twelve years with the colours. To save his vocation, the Committee thought it prudent to enroll him as a student at Strasburg University at the beginning of 1855. For the year he was to spend there, they allowed him £32 (800 *frs.*) to cover everything, board, lodging, tutorial fees and personal expenses. This meant much self-denial and hard work. As will be seen, he refunded this outlay to the Committee. The year he spent at Strasburg was the most formative of his life as far as intellect and character were concerned, but to his lifelong regret he left without taking his degree. He wished to return for another session and try again.

The Paris Committee, however, were just then organising a Training College of their own, and they thought it best for him to stay at home and study under his own pastor till this College was opened. It was, therefore, in his own village that he served his true apprenticeship to the cure of souls. In the accidental absence of the pastor, he was several times called upon to conduct services, and thus his mother had the joy of hearing his first sermon. Soon afterwards, the pastor being called to another living, the whole parish begged that young Coillard might fill the vacant place till another was appointed, and he remained for over a year, carrying on his classical and Biblical studies, and working hard in the parish, where his singing classes, Bible-readings, and prayer-meetings became extremely popular. According to the present pastor of Asnières, he brought the breath of Revival with him from Montbéliard; and almost all who are now pillars of the little Church, were either brought in at that time or influenced toward it as children. Throughout life he exercised a wonderful power over the young, especially in Europe.

Seven years of student life were completed by eight months' special training at the newly founded Maison des Missions in Paris. M. Casalis, one of the three pioneer missionaries of Basutoland, had been recalled to be its Director. Basutoland, not as yet under the protection of any European Power, was then the sole mission-field of the Paris Society, which, as an outcome of the Revival, had been founded in 1828, and had actually begun work in Africa three years later.

His private diaries between 1854 and 1858 in their intensity of feeling and expression recall those of Brainerd, and sometimes Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. Nothing seems too hard to say against himself. "I see no sin around me, however base and appalling,

that I do not see breaking out in my own heart." In particular he bewails a fiery and at times ungovernable temper; otherwise his outward conduct was then and always irreproachable, but he had now to learn that his particular temperament has special perils of its own, that there are possible depths equal to possible heights, and that the more the spiritual life develops the greater is the area exposed to assault. During his life in Paris he owed very much to the ministry of Adolphe Monod and to the friendship of a Wesleyan minister, M. Hocart.

These years of study were a long and bitter struggle with poverty. Partly on this account, but chiefly because he always believed fasting to have a real spiritual efficacy, he denied himself both food and sleep to a degree which at one time told upon his health. Some instinct seemed to teach him that the life to which he was called would be impossible without the most complete mastery of self. "*I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.*" These words recur from his earliest to his latest journals. Not that he was by nature ascetic—quite the reverse. He had a great delight in all things beautiful or enjoyable. "I really think," he wrote at the age of twenty, "that if I could afford it, I should deny myself nothing." Instead, he learnt to "covet earnestly the best gifts."

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"PARIS, *January 7, 1854.*

"I don't know why it is, but it is a feeling I can't get rid of; my longings take me sometimes to S. America [*i.e.*, Patagonia], sometimes to New Zealand: to any country, in a word, where no missionary has ever been and where none ever wished to go. Just in the same

way, when I think of that West African country, where the climate allows Europeans to live only a few years at most, I feel irresistibly drawn to it. Why? I ask myself if perhaps pride has not a great deal to do with it. At any rate, it is not in the least to wish to make a name for myself; no, no. I would wish rather to work in the shade, under the eye of my Divine Master alone, and under His Divine Protection, and not under the gaze and protection of a multitude of Christians. But here, perhaps, is the very citadel of pride.

“ *February 15, 1854.*

“ Never have I felt more ardent desires to go and carry the Gospel to the poor heathen: and yet I fear I deceive myself, for every time I think of the material sufferings and hardships awaiting me, I cannot help a feeling of fear; if I see myself surrounded by serpents, facing a crocodile, pursued by a lion, a hyæna, a panther, or any other ferocious beast, I feel my heart sink and I say to myself: ‘If you feel so much afraid already, when, sheltered from all these dangers, the very thought of them appals you like this, what will it be later on?’ . . . Yes, looking only to myself, it would be perfectly impossible for me to become a missionary; but looking to Him who has called me, I feel my courage and my desires revive.

“ *February 28, 1854.*

“ I can but say, O my God, that I give myself *wholly and without any reserve* to Thyself. And the greatest grace I can ask of Thee is, O deign to send me to some place where Thy missionaries have never yet been able to go, where these brothers whom I love because I love Thee wander far from Thee. . . . I present myself to Thee once more to-day. O my God, accept the sacrifice

I offer Thee, and make of me a workman after Thine own heart.

“STRASBURG, *May 10, 1855.*

“I am passing through a painful crisis. Sometimes I believe, sometimes I doubt, and often I deny. My Christianity has become very obscure. I no longer see anything clearly. I believe that up till now I have been too credulous, and now I see that the whole edifice of my faith must be begun again, and rebuilt from top to bottom.

“*Monday, May 13, 1855.*

“I have just been listening to the most eloquent and edifying sermon I ever heard at Strasburg from the Jesuit Father, De la Vigne, at the Cathedral, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. He took for text ‘And this is life eternal, that they might believe in Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent’ (*sic*).

“*May 29, 1855.*

“Yesterday evening I went to the Synagogue, and I came out *heart-broken*. For the first time, perhaps, I have experienced a genuine love, a real pity for this people of God. Thence to the Cathedral, where I heard the end of Père De la Vigne’s sermon on Suffering and Acceptance of Suffering.”

[The three foregoing entries mark three noteworthy features of his life, viz., the time of doubt and distress, the course of addresses given by Père De la Vigne, which did more than anything else at that time to settle his faith, and the awakening of his lifelong sympathy for the Jews. And here it may be said that as a student he particularly devoted himself to the Hebrew language.]

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“ASNIÈRES, *December 5, 1855.*

“I have sold my field to my cousins, Coillard les Doubles, for 800 *frs.* (£32). Undoubtedly I shall offer this small fortune to the Paris Society.”

This was the sum of which he had already written from Strasburg (December 28, 1854).

LETTER TO THE PARIS COMMITTEE :—

“As to the necessary means, you know, sirs, that . . . I am poor and so are my relations, but in my heart I have already devoted to the Lord the little that I possess, and to-day I place it at the disposal of the Committee. It is a small inheritance which I have received from an aunt, and which, sold, will maintain me for at least a year at Strasburg. . . . I offer you all I have, and . . . I shall still be just as rich as before.”

He was ordained in Paris at the Oratoire on May 24, 1857. The concluding words of his address were these :—

“Pray for me that I may be faithful to my Master, and faithful unto death! Pray, oh pray, all and earnestly, that I may grow grey in His service, and that He may grant me the joy of seeing my ministry close only with my death.”

PART II

BASUTOLAND

1857-1877

Since God hath put His work into your weak hands, look not for long ease here; you must feel the full weight of His calling, a weak man but a strong God.—*Lady Culross to John Livingstone.*

Through waves, through clouds and storms
God gently clears the way
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in blissful day.

When He makes bare His arm
Who shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends
Who, who shall stay His hand?

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPE

1857-1858

Voyage to South Africa—Life at the Cape—Wellington—The Sack of Beersheba.

AT the time of its foundation in 1828-30, the Paris Missionary Society, being Protestant, was not allowed to work in any of the French colonies, and had to seek its sphere in a country then unoccupied by any European Power—namely, Basutoland. South Africa was therefore François Coillard's destination.

The party with which he was to sail, consisting of himself and the Daumas family, who were returning to Basutoland, embarked on the *Trafalgar*, a sailing vessel bound for Madras, on September 1, 1857. The voyage to the Cape lasted ten weeks, during which dead calms succeeded to violent storms that drove them on to the Island of Fernando Noronha, off the coast of Brazil. Most of the passengers were officers, rejoining their regiments in India, where the great Mutiny had just broken out. The French missionaries were treated as so many Jonahs, (a superstition common at that time and not quite extinct now among sailors), and were held responsible for the protracted miseries of the voyage. The *Trafalgar* was very badly found, reeked with bilge-water and swarmed with cockroaches (*coc-*

querodges as M. Coillard picturesquely spells them), and rolled so badly that their berths were never dry even in calm weather. Indeed, one is tempted to believe that convictions which could survive such a voyage were not likely to be shaken by any after-experiences.

Already that activity of love betrays itself, which seemed to increase all his life. Too timid to invite rebuffs, he rarely made advances, but those whom he could help seemed irresistibly drawn to pour out their hearts to him, as a well-known and wealthy resident of Natal, suffering from acute melancholia, did now for hours and days together.

"Poor Mr. E.!" (he wrote). "I suffer for his sufferings. Everything seems nothing (*tout s'efface*) in the presence of a soul to be saved. How difficult it is to do good!"

Another entry runs:—

"... The missionary must provide himself with this and that," they say. "... Oh, why cannot I start like the first disciples, without purse or scrip?—a knapsack on the back, and a stick in the hand."

The *Trafalgar* touched Cape Town on November 6, 1857. Here M. Arbousset (one of the three founders of the Basuto Mission in 1833) came to meet him and his companions, and to warn them not to start for the interior as yet, because of the disturbed state of Basutoland, which he had left on the verge of war with the Orange Free State. He himself returned almost immediately to his post at Morija, but scarcely had he arrived there when the war broke out in earnest.

The Mission party could not leave for Basutoland till January 27, 1858. Till then they received hospitality from various friends.

Life in the Cape peninsula, until the opening of the Suez Canal, was extraordinarily interesting and varied ;

especially at this time (1857-8)—that of the Indian Mutiny. The great pro-consul, Sir George Grey, who transformed South Africa from a quasi-military colony into a fully civilised State, had recently arrived there. It was the half-way house to almost everywhere: to India, China, and Japan; to the Dutch Indies, to Australia, New Zealand, and to the Pacific Isles. All the ships plying between England and these places stopped at Cape Town, usually for a few days at least. Officers and officials of all nationalities from the Far Eastern settlements made it their sanatorium, and these, with the English and Dutch colonists, formed innumerable social circles. With them came their servants: Malays from the Dutch Indies, stately Hindoos; Chinamen, coolies, and negroes from the West Coast. The missionaries formed an equally varied company: on the one part the residents—English, French, German, American, Dutch; on the other the visitors, pioneers of the East, the Antipodes, or the South Sea Isles; either on their way thither, or taking furlough. Thus the most earnest and enthusiastic workers were constantly crossing each other's path.

In spite of the hardships and dangers these pioneers had then to encounter, and the opposition of many of their own countrymen abroad, these were, perhaps, the palmiest days of Missions. Almost everywhere they enjoyed the moral support of their own Governments and of large and powerful sections of their compatriots at home. The Prussian Government was frankly pietistic. In France, under the Second Empire, the Protestants were firmly upheld, partly from motives of policy, and partly through the influence of Guizot and other Protestant Ministers of State. As for England, her official representatives in Africa proclaimed her loudly as a Christian nation and the champion of the native races. Hottentots and Kaffirs

were flocking to the schools. Hope and enthusiasm prevailed everywhere. Dr. Philip, the Director of the London Missionary Society, had for many years been chief adviser to successive Governors. They had yet to learn that violence may be curbed and education accepted, and a certain number of individuals regenerated, but that the corruptions and superstitions of centuries take centuries to uproot. All honour to those who showed the way.

As in most newly settled countries, the population, white and black, was constantly in movement. People whose homes were at vast distances apart, if they had common interests, knew each other intimately, since the lack of inns obliged all, in turn, to give each other hospitality, often for days and weeks together. Thus young Coillard was entertained by a Mr. Morton, at the Observatory, "who," he wrote, "would not let me leave without making me accept forty books, in Greek, French, and English."

This letter, which was addressed to the Rev. — Dieny, his friend and pastor at Asnières, goes on:—

" . . . I never saw such swarms of children in my life as at Cape Town. . . . The Malays live in low, dark, unhealthy houses, wear long white robes, and practise their own rites (they are Moslems). . . . It is infamous that they should be allowed to do this in the town. . . . I was walking by the sea-shore when the wind brought me a stench I did not expect in that place. Right and left of me were multitudes of dogs, some sleeping, others gnawing carcasses which lay about the sand, others sniffing, roaming about and looking at me in astonishment. Here and there I saw a little dome of earth, surmounted by a slate and decorated with a few green branches, or heaps of stones of all sizes, surrounded with rubbish and

carrion, the pasturage of birds of prey. I was in the midst of a Mohammedan cemetery! It was almost night. I cannot express the sensations that laid hold of me.

(*Jan.* 20, 1858.) "I seek neither *adventures* nor *ease*. What I wish, what I desire is to labour with a *single* heart at my Master's work in humility, and completely lost sight of, if need be."

During this time of waiting he paid a visit to Wellington in order to arrange about his waggon and team. This town is the centre of a district which has been chiefly colonised by French Huguenots, and where the missionaries of the Paris Society have always been received with warm welcome from their descendants in the Dutch Reformed Church.

Here an incident took place, trifling in itself, which had no small effect on M. Coillard's future career. He went there to meet a colleague just arrived with his family, from the interior: in other words, at the end of six months' gipsying through a waterless and almost uninhabited desert. But this the young man, in his inexperience, did not make allowances for. On the outspansplaat, just behind the coloured people's church, he found a torn and battered waggon, from which emerged eight or nine children, barefoot, ragged, shock-headed, and far from clean. The Lady Poverty is not the best of nursemaids and these poor little things had no other. He was perfectly horror-stricken. "Is this what it means to be a missionary?" he asked himself. Till then he had thought his own fastidiousness was a worldly impulse to be mortified: but from that moment he made up his mind, come what might, never to tolerate negligence either in his person or his household, and he never did. Only those who know how hard it is, living

in the wilds, to keep up to even the simplest standard of decent living, can appreciate this resolve, and the constancy with which it was carried out in an exhausting climate, and often with no settled dwelling-place.

"M. Coillard had a nickname among the station people," writes his successor at Leribé (Basutoland). "They used to call him Rama Khéthe, *i.e.*, the father of neatness: a very becoming name. He wanted everything on the station to be clean and neat; he urged the Christians to have neat houses, and to be careful about their clothes. He wanted the manners of Christians, and their moral conduct also, to be neat. Of all that, he gave them a striking example, for he was always well-dressed, spotless, very particular about clothing and manners. He was a gentleman and wanted people to be so."

In this respect Mme. Coillard was, if possible, more determined than he was. "Even during our long explorations," he once said, "we always had the table laid properly once a day at least, and paid each other the compliment of smartening ourselves up (*de faire un bout de toilette*) if at all possible." Mme. Mabilie wrote: "I shall always remember a conversation I had with Mme. Coillard a few hours after her arrival at Morija, when she first came into the country. . . . 'If we want to raise the Basutos,' she said to me, 'we must start from a very high standard, and never allow ourselves to sink to their level.' They certainly succeeded to a very high degree in elevating the moral tone of their surroundings. My husband and I used to admire the air of distinction of the Leribé Christians."

However, this is anticipating. On January 27, 1858, he left the Cape alone with three waggons, his own and those of MM. Pellissier and Daumas, who were to rejoin him at Wellington, and travel with him to the interior.

At Ceres they met the Rev. Mr. Vos, of Tulbagh, whose Dutch congregation was already doing much to encourage missions. The journey to Basutoland took four months, and owing to the disorganised state of the work after the Boer War, another four months elapsed before they could leave their waggons and settle down to work.

F. Coillard to M. Casalis (Director in Paris, and previously of Basutoland).

“ BETHULIE, May 6, 1858.

“ . . . The rumours of war carrying destruction everywhere, taking reality here, will have already reached you in Paris, I think.

* * * * *

“ Already Beersheba exists no longer : three hundred inhabitants of this village, faithfully following their beloved missionary, have come to seek refuge here ; the majority are women, widows weeping over the massacre of their husbands, others their imprisonment ; mothers deprived of their children ; and children parted from their parents. All the fugitives here are wandering in the mountains, without food or shelter. Truly, it is a heart-breaking spectacle.

“ You . . . can imagine what your young pupil felt and thought when last Sunday, after the service, all the escaped from the taking of Beersheba came, with deep emotion, to salute their missionaries, and to ask for New Testaments to replace those which the Dutch farmers had taken from them and destroyed.

“ The venerable missionary of this ruined station, after having lost all his cattle and other things, no longer feels safe even here. . . .

“ M. Cochet is almost a prisoner in his own dwelling,

so are all the other brethren: all communications with them are impossible. Only God can help them. . . .

"Moriya no longer exists. The station was attacked a few days ago, the houses burnt, and amid the ruins nothing, they say, is left standing except the newly dedicated church and the house of M. Maeder.

"What has become of the missionary? No one knows. . . . Everything that belonged to the chief, as well as to the missionary, has been sold by auction, even the waggon which is the property of the Society. . . . Perhaps the work had never been in a more flourishing state everywhere . . . and now suddenly . . . everything seems destroyed."

In reality M. Arbousset had rejoined his sick wife and his daughters in the mountain cave to which he had taken them at the outset of hostilities, and from which he witnessed this destruction. The money realised by the auction of his goods was paid into the treasury of the Orange Free State. Sir George Grey, the Governor, afterwards prevailed upon the latter to give £100 in compensation for it.

The causes which led to these happenings must be told in another chapter. Without knowing something of South African history in relation to missions, one can form no idea of the electric atmosphere into which the neophyte stepped from the deck of the *Trafalgar*, and of the truly epic character of the last century in Africa. In the perpetual conflict of races, a fury of self-interest, of blood-thirstiness, and riot was opposed by a fury of righteous indignation, and of zeal not always according to knowledge. Against the background of dark and primitive passions—and of noble passions, too—this life was quietly to develop; and at different times it was his privilege, within his own circle of influence, to

reconcile many of these warring elements, not only to himself, which was comparatively easy, but to God, and (hardest of all) to each other.

How this was accomplished, the following pages must show. As a Bechuana chief once remarked: "One event is always the child of another, and we must never forget the genealogy."

CHAPTER III

BASUTOLAND—A RETROSPECT

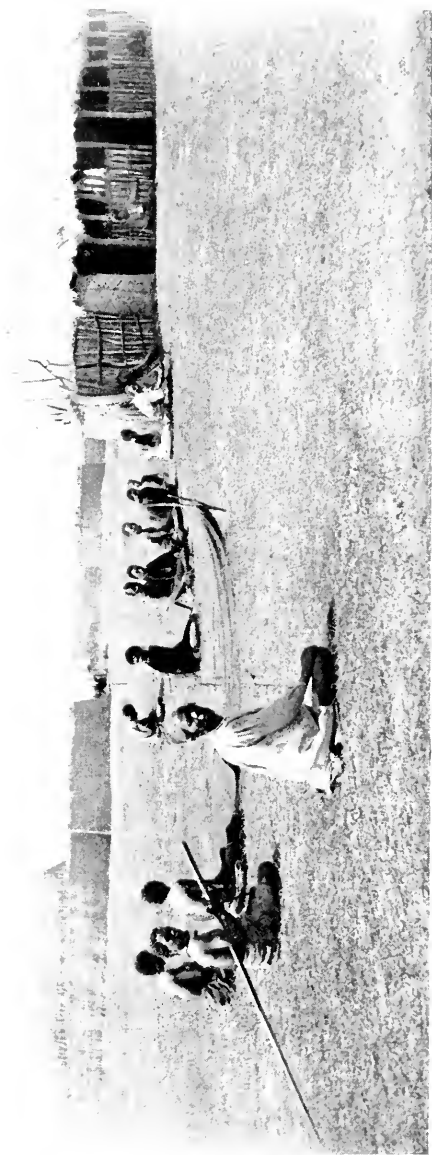
1825–1857

Basutoland and the French Missions—Moshesh—The Makololo on the Zambesi—Dr. Philip—MM. Arbousset, Gosselin and Casalis—The Great Trek—Sir Harry Smith—Boomplatz—The Defeat of Viervoëts—The Withdrawal of the Sovereignty—War with the Free State—Moshesh and the Trader.

THE important work of the French Protestants in South and Central Africa has not been fully realised in England, outside a very limited circle; partly from their nationality, partly from the fact that it is carried on in two semi-independent native states, namely Basutoland and Barotsiland.

François Coillard spent over twenty years in each, and the task he accomplished in both cannot be properly understood without some reference to what went before. Those to whom the history of Basutoland is very familiar will understand that the only thing here attempted is to outline a few events which had far-reaching effects on that history, and consequently on M. Coillard's career, and they will not need to be told how much has been left out.

The vicissitudes of this little native state nestling among the Drakensberg Mountains, westwards of Natal,



A CHIEF'S MAFULO, OR TEMPORARY RESIDENCE. GRASS WEAVING. NEAR LEALITI, UPPER ZAMBESI.

afford the clue to much that has happened in South Africa. Indeed for nearly half a century, their great chief Moshesh held the key to the South African problem, much as the Sultan of Turkey holds the key of the Eastern question; and the conflict for supremacy raged round his mountain stronghold of Thaba Bossio.

The Basutos belong to the Bantu race, which is believed to be of mixed African and Arab parentage, and which in the temperate and fertile tablelands of South Africa forms a very fine race. Among them is found brilliant intelligence, organised government, a sense of honour, justice, loyalty, and a high regard for family ties, as they understand them.

Two contrasting conditions prevailed among the Bantus, the military and the civil. The military tribes were mainly the Zulu and the Matabele, also the Korannas. They lived by plunder, their young men were all drilled and were not allowed to marry till they were thirty. Till then they had to "wash their spears," that is to exterminate their neighbours. Only those were spared who would become soldiers, and they had few industries and despised agriculture: all their wealth was in cattle.

The civil tribes were almost or quite as fond of fighting as the military, but their method with conquered foes was not to destroy but to absorb them. Such were the Bechuanas and the Basutos. These also respected and practised agriculture and other arts of peace.

It is a matter of history that Christianity has really found a home and influenced the national life only among the civil tribes (as, for instance, the Basutos, Bechuanas, and Fingoes). Many Zulus and Matabele have become Christians, and there are no finer ones among the Africans; but they could not share the military life and counsels of their tribe; and even then, there were few conversions until the great chiefs had been conquered

(Dingaan, Cetewayo, Lo Bengula), and the tribal power broken up or modified.

In the first half of the nineteenth century the military tribes had possessed themselves of all the best lands. The Zulus were in the rich valleys of Natal, the Matabele in those between the Orange River and the Limpopo. The Bechuanas had scattered themselves over the barren, waterless plains to the north of Cape Colony, where they lived by hunting and by leading their cattle to the scarce underground reservoirs of water. The Basutos, under their great chief Moshesh, had saved their national existence by their own valour, but they had been forced to entrench themselves in the narrow strip of country they now inhabit, which is a natural fortress.

About the same time, another Basuto warrior, Sebitoane, having decided to seek a home beyond the reach of the Matabele, started for the north with all the tribesmen he could muster, accompanied by their families. Fighting their way across Africa, they crossed the Zambesi at length, and founded the Makololo Empire in Barotsiland about the year 1845.

Among all these tribes, the ministry of François Coillard was to leave its mark at different times.

Already, in 1836, mission work had begun among most of the Bantu tribes. Dr. Philip, then the Director of the London Missionary Society, was a man of large and warm heart, and statesmanlike breadth of view. Hence, not content with what his own Society was doing, he stirred up others to the work ; and in 1828 he visited France to enlist the sympathies of the newly-formed *Société des Missions Évangéliques de Paris*. In 1831, its three pioneers, MM. Lemue, Rolland, and Bisseux, arrived, and received a warm welcome not only from the English Christians of the Cape, but from

many descendants of the French Huguenots, who now belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church. Some of the latter begged M. Bisseux to stay with them and teach their Hottentot servants, which he consented to do. He died only in 1897, working to the last and surrounded by the honour and affection of the Church he had built up in Wellington.

At that time Dr. Moffat's station of Kuruman, Bechuanaland, was the advance post of missions.

MM. Lemue and Rolland went still farther north to the Bahurutsi in the great Kalahari desert, but the raids of the Matabele warriors drove them away almost immediately. Seeking a refuge for the remnant of this tribe, now broken by the ravages of Mosilikatse, the Matabele chief, they found it at Motito in Bechuana-land, eighteen miles from Kuruman. Motito thus became the first mission station of the Protestant Church of France.

News in those days travelled slowly, and when the next party, MM. Gosselin, Casalis and Arbousset, landed at the Cape in 1833, expecting to join the others, they were distressed to learn what had happened, and wondered what they themselves should do.

Providentially their steps were directed to Basutoland, where a highly intelligent and courageous people dwelt, secure alike from the Matabele and the Zulus. Their chief was Moshesh, the ablest native ruler South Africa has ever produced. He was born about 1786 near the River Thlotsi in the Leribé district, of which M. Coillard was afterwards to be the missionary. Though he was not the rightful chief, his transcendent ability had brought him to that position. He with another young man, Makoniane, had formed the idea of building up a great Basuto Empire, as powerful as the two which under their chiefs, Mosilikatse and Tchaka, threatened

the Basuto on either side. This was about 1821. They succeeded, and gave the Basutos rest from their enemies. The sway of Moshesh extended from the Drakensberg Mountains westward to the Modder River, *i.e.*, nearly to Bloemfontein, which did not then exist. Many remnants of other broken tribes, with their chiefs, came and entreated to "dwell under his wings," as they said. All these he received kindly, and granted them space to feed their cattle. In return they helped him to defend his territories, just as Abraham did for the Hittites. The Basutos used the same expression about this custom as the one in Genesis: "to dwell among them as a stranger." It will be remembered that the children of Heth were unwilling to *sell* their land to the stranger, even so much as a grave for Abraham's wife. Just so, the Basutos did not understand alienating the land of the tribe, they only lent it; and it is on those terms that all foreigners live among them to this day. This was the source of all the misunderstandings and wars with the white men who afterwards settled on the lands which Moshesh claimed as part of his domain. He always said he had only *lent* it; they maintained he had given it out and out.

During the wars many Basutos had taken refuge in Cape Colony. Now that security had returned, they began to flock back, and from them Moshesh heard wonderful tales of the skill and wealth of the white man, proved by the cattle and goods they had brought back as wages. He heard too that some of the white men were willing to teach the blacks, and he decided at once to secure this benefit for his people if he could. It was the wisest move he ever made.

A neighbour of his, Adam Kok, chief of the Griquas, living north of the Orange River, knew Dr. Philip, and to him in 1833 Moshesh sent a herd of cattle,

begging him to obtain some white teachers with it. The first herd was stolen on the way, but Moshesh sent another with a still more urgent message. This reached Dr. Philip at Cape Town, just at the same time as the three French missionaries landed. Such an evident answer to the prayers for guidance they had offered by the sea amid the rocks of Green Point could not be disregarded. They went to Adam Kok's town, Philipopolis, and he gave them guides who brought them to Basutoland, a country then unknown except to a few hunters. Moshesh welcomed them, and at once assigned to them the station of Morija. Two years later M. Casalis established another at Thaba Bossio itself, the capital of the chief, a natural fortress which has never been taken. In formation it is exactly like the Lilienstein on the Elbe, which Napoleon could never capture.

In 1835 M. Rolland left Motito, came to Basutoland with a number of refugees, the victims of Mosilikatse's ravages, and built up a fine station called Beersheba. Many Basuto Christians came to settle there who did not want to expose themselves to the persecutions and temptations of living in the midst of the heathen.

Never did a mission begin under happier auspices. Chiefs and people welcomed the trio; the climate was admirable, the scenery lovely, the soil fertile, building materials and labour abundant. The Gospel was preached, the people were taught building and improved methods of agriculture, to sow wheat, to plant trees, especially fruit trees, and vegetables. The latter they have never taken kindly to. Only two or three years ago a Basuto said, "You must have a great deal of famine in your country to know so much about *roots*." They look upon roots as the last refuge of the destitute !

Moshesh sent his sons to the Mission schools, where they showed great intelligence. Several of them were

baptized, Letsie, Molapo, Masupha, and others ; and for many years their profession seemed perfectly sincere. The people loved reading, and as soon as the language had been reduced to writing they were supplied with books from the Mission press, which they bought most eagerly. Thus the knowledge of Christianity spread rapidly. Perfect security of life and property prevailed ; and the Basutos were industrious and prosperous.

Moshesh himself did not become a Christian till a few months before his death ; but he was quite willing and even anxious that his people should be converted. A Quaker gentleman, Mr. James Backhouse, who visited him in 1839, heard him exhort his assembled chiefs as follows :—

“ You say you will not believe what you do not understand. Look at an egg. If a man break it, there comes only water and a yellow substance out of it, but if it be put under the wings of a fowl there comes a living thing from it. This is incomprehensible to us, and yet we do not deny the fact. Let us do like the hen. Let us place these truths in our hearts, as the hen does the egg under her wings, let us sit upon them and take the same pains, and something new will come of them.”

MM. Arbousset Casalis and Gosselin were in truth, as M. Coillard has called them, *giants*. Gosselin was an artisan, a man of remarkable character and ability. He laid the foundation for the present industrial development of the Basutos. M. Casalis had been trained by Haldane's disciple, Henri Pyt (see Introduction). He possessed a wonderful sympathy with the native mind ; and also literary gifts of a high order, not only in French, but in the Basuto tongue, which he reduced to writing and endowed, at least in part, with the Word of God. As for M. Arbousset, it is difficult to speak of him without seeming to exaggerate. Besides being a fine classical scholar, he was a man of the loftiest character,

enormous practical ability and personal magnetism. He it was who in company with M. Daumas first explored Basutoland (1836), and published his important discoveries both in French and English. In particular, he discovered and named the Mont-aux-Sources, in which the Orange and four other great rivers of Africa take their rise. He stamped his own character upon the Basuto Mission, strenuous and thoroughly masculine. M. Arbusset had of course the defects of his qualities. He was something of an autocrat. He believed in his Mission as absolutely as did the Hebrew prophets, and the natives regarded him with the same awe. His threats, his prophecies, his blessings they expected to see literally fulfilled. Once in the hour of a national crisis he was preaching to a vast congregation in the open air. "If this nation does not repent," he exclaimed, "God will break it as I break this egg," and flung one from the pulpit. The egg, however, falling on the soft, grassy sand, did not break. "I perceive God still has purposes of mercy towards you," he observed, and the people breathed freely again. What is more, this prophecy has come true. Time and again the little nation has been on the brink of ruin, but Providence has kept it from destruction, for what purpose history has yet to record.

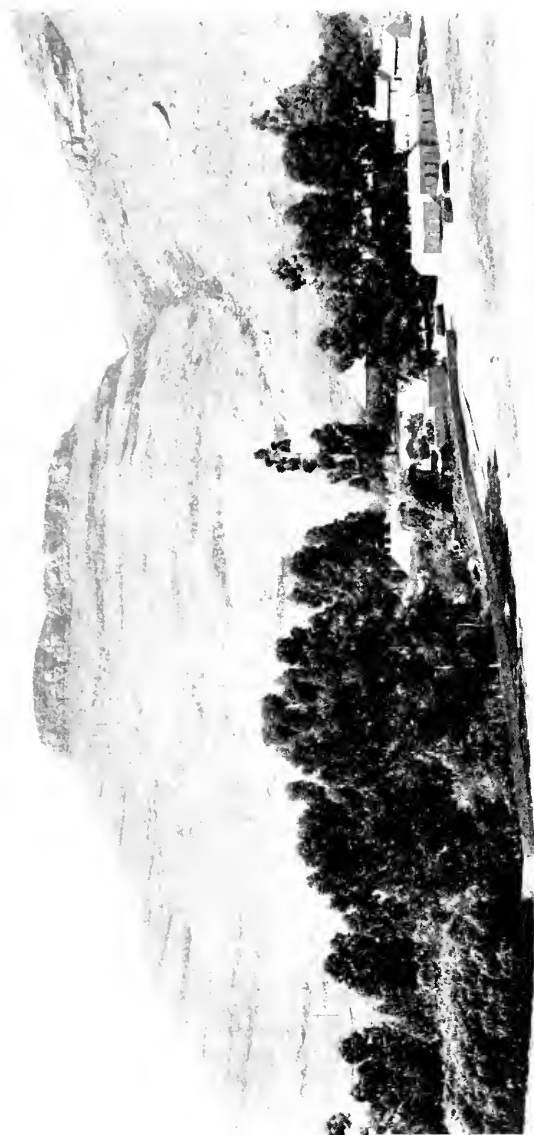
These French missionaries from the first determined to make Africa their home, and to identify themselves altogether with the people whom they had come to uplift. They sought not only to win converts but to develop the national life as far as possible on Bible principles. Consciously or unconsciously they made the New Testament their guide in the one aim, the Old Testament in the other. Herein lay what some have thought to be their strength, and others their weakness. They only interfered with the customs of the natives when they were

contrary to Christianity; they did not seek to make Europeans of them. They also shared the people's troubles, so far that when a cattle-fine was imposed, the local missionary always gave his quota to the levy, though needless to say he had had no share either in the plunder or the provocation. They often had to act as interpreters between the chiefs and the Colonial authorities; and, perhaps, not the least of their services to South Africa has been the way in which they upheld the standard of intercourse in their despatches. They had not lost the grand manner which has made French the diplomatic language of Europe.

It must never be forgotten that until 1868, Basutoland was as purely an independent kingdom as, let us say, Siam; and that the position occupied by its missionaries was altogether unique. They themselves compared it to that of Samuel in the days of Saul.

Above all they laboured to teach the Basutos that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and never lowered the standard a hair's-breadth for the sake of gaining influence. All went well as far as the spread of Christianity was concerned until, in 1851, the frontier disputes which had long been leading up to it culminated in an open rupture between the Colonial Government and the Basutos, and the former was defeated by the latter at the battle of Viervoëts (June 30th).

These troubles had begun with the Great Trek from Cape Colony in 1836. The emigrant-farmers had occupied the rich lands north and east of Cape Colony whose inhabitants the Zulus and Matabele had wiped out. The Matabele at once attacked the settlers round Winburg, in the Orange Free State, but they were defeated and driven far north beyond the Limpopo into what is now Rhodesia. On January 30, 1840 (Dingaan's Day), the Natal Boers won their final victory over the Zulus.



MORJIA MISSION STATION, BASUTOLAND.
(Present Day.)

The dispersal of their two great enemies of course confirmed the security of the Basutos and the power of Moshesh. It is doubtful, however, if they appreciated this, for soon they began to feel what was to them far more obnoxious and alarming, namely, the pressure of the white man's vanguard on their frontier. In 1842 Moshesh asked for a treaty of alliance (not as yet *protection*) with the British Government. This was granted, the more readily as it enabled the Governor, Sir George Napier, to carry out a scheme originated by Dr. Philip of the L.M.S., which commended itself to the authorities both at home and at the Cape. This was to create a ring, or rather arch, of native territories on the north and east of Cape Colony under their own chiefs, guided by the counsels of resident missionaries. These were to act as buffer-states between the Cape colonists and the trek-Boers, who were to settle further north. The idea was to preserve their tribal unity and the use of their lands to those natives who were as yet unconquered. To this end the British Sovereignty was proclaimed in Natal (June 25, 1842), and most of the Boers trekked into the Transvaal. Two other buffer-states were organised under the Griqua captains, Adam Kok and Waterboer, but these were artificial. The keystone of the arch was the kingdom of the Basutos, the only people who had any antecedent right to the land they occupied. By the treaty their chief, Moshesh, now obtained with the British, he was recognised as sovereign of the territories north of the Orange River. No white man was to settle there without his permission, and the land was in no case to be alienated from the natives.

The Free Staters, however, disregarded this entirely; settled down, bought and sold lands without any reference to the chiefs. Their people, powerless to offer open resistance, retaliated by stealing horses and cattle from

the trespassers in revenge for the kidnapping of their children, a practice which successive Presidents tried in vain to suppress. The infant State could not command a sufficient police force. Hence endless quarrels and conflicts arose. The more respectable settlers moved westwards to be out of harm's way. Thus the eastern border became the haunt of the lowest adventurers, and few were ever called to account.

In 1847 Sir Harry Smith became Governor; a war-horse, "used to the desert, snuffing up the wind at his pleasure"; a magnetic personality whom the natives feared and loved almost equally. But he had not always the calm judgment and insight needed for dealing with administrative problems. He acted impetuously on his intuitions, which were frequently right but sometimes totally wrong. Withal, he was a man of strong religious feeling, and the warm personal friend of the French missionaries, to whom he gave the golden advice, "Write to me as often as you like; write often but write short, and never write to the newspapers." At the request of the emigrant farmers and of the Basuto chief, he came to Winburg and proclaimed the Sovereignty of Queen Victoria up to the 25th parallel, *i.e.*, as far north as Lydenburg. This was on February 3, 1848.

However, there was a party in the Free State which had not desired the Sovereignty, and all were annoyed by a clause stating that "All able-bodied white men were to be liable for service in aid of Her Majesty *and her allies*," *i.e.*, the native tribes. The settlers did not want to be dragged into native quarrels. As a result, almost all united with the outlawed Captain Pretorius, and expelled the British Resident. Sir H. Smith at once started with an armed force and reinstated him after the battle of Boomplatz (August 29, 1848).

Throughout all these troubles Moshesh had proved

himself the firm friend of the British power; he had kept all his promises, and had received the public thanks of the Governor, who had always been on friendly and even intimate terms with him, as witness the following letters :—

“ May 28, 1848.

“ MY WORTHY AND VALUED FRIEND, THE GREAT CHIEF MOSHESH,—
... Believe me, Chief, I often think of the pleasure I had in meeting you at Winburg. I at once discovered the dignity of your character and worthiness to be a chief. I have only one ardent wish to express to you—that you will provide for the future blessed state of your immortal soul, and that you will become a convert to the Christian faith and worship Almighty and Omnipotent God, through His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Apply at once, therefore, to your excellent missionary, who will explain to you how all good men will meet hereafter in Heaven and enjoy eternal Bliss.

“ Your friend,

“ H. G. SMITH.”

Moshesh was not behindhand in compliments. He wrote to Sir H. Smith after the battle of Boomplatz :—

“ Go, Great Warrior of your Nation, go under the shield of your mighty God Jehovah, by whose help you tell me you have been able to do such things in this country.

“ Go, Great Leader of the soldiers of the Lady your Queen, tell Her Gracious Majesty in my name that I love Her Government, I love Her warriors, whose deeds of valour have filled me with wonder.”

Soon after this exchange of courtesies, however, a sanguinary quarrel arose between the sons of Moshesh and one of his allies, Sikonyela, chief of the Batlokwas. Moshesh apologised for the conduct of his sons, and offered to pay any number of cattle demanded. Sikonyela, however, refused any compensation unless it included the favourite daughter of Moshesh, who was to be killed upon the very spot where the Basutos had (quite accidentally) killed his brother's wife as she was

fleeing. Sir Harry Smith, being called upon to arbitrate, suddenly conceived the idea (as the Basutos had been the aggressors) that the power of Moshesh was becoming too great, and that the motto, *Divide and Reign*, must be applied to his case. He therefore sought to counter-balance this power by treating the chiefs of the Baralongs, Batlokwas, and other vassal or refugee tribes (see p. 44) as independent rulers and the objects of his favour. "If Moshesh will not humble himself," he wrote, "he must be humbled." This was in 1849. Such treatment made the old king furious. He yielded. "What can a dog do that has a thong round its neck," he observed sullenly; but from that hour he lost confidence in the good faith of Great Britain, and sought to protect himself by intriguing with the adjoining States—the Free State, the Transvaal, and the Zulus. His sons, deeming they had been betrayed, revenged themselves by harrying the neighbours, who till then had been their vassals, but whom Sir H. Smith had made independent. These, of course, appealed to the Governor for his promised protection. In reality he had altogether underestimated the power of Moshesh. The Commissioner advanced with a few field pieces, 120 Cape Mounted Rifles, and a rabble of Baralongs and other tribesmen concerned in the dispute. The Basuto nation then numbered between seventy and eighty thousand. The whole fighting force turned out, met the invaders on June 30, 1851, at the Mountain of Viervoëts, and drove them over the precipice, capturing also immense quantities of cattle.

It was a fearful scene of carnage and defeat, and for the time being destroyed British prestige. But it had a far worse effect. The cause of Christianity, which had been rapidly advancing in Basutoland, received a check from which it has never since recovered. Till then the

chiefs had encouraged it, and many were professing Christians. After the orgies of victory most of them plunged back into heathenism, from which they have never since emerged. There are many more Christians in Basutoland to-day than there were then: they number one in eleven of the population, but not one of the leading chiefs is among them.

The blow to the French missionaries was terrible. They had already been suffering acutely from the French Revolution of 1848, which had cut off all their supplies. Friends in the Cape, in Holland, India, and elsewhere had subscribed and sent them £2,000, and with the help of the chiefs they tided over this time.

The British administration, too, found itself in a difficult position, surrounded by the famishing tribes it had promised, but failed, to protect. It was mid-winter, and their sufferings were awful. The victorious Basutos were quite out of hand, attacking Boers and natives, burning and plundering right and left. The first thing to be done was to recover authority, and a force was sent under Sir G. Cathcart. Eyre's dragoons were ambushed at the Berea Mountain, and forced back on their base at Platberg, though with a quantity of captured cattle. Their retreat was so masterly that Moshesh felt further resistance to such a disciplined force would be hopeless, and the same night (December 20, 1852), he wrote the historic letter which at once proved his wisdom and that of his advisers (the French missionaries), saved Great Britain from a costly war, and secured to the present hour the independence of his kingdom.

“ This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you—you have chastised—let it be enough, I pray you. I will try all I can to keep my people in order for the future.”

This letter obtained the desired treaty of peace, but Sir Harry Smith was recalled.

Finding it would be impossible to keep order in the Sovereignty—which embraced both Basutoland and the Orange Free State—without maintaining two thousand troops there, the home Government decided to withdraw altogether, as it did not wish to incur either responsibility or expense. A majority of the colonists agreed to this and on March 11, 1854, the flag of Great Britain was saluted, and then replaced by that of the Orange Free State.

This did save expense for the moment, but responsibility could not be so easily shifted. Bacon has said: "*It is the sinfulness thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation (i.e., Colony), once in forwardness, for besides the dishonour it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable people.*" In the Free State there were many who protested that Great Britain had no right to abandon an infant community to the mercy of the great heathen power which was at that moment in arms and flushed with a Pyrrhic victory.

Certainly the withdrawal of the Sovereignty led to deplorable results. The Free Staters were so enormously outnumbered by the Basutos that they seem to have felt they must leave nothing undone to protect themselves. They were used to the military methods of the Matabele, and they did not, perhaps, realise that the Basutos had a different code. Thus it was a proverb among the latter that "the person of an ambassador is sacred, whatever his message." They also avoided injuring women and children and the helpless. They regarded war as the sport of men, its object being to capture the cattle of the enemy. The latter had the remedy in his own hands, namely, to call his people together and recapture them. As the herds were their banks, and were very rarely

slaughtered, the loss of them caused no immediate suffering. But to burn standing corn was to starve women and children and the helpless, and it was, as the chief Letsie wrote on another occasion, "an act which, when committed against a Mosuto, he never can forgive." Nevertheless, this was now done; and moreover the white man when he recaptured his stolen cattle was certain, sooner or later, to get possession of the land on which he found them. By degrees the Basuto frontier was driven back to the Caledon River, but, though much which he claimed had already been added to the Free State, Moshesh in 1854 still held sway over what is now called the Conquered Territory, and the French Mission had flourishing stations on both sides of the river—eleven in all—with well-built houses, schools, and churches.

The withdrawal of the Sovereignty placed Moshesh, as well as the Free State, in a doubtful position. Thenceforth he did not know, and nobody seemed to care, whether he was or was not under the Queen's protection. "I have been like a man forgotten," he wrote, in asking for an assurance as to this. He made some wise laws and agreements, which he tried to carry out. One forbade the importation of European spirits under stringent penalties. Unfortunately, besides the missionaries, there were other white men in the country, many of them wastrels and criminals, who made gunpowder for him because he was not allowed to import arms or ammunition himself, and traded secretly in contraband guns, stolen horses, and brandy. These had the worst possible influence over the young chiefs, who were beginning to chafe against the moral restraints of the Christianity in which they had been brought up—a rule of life which, as they thought, forbade them both the pleasures of peace and the spoils of war. Moshesh could no longer

hold them in. The colonists displayed great self-restraint for a long time, but when they did begin reprisals it was in grim earnest. In 1858, when François Coillard arrived, war had just broken out, and the Free Staters had invaded Basutoland, as already related.

The first place they came to was Beersheba, M. Rolland's station, which they sacked at five minutes' notice. There had never been any cause of complaint against the inhabitants of Beersheba. It was destroyed as a strategic necessity, because they could not leave this rallying point in their rear; but it caused cruel suffering to the people who, as refugees, had no chief and looked to M. Rolland for everything. He wrote, "I do not know where to find food for between 300 to 400 people, and we are without shelter for the winter." The stations of Hebron and Morija were also ravaged, and that of Thaba Bossio attacked.* After two months' fighting, both sides appealed to Sir George Grey to mediate, and he succeeded in arranging a hollow peace, but war went on smouldering and broke out again in 1865.

From this time forward Moshesh was an uncertain quantity in South African affairs. He considered himself an aggrieved individual. Yet it was certainly his desire to live at peace with Great Britain. "If, following the example of the kings of the Medes and Persians, I could at my death leave laws to my people, I should tell them never to make war upon the English," he wrote in his farewell letter to Sir George Grey.

* The French missionaries were freely accused of taking part in the fighting, and this slander is even now circulated. The Civil Commissioner at the time investigated the matter, called witnesses, and as a result of their testimony the High Commissioner, Sir George Grey, wrote three separate letters, viz.: to the Colonial Office, to the French Consul, and to the President of the Orange Free State, in which he said he felt it was his duty to inform them that these charges had been utterly disproved.



BOUTA BOUTÉ, LERIBE DISTRICT.
A typical Basuto landscape.

Was Moshesh a traitor or an honest man? Perhaps the following anecdote, told *in situ* by M. Coillard, gauges his honesty and that of those about him better than pages of discussion. The place was the turn of a zig-zag path, the only one by which Thaba Bossio can be climbed. "Look down," he said. Below lay a flat grassy sward, half enclosed by two spurs of the mountain, and scattered over with stones and boulders from overhanging cliffs. "I will tell you what happened there once. In 1858 I was stationed here for a time. News was brought to me one day that a trader was taking away Moshesh's cattle. I went to this trader and begged him to desist, saying, 'You know that the war is only just over, and that taking away a chief's cattle is always understood as a challenge. You take a great responsibility on yourself in provoking conflict.' 'I cannot help it,' said the trader; 'Moshesh owes me hundreds of pounds, which he will not pay. I have heavy bills to meet in the Colony. They fall due next month, and I shall be ruined if he will not bring his cattle in. I have no alternative but to take them.'

"I said, 'I will see Moshesh and try to persuade him to do you justice!' Towards evening I went up to his village and represented the case very urgently. 'That *smous*! [pedlar]' said Moshesh. 'Just you come with me and see what he is doing, and what a fool I am going to make of him.' We came to the place where you and I are now standing and looked down. Large troops of cattle were coming in; the trader had made kraals with the stones lying about, and as the herds passed by, his servants seized and enclosed them. The servants of Moshesh made no resistance whatever until the kraals were packed full. Of course I thought Moshesh had relented and was paying his debt. Suddenly he gave a signal by throwing down his knoberry

The herdsmen who were standing round gave each their own call : the cattle stampeded, kicking down or leaping over the walls, and their leaders went off with them. It was a frightful scene of confusion. The trader and his servants rushed about, beating and storming and cracking whips, all in vain. The poor man went off next day in despair, to meet his creditors.

“ I went to Moshesh and reproached him. ‘ I was going to pay him, all in good time,’ he said, ‘ but you white men are always in such a desperate hurry. I could not let him have those cattle : they are for my personal use, and all my reserve herds are in the mountains ’ (Moshesh always pleaded inability to realise his securities). ‘ Besides, he has foisted all sorts of things on me that I don’t want ; hundreds of cases I have never even opened. Come and look at them.’

“ I went, and the first one we opened, immensely large, contained nothing but spectacle-frames without glasses !

“ ‘ There,’ said Moshesh, ‘ and yet you accuse me of defrauding him ! ’ ”

CHAPTER IV

FIRST EXPERIENCES AT LERIBÉ

1859-1861

Leribé—First Experiences—Moshesh and Molapo—Lawless Frontier Life—Old Maria—An Apostate—The Unfrocked Priest—An Interrupted Funeral—Nathanael Makotoko—Heathen Feasts—Sorcery—Leaving Leribé.

AFTER the war the first Conference of Missionaries met at Hermon, in November, 1858. All the workers felt themselves drawn closely together by their recent terrible experiences, and the suggestion that they should henceforth *regard all their stations as one*, was carried by acclamation. All agreed thenceforth to unite in prayer every Saturday evening at eight o'clock, however widely separated in body. This decision marked an epoch in the Mission. It also marked M. Coillard's initiation into Mission life.

From Hermon, he went for two months to the Chief's residence at Thaba Bossio.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“THABA BOSSIO, *December 27, 1858.*

“Yesterday Christmas was celebrated, instead of on Saturday. I passed a delightful Sunday here. Moshesh came down with some men. . . . It was touching . . . to see how these people spent the day. Here a group of

heathen, well-anointed, ranged round a Christian woman decently clad, who was setting forth *the Word of Jesus Christ* to them. Elsewhere Moshesh, surrounded by the most aged women of the Church, talking to them about Heaven, and explaining to them with entrancing warmth and eloquence, 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' Then leaving the women, he went on to exhort a group of catechumens. All this went on outside, while school and church were full of such groups."

The text here quoted was the very one which led to the conversion of Moshesh twelve years later.

During this visit to Thaba Bossio, M. Coillard was presented to the chief Molapo, as his future missionary, and on February 12, 1859, he arrived at Leribé, the scene of his labours for the next twenty years.

Molapo, once a baptized convert, was not the eldest son of Moshesh, but he was by far the most able, and to keep him from quarrelling with his eldest brother Letsie, his father had made him ruler of the Leribé district, a still savage region, in the extreme north of the country. Left to himself he gradually fell away from the Faith, and by the time a missionary could be placed near him, he was already a hopeless renegade and persecutor. Indeed, so great was his hostility, that the Conference had almost decided to give up the station. To have a white man at his court, however, was a distinction as well as a convenience which he would not willingly forego; and accordingly M. Coillard, at his own earnest request, was placed there.

The first thing to do was to build, and he put up a small house in the chief's village. Thus he was living among the people. Furlough was then granted once in twenty years, and Africa therefore was now to be his

home and country. He never saw his mother again. All Frenchmen love their mothers, but the tie between these two was peculiarly tender. All her love had centred itself upon him. Until her death, in 1875, he wrote long letters to her in large printed characters, so that her failing eyes could still read them, seeking in every way to associate her with his work, so that she might feel his absence as little as possible. The charm and graphic simplicity of his style has often been remarked, and it was in writing to her he learnt it. He was always just as much interested in the persons he wrote to as in the things he was writing about.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER:—

“LERIBÉ, *July 16, 1859.*

“MA TENDRE ET BIEN AIMÉE MÈRE,— . . . I came here alone by waggon towards the end of February. I was well received by the chief Molapo. . . . But unfortunately I had shaved myself completely, which made me look very young. Molapo, who had seen me at Thaba Bossio with a beard, seemed struck by a change he could not understand, and at our first interview he asked me rather sarcastically, ‘*Moruti*, how old might you be?’ . . . In the evening, when the inquisitive people who had come to my waggon had left me, I walked towards a little well, where some women were drawing water. I greeted them, and they replied, ‘Good evening (*Monare*), Mynheer.’ This is the title by which the Boers make the natives address them. ‘I am not Master,’ I replied. ‘Who are you, then?’ cried some voice. ‘The *Moruti*’ (missionary or teacher). ‘The Teacher!’ cried another. ‘And what should *he* teach? He is a young man; he has neither wife nor beard.’ I went away in silence, determined to lose no time before letting my beard grow.

“At that time I was lodged in a tiny cottage, which the chief had placed at my disposal. . . . It only protected me a very little from the wind and rain, and not at all from the dogs, who waged incessant war on me, stealing my meat and bread, making a noise all night long among pots. In the midst of all this, an Englishman appeared on the scene who was to help me build a little cottage of dried bricks (not burnt). Well, that was indeed a trying time for me. Every day I had no less than eight to ten Basutos, and often more, to feed, and nobody to share this terrible burden with me. Lydia [Molapo’s chief wife] sent me a little girl about twelve years old, who in my absence got her feminine friends around her, smashed my cups, made havoc in my kitchen utensils, fled at the sight of me, and left me the saucepans to clean and the food to cook. If I told her to prepare rice for me, showing her the quantity of water necessary, she burnt it without water. If I ventured to remark on this, she drowned it. It was the same story with meat and everything else. A dismal tale altogether, and one renewed every day.

“But Sundays were the worst. I would prepare myself to announce the Gospel in a strange tongue, my spirit overwhelmed with anxieties about the cooking and struggling incessantly against longings which Satan seemed to have inspired me with, on purpose to injure my work! * How many times . . . when worn out with preaching, in the open air under a broiling sun, I have had to put the kettle on, in the same spot where I had been preaching and in the presence of many who had come to listen to me! And if only I had always had something to cook! . . . In the midst of my difficult

* Meaning pangs of hunger. M. Coillard always fasted in preparation for preaching. His convictions on the subject were invincible.

circumstances, a poor old woman came to see me, a Christian, who during the war had come to take refuge in these distant parts. 'I am old,' she said; 'you whose heart loves us, do take pity on me. I will serve you, with love and for the love of God, and of your mother, whom M. Arbousset has told us about. I ask nothing from you, because you are my father, but if you see old Maria shivering with cold perhaps you will give her a gown, although Meevrouw has not come among us yet!' I do my best to be gentle, respectful, kind, and helpful towards her, as if with you, my dear, loving mother."

This was rather a pathetic picture of their mutual relationships. Old Maria soon became a terrible tyrant, and as she knew when she was well off, it proved impossible for years to get rid of her.

Describing the little festival he made for the people in taking possession of his new dwelling, he wrote:—

"October 7 or 8, 1859.

"I called my house Ebenezer, recalling the circumstances in which Samuel raised *his* Ebenezer (1 Sam. vii. 12).

"I wish you could have been with us, dear mother. But what am I saying? You were, for there are very few Basutos who have not already gone into ecstasies over your portrait. 'Show us our Mother,' they said. 'Oh,' said one, 'it is a man! Look at his handkerchief! [in Basutoland at that time a masculine prerogative]. What! she has hands! Look how she lets her hand fall. Eh, can't you see her ring on her finger! What a beautiful woman! She is the Mother of Kindness. How we love her! She is the mother of us all!'

"This is how they would be going on all the time, if I would let them, in front of your picture."

Mme. Mabilie, the widow of his best-loved fellow-student, colleague, and friend, writes:—

“ Few young missionaries have had a lonelier life or one of more entire self-sacrifice than his during the three years he passed there alone before Mme. Coillard came out to him, surrounded by an entirely heathen population, hearing nothing from morning to night and often all night through but the wild shouts, the din of their heathen dances, their drunken brawls. His food at that time consisted of native bread with thick milk (*mafi*) and pumpkin. I remember him spending days knee-deep in water, cutting the reeds with which to cover his first little cottage. At that time there was not a single Christian in the whole district with whom to hold Christian fellowship.

“ What a contrast when some years later I visited Leribé, . . . one of the most flourishing mission villages, with its little cottages nestled in their fruit and vegetable gardens. . . . For a time the work at Leribé promised to be the most successful and go-ahead one of our Mission. Since then a perfect cyclone of heathenism seems to have swept over the district of Leribé—wars, semi-civilisation, introduction of brandy [now forbidden], erroneous doctrines—[but] although many of the promising buds have been destroyed, a rich harvest still remains.”

M. Coillard's own Journal shows how greatly he suffered in this isolation. He afterwards wrote: “ Everything seemed to conspire for the ruin of my faith and the death of my soul.” It was by his own wish that he had been appointed to a pioneer post. He had learnt to know his future wife before leaving Paris, very slightly, but enough to know that her heart was in the mission-field. He knew his own mind from their first meeting—so



Th. G. Lorriane.]

EASTO GIRLS MAKING BREAD AND GRINDING FLOUR.

well that he feared to act on what might be only a human impulse. He wished to receive "a wife from the Lord."

Convinced at last that she and no other was the helpmeet meant for him, he wrote from Basutoland, and after six months of hopeful suspense, received her reply—a refusal, on the ground of insufficient acquaintance. It was this disappointment and the depression it caused which made him wish to bury himself in solitude. Nevertheless, the Divine guidance was never shown more clearly even in their union than in its delay. He lacked self-confidence and he craved for sympathy; but for the next two years he had to stand entirely alone, and find all his resources in God. This strengthened his character and also his faith in a way otherwise impossible. He threw himself into the life of the people around him; sat chatting and listening in their *lekhothla* (court), and received them in his dwelling at all hours; thus learning not only their language, but their customs and ways of thinking and feeling.

Life in Basutoland was not so strenuous then as now. The population was smaller; their flocks and herds and gardens amply met their few wants, and when these did not demand their attention, they went hunting. Nowadays, they go to work for the white man's wages, and grow corn for the market. A much larger part of the ground is to-day under cultivation; then it was covered with herds, which are now kept in the mountain districts. The tilling is largely done by the women; the men, if not otherwise engaged, are always to be found in the *lekhothla*, which is a feature of every village. It combines the purposes of a club, a tribunal, and a public-house. The refreshment consists of *liteng*, a very mild kind of beer, thick and sour, which may be compared to slightly fermented barley water or brewer's yeast. It is rather a food than a drink, and is offered to all comers.

The drunkenness then and now prevailing among the Basutos is produced not by this, but by the *yoala*, a highly intoxicating form of the same thing. This is specially prepared for their orgies, and church members are forbidden to make, sell, or taste it.

The difficulties and hindrances to success arose rather from their habits and customs than from any hostility. The Basutos have no religion in the ordinary sense of the word, but their whole social system is rooted in three things incompatible with Christianity, viz.: witchcraft, the propitiation of evil spirits, and polygamy. Every crisis in life, infancy, adolescence, marriage, or death, is ushered in with ceremonies conducted by the witch-doctors to their own personal profit: drought, storm, wars, cattle-plague, house-building, all have their appropriate rites, in which the heathen who are not yet converted, but whose hearts are touched, are too often entangled and overcome. Chief among these are the rites of initiation. Both boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen are secluded for some months, and put through a course of discipline intended to train them in self-control and self-defence, and to teach them the ancient customs. In reality they learn everything that is evil, and nothing is left undone to stimulate every base and cruel impulse. These ceremonies are partly private and partly public. In public, they mean much feasting and slaying of fat oxen, much dancing by moonlight, and orgies of strong drink. These *mékoa* (customs or festivals) are so attractive and delightful to the African native that even those who are really Christians find them sometimes irresistible. The great aim of the missionary is to keep the young from ever going through them, for if they once become initiates, the hope of their eventually entering the Church is small. They have entered a fellowship of iniquity.

Molapo at first confided his little son, Jonathan (the present chief), to his young missionary, who became exceedingly fond of him, and hoped to keep him from all this evil; but after a time, fearing he would become a Christian, the father took him away. However, the boy was always in intimate relations with M. Coillard, and it was from him he received all his real education and training, fragmentary as it was.

The cattle marriage of the Basutos is another great hindrance to Christianity, although in the absence of any other restraint its effect is not wholly bad, and would be still less so if monogamy only prevailed. It does form a binding contract, and invests marriage with some mutual obligations. The evils of the system do not lie on the surface, but it is altogether incompatible with the Christian ideal of marriage. However, it is not really the selling of a woman for cattle, as people sometimes think. The woman does not thereby become her husband's slave; her position is honourable and independent in proportion to the cattle given for her. It is rather a contract between two families (not between two individuals), and the cattle given by that of the bridegroom serve a three-fold purpose. First and principally, they transfer all rights in the children of the marriage from the bride's family to the bridegroom's; secondly, in the case of divorce or desertion, they form a provision for the wife and her children; thirdly, they are a pledge that the bridegroom's family will not profit by the alliance to injure that of the bride. It will be remembered that Laban demanded a pledge of this kind from Jacob at the stone of Mizpah. The bride's family by no means renounce all interest in her, as they would if she had been sold; on the contrary, her eldest brother is her guardian and that of her children—a much-needed protection where polygamy prevails, and fathers are often so

unjust to their first families. If the husband, children, or the wife herself, should become Christian, the rights of her family over her take shape at once in a violent opposition, probably because they fear Christianity is some magic that will be used to work them ill, and this is often one of the greatest difficulties the missionary has to contend with. It met M. Coillard at the outset, as will be seen a few pages further on.

Here is one instance of the way the cattle marriage works out. As already said, the principle of it is to transfer all rights in children to the man who gives cattle for the woman, whether or not the actual husband. So if a father gives cattle for his son's wife, the children belong to him, and in the same way if a chief presents a wife to a favourite servant, the children are his by adoption, because he has given the dowry for their mother. The chief Molapo had in his household (like other chiefs) girls whom he destined as wives for his servants. One of these becoming a Christian, obtained a legal and written release from him, in the presence of witnesses. She studied, became a teacher in Natal, married a native schoolmaster and lived happily for many years. On Molapo's death in 1880, his sons, meeting to realise his assets, bethought themselves of this woman, and summoned her husband to give her up, *with her children and grandchildren*. Upon his refusal, they appealed to the Government of Natal. At that time, the Natal Government maintained all native customs as law and refused to exempt Christian natives from their operation. So it upheld the claim of Molapo's sons and ordered the man to comply. Basutoland at that time was administered by the Cape Colony: to this Government the unfortunate family appealed; again in vain. Just at that time the Disarmament War broke out (*vide* Chap. XVII.) and Molapo's sons Jonathan and Joel were unable, as they were

fighting each other, to enforce their claim. After the war Basutoland became a Crown Colony: a distinction was drawn between natives under native law and those who claimed to conform to European law, and the poor woman and her family were saved from being divided up among the heathen.

Molapo was the most formidable enemy of the Mission work. He seemed to have a double personality. In later life he developed epilepsy, which some thought was due to his excesses, but perhaps some latent form of it was partly the cause rather than the effect of his conduct. In the end he had paroxysms of insanity, during which he would hide in caverns and rage like a wild beast at all who came near him.

On Sundays and other occasions he would exhort his people to be converted, all the while that he was carrying on a systematic persecution of all Christians. A young and inexperienced missionary stood a poor chance with him in controversy, for he had been brought up from earliest youth by two of the most expert and gifted missionaries Africa has ever possessed, and he knew every move of the game (for such he now regarded it). He knew the Bible history well. The New Testament had been published in Sesuto in 1853; he quoted it most skilfully for his own purposes, and could preach better than many a parson. He lacked the administrative ability of his father Moshesh, but he had the talent of the advocate, and also that gift for putting others in the wrong, which is common to degenerates. François Coillard possessed a keen intelligence, but his exceptional gifts lay less in argument than in his intuitions, and in his power of moving the conscience and the heart, and this was precisely what was needed in intercourse with Molapo. It was David against Goliath, but a Goliath who had once been overthrown, who knew very well the potency of

the sling and stone, and had learnt to take cover with incredible adroitness.

M. Coillard asked him one Sunday (July 30, 1859): "Why is not man a brute? What distinguishes him?"

"Well," replied Molapo, "I suppose that Solon, who taught Croesus so well, had seen that there was in man something more than in the brute; something which feels joy and pain and dread; something that understands, feels, thinks. Do you think oxen and horses do the same?"

The rest of this conversation, which is recorded at full length, gives a strange and awful picture of the apostate's mind. When reminded of his *conversion*:—

"Yes," he said, "I was awakened, exercised beyond the power of words to express. I have experienced in my own heart, with unspeakable delight, the sweetness of Jesus. But to-day you see I have sunk into sin, and I am always sinking deeper and deeper."

"Poor man; and can you do nothing to escape?"

"*Moruti*, a man like you ought to know what the Apostle says: 'It is *impossible* to renew them again unto repentance.' So to-day, you see, if I listen to the Word of God, it is only with the ears of the head; my heart, no, that hears them no more. I like the preaching (*thuto*); I like you. I shall do my best to build a school-house and a church. I do not like a place where the name of God is never heard. But that is all. It is all over with me. Ah, Monare, if you knew the power of that anguish which once laid hold of me, if only that could be renewed, do you see, it would cost me nothing either to send my wives away or to come and talk to you about my soul."

"I tried to exhort him in God's name, but no mark of emotion or even of real seriousness betrayed itself in his own face. It is terrible to taste of the living, the true, and to return like the sow to her wallowing in the mire."

M. Coillard often had occasion to make short journeys to procure supplies, or to fetch his letters from Winburg ; on such occasions he would ask for hospitality from the farmers along the road, as was the universal custom. One day, travelling with a native who had attached himself to him, he knocked at the door of a house where, unknown to himself, he had forfeited a welcome. There was in South Africa at that time an unfrocked French priest, a notorious person whose name is well known. Having made Natal too hot to hold him, he was reduced to living by his wits at the expense of the newly settled districts, and had one day called at this very farm, where he was cordially received. It was towards the end of the Crimean War, and while waiting for supper, the host asked for the latest news. The ex-priest replied that Sebastopol had been captured. "How?" asked the farmer. At this moment the meal was announced. "It would take long to tell you," replied his guest, "but I could *show* you by arranging the furniture and the things on the supper-table, if you would not mind leaving me alone for a little while ; then I can tell all your family about it."

"Of course, the room is at your service," replied the unsuspecting Boer, and left him alone. The Frenchman, who was hungry, cleared the dishes. At last the Boer returned with his family, and remarked that the arrangements had taken a long time. Suddenly he saw the food was all gone. "But what ! you were going to show us how Sebastopol was taken !"

"So I have." "But how?"

"Just like this—by a ruse !" The indignant Boer turned him out and vowed no Frenchman should darken his doors again. It was three or four years later when M. Coillard presented himself, but rural memories are long, so instead of inviting him on to the stoep the farmer left him outside sitting in the sun on the green

box which was usually appropriated to natives, and after a very long time he returned, bringing him some food.

“I was young and hot-blooded in those days (said M. Coillard), and I could not endure such a studied insult. I said: ‘Mynheer, if I am not worthy to sit down at your table, I must decline your hospitality,’ and we went away. We got no food and no chance of any for the rest of that day. About six months later I was working at my own house, when N. came to me in the greatest excitement. ‘Moruti, there is a *Mynheer* coming, and it is the very one who refused to receive you.’ I looked and saw he was right. ‘Well, N.,’ I said, wishing to see how far he had grasped six months’ teaching, ‘how are *we* going to receive *him*?’ He looked at me and said: ‘The Moruti will invite him inside to rest; and I shall look for the best food we have, what you do not have every day, and cook him a nice meal.’ ‘Bravo,’ I replied, ‘that is just what we will do!’ The Boer was greatly surprised and abashed to recognise his host; but we became great friends, and then he told me this story to explain his former rudeness.”

The native companion mentioned in this story was one of M. Coillard’s two greatest friends and afterwards converts, Nkele and Makotoko. Makotoko, who had been brought up by M. Maitin, of Berea, already bore the name of Nathanael—a name well chosen, for he was indeed “without guile”—a rare characteristic in a heathen, though it was ten years before he became a Christian. Johanne Nkele died in 1875, but Makotoko is still alive, though in extreme old age. He was the nephew of Moshesh, and cousin of Molapo. The Rev. J. Widdicombe (of the Anglican Mission which, in 1876, was started in Basutoland) writes of the latter: “I am



Ph. Mr. Meiring, Worcester.

A DUTCH FARM, CAPE COLONY.

proud to reckon him among my closest friends. Nathanael is not only a man of wise and ripe counsel in all the affairs of the nation, he is also the hero of a hundred fights. Best of all, he is a good and sincere Christian. . . . He is, too, a 'nature's gentleman,' as all who know him can testify."

The story of Nathanael's spiritual growth, so slow and so interrupted, would surprise many who only knew him as an enlightened Christian. He was a typical soldier, brave as a lion and with a high sense of honour and of chivalry towards the weak, of which the latter were apt to take unfair advantage. He was excessively superstitious, even for a Mosuto, and very susceptible to personal influence, good or bad. Being continually in M. Coillard's company, he several times imagined himself a Christian, and would have made profession. M. Coillard, however, clearly saw that this was only the reflection of his own personality in Makotoko's mind, and refused to admit him to the Church until in 1866, when the French missionaries were all expelled, Makotoko and many other Basutos were really converted, to the great joy of their pastors.

As the force of a man's teaching and example can often be better appreciated in the lives he has moulded than even in his own, no excuse is needed for relating so much about Nathanael, who played a great part in M. Coillard's Basutoland life.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

"October 3, 1859.

"Makotoko is a young man of about thirty. He has lost his wife (on August 15, 1859). During the short illness of this poor young woman . . . one afternoon I directed my steps to his hut. I found there two individuals with a black goat. Makotoko was not there; I had

him sent for. I found his wife rather better than usual, and we again knelt down together to pray to God. Then taking Makotoko apart, 'My friend,' I said, 'what is the meaning of that goat which I see at the door of your house? Is it not a *pheka* (offering)?'

" 'Yes, my father, and it burns my heart with black sadness. One day I sent a message to my mother-in-law. "Oh, my mother," I said, "your child is very ill; if your eyes still thirst to see her in this world, hasten, for she is at the point of death." The answer of my parents-in-law was this goat. I cannot tell you the anger that filled my heart when I saw this heathen custom approaching my house. I said to my young brothers-in-law, "How can you bring me a goat to bewitch my lost wife, when I send and ask for some one to mingle their tears with mine, to help me in my trouble, were it only to care for the little baby who cries continually, and I cannot comfort it." ' . . .

"Before nightfall I returned to the patient. Entering the court, I saw her seated on an ox-hide supported by two women; while her two brothers, having cut the goat's throat, were 'physicking' (or bewitching) the dying woman with its still heaving entrails. . . . I expected every moment to see her pass away, and could scarcely contain my indignation. 'Can you not see that you are just finishing her off?' I said. 'You will see whether you cure her or not,' and I left.

"Makotoko, who was not there, quickly followed me home. He asked me for a candle to sit up with his wife, and a blanket to wrap her in. We had just had evening worship; I had had my supper, and was sitting down wrapped in pleasant thought . . . when suddenly resounded from every quarter those savage cries they call *Mokhosi*. 'So she is gone,' I thought, and I could not help shedding a few tears.

“ But I heard a knock at my door. It was Makotoko, accompanied by two men. His face expressed that profound grief which finds no vent in tears. I still see him crouching by the fire, silent and bowed down under the blow. After a few moments of painful silence, I said: ‘ Well, my friend, so she has left you.’

“ Then wiping his tears, he said: ‘ Yes, she has left me. I foresaw it; when I left you with that candle and that blanket, I retired among the rocks to pray to God. “ Yes,” I said, in the bitterness of my heart, “ I am all alone.” I prayed much, and the more I prayed the more I felt calm and strength returning to my heart. I had scarcely come home, when I heard the women mourning. In the midst of this general grief, which swept the town like a torrent, I felt calm and strong. I went again into the rocks to cry to God, and when the chief came to console me I felt that other consolations abounded in my heart! My father,’ he added, ‘ you have been very kind to me in many ways since we have had you here. I beg you to have pity on me still in my tears. This corpse is *yours*, let it be buried by the law of the Gospel, and over the grave of her whom I mourn do you teach those who are still alive and mourning with me.’ . . .

“ After my replying, some one present made a speech of condolence, which I wish I could reproduce in full:—

“ ‘ Yes, the missionaries say truly there is a God of comfort. But are they not true also, the words of wisdom we have received from our fathers? There are gods and consolations with them! Makotoko, son of Mochabane, my master, listen to the consolations with which Molapo, thy master, comforted thee when he said that Death is a horse whom no man can master, and a torrent which carries everything away. Even among oxen, is there one who lives for ever? Wonder not then if death has entered thy house; it is the goal of all men.

“ ‘Listen, son of my master, to the consolations of the Moruti, thy father, whose heart answers so well to thine. Is it not thus we have seen the young calf seeking its mother? It is known to all of us that the words brought by the Moruti are the milk that rejoices thy heart. But Makotoko—son of Mochabane, my master and my friend, let me add one word. Am I not older than thou, and shall I not find a wise word in my heart? . . .

“ ‘Yet art thou greater than I by these great thoughts that fill thy heart. It is but yesterday we said to each other, as thou wentest by, “What is he—a stripling, a nameless thing?” To-day, who would lift up his voice to despise thee? Sorrow has made thee a man : and thy deep wisdom shall now instruct us.

“ ‘No, I will not weep for this woman, whom I did not know, and who was but a woman! But I will weep because thy sorrow makes tears in my heart. Weep, oh my kind master; death is a bitter fruit : weep, thou who art loved by all, but in thy sorrow incline thine ear, and despise not the consolations thy servants bring thee.’

“ ‘To this discourse succeeded a long reply from the young widower. ‘I am happy,’ he said, ‘that you should call me a man to-day; you have despised me long enough, though I had a beard and children. But be that as it may, these consolations that you give me, according to the custom of our people, I thank you for them, but are not consolations like a wind that blows and passes? No, I expect no true comforts from men; I only expect them from God, and those are true consolations, which mightily strengthen my heart.’

“ ‘To this speech succeeded others with the obligatory responses. It seemed to me, I saw Job harassed by the consolations of his troublesome friends,* and I really

* *Cf.* Job's friends, “Are the consolations of God small with thee?” and Job's reply : “Miserable comforters are ye all.”

pitied the poor young man whose grief was so evident. The night was far advanced, and I cut short these long condolences by reading some verses of the Word of Life and by a prayer.

"The next morning the chief informed me officially that the wife of one of his head men was dead, 'and,' said he, 'this corpse is yours; do with it as your wisdom counsels you.'

"I sent for Molapo; he came immediately, accompanied by the principal men of the village. We went together to choose the spot in the City of the Dead; we placed it in a beautiful hollow of the hill, ordered the diggers, and separated, the chiefs to dress, the missionary to meditate [on his sermon.]

"I was praying most earnestly that hearts might be touched! But suddenly, without knocking, a man rushed into my room, his face flaming with anger. 'What right have you to seize this corpse?' he shouted in trembling tones. 'Where is it? Where is the father that begot it and the mother who gave it birth? When did you inform them? When did you call them? My father has sent me with the beast of sacrifice; he said nothing to me about the burial of his daughter. It is his daughter and her corpse is his; it is ours, it is mine! You may talk, Moruti; and Molapo, our chief, can give orders. What is that to me? I am going to seize this body, and bury it as my heart bids me and as our fathers have taught us. And how should I present myself before my father, and endure the wrath of his eyes, if I abandon the body of his child to strangers! He will seize, I know he will seize his spear, and will pierce me, and stretch dead at his feet the son who does not respect his father's mouth. We are men of the world: we scoff at the preaching; we despise, we hate these meaningless words. I have said it, and I repeat it. This corpse is not yours

but mine, and I am going this very instant to bury it as I have resolved in my heart, and as I have been taught by those who gave me life !’

“Thereupon he rose hastily, and without waiting for any reply, rushed off, scooped a hole in the kraal (cattle enclosure), hacked the stiffened knees and hip-joints of the deceased so as to place her in the grave in a sitting posture, according to their custom, and at night went and completed his work of darkness alone.

“In vain I tried to edge a word into this torrent of language. ‘Are we body-snatchers?’ I asked. ‘Was it I who asked for this body you dispute with me? Is it not your brother-in-law, the son of Mochabane, and your chief Molapo who have placed it at my feet? Do you forget, my friend, that my name is *Moruti*, that is *he who teaches*; and another of my names, is it not *Motselisi*, *he who comforts*? If then I wished, or rather consented, to bury this corpse, it was that I might instruct those who live and comfort those who mourn.’

“But as I said, it was in vain.

“This death, and especially the scene which ensued, produced a great sensation in the town, some approving the brother, others condemning him. It was one Friday. On the Sunday we had a large congregation; all felt under a solemn impression. I took for text, ‘It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment!’ I read and re-read it several times, and the people wept.

“The next day I went away. My absence proved longer than I expected. After my return, the next day Makotoko came and told me he wished to serve the Lord, whatever it might cost, and turn his back on the world which now was only a desert for him. . . .

“Yesterday he came to see me again, telling me he had not slept; that one word of my preaching on Sunday had touched his heart (on the Prodigal Son).

"I said that sinners must look at their sins with one eye and keep the other on the mercy of God. 'If you only look at your sins you will die of despair; if you only look at the mercy of God, you will deceive yourself and perish.'

"'I was thinking of that. I was sad, when this word came to my mind, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us that we should be called the sons of God."' I would have liked to read this word but I had no light.'

"Poor boy! I reproach myself bitterly with loving him too much and conversing too much with him. May God forgive me and teach me wisdom.

"October 9, 1859.

"Decidedly, I am growing too fond of these Basutos. I cannot live without loving them; and I am storing up disappointments for myself, because my love is perhaps different from what it ought to be. My God, Jesus, give me to love Thyself *above all*."

M. Coillard often used to speak of the great impression the verse above quoted makes upon the Africans who understand *adoption* so much better than we can do, since it does not enter into our social life in the same way as into theirs.

He had arrived in Basutoland at a very unfortunate moment. Ever since the war of 1858 the ancient heathen customs, which were fast becoming obsolete, had been revived, as a means of strengthening national feeling. This was by the advice of the witch-doctors, with whom the chief surrounded himself. At first the sons of Moshesh, brought up as Christians, shrank from them in disgust. "It was like digging up a corpse," said some. But the diversions, the dancing, drinking, and feasting that accompanied this exhumation, soon won them over, and Molapo especially encouraged them. The impressions

created in the neighbourhood by the death and burial of Nathanael's wife were soon shaken off by all but himself, and the difficulties of the young missionary seemed to multiply. He did not fear to protest. For weeks beforehand, while the preparations were going on for the ceremonies of initiation, he not only preached against them in the presence of the chief himself, but exhorted those who knew better to resist. In vain. The heathen feasts took place.

“To-day I explained the choice of Moses, insisting on the words, *Not fearing the wrath of the King*. . . . My sermon greatly irritated the backsliders. ‘You see,’ said a heathen to one of them in the lekhothla, ‘we have two missionaries—*Monare* and you. Our hearts would like to believe what the servant of God says, but you are our chiefs . . . and you give us feasts’ (*i.e.*, heathen festivals).”

Semi-anarchy prevailed both within and without Molapo's province. M. Coillard's journal gives a daily picture of the wild frontier life around him, the lawlessness of which led up to the wars of 1865–8. It brings out, too, the singular fact that Molapo in his public character was just and upright; it was only in private life that he showed himself as he did, treacherous and cruel.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“*March 8, 1860.*

“Began to make bricks for the church with two workmen. Found Molapo, hands and feet in mud, like me, working at plastering the wall before his lekhothla. Many men were squatting there looking on respectfully at their chief working. Molapo sat on the wall to ‘feed his children’ [*i.e.*, to judge his people]. . . .



Baobab-tree and fruit.



Wild orange-tree.



Horns of the sable antelope—
a hunting trophy.

A STATION ON THE ZAMBEZI.

To face p. 80.

“I acquainted Molapo with the fact that the English of Winburg stole the two cannon from the Fort, the Dutch inhabitants of this village pursued them and caught them at Moroki's, at the frontier of Basutoland, where apparently these English intended to take this booty and exchange it with Moshesh for a couple of hundred head of cattle. . . . [These were some of the English outlaws already mentioned.]

“Letsuele, chief of a little village . . . came to get a pair of stockings I had promised him. I made a glass of soda-water before him. ‘Ouèche! Ouèche! Ouèche!’ I let him taste it, which redoubled his astonishment. ‘*Fire that freezes,*’ he said. ‘I never heard of such a thing!’

“These days really, Boers upon Boers arrive here about thefts. This puts Molapo beside himself, for he is upright, and does all he can to repress stealing and do justice.

“The other day it was Linguane, one of Molapo's principal men, who lives on the frontier. This wretched man had earned three oxen from a Boer, which he sold back to him for £9, but in the night he stole two of them. Some time after, hearing that the thing was getting noised abroad, he sent them back to the owner . . . saying that Molapo wanted to buy cattle. The astonished Boer came straight to the chief, who, suspecting Linguane, sent him to him. The Boer, never having seen Linguane's face, could do nothing. But the Basuto, frightened at the turn affairs were taking, had no sooner taken leave of the Boer than he fled to the fields, sent for his saddle, his horses, and his cloak, and disappeared. . . .

“One day Molapo was so sad, so cast down, that he told me he no longer cared about his tribe, for these chiefs themselves were so addicted to stealing, whereas he reproved them as much as he could, but in vain.

"Nothing is talked of but war; assegais and shields are being got ready—while I go on making bricks!

"The trader who came to see Hopkins informed me that a young Englishman, a deserter from Morija, had been killed, and apparently by X., another Englishman, who built my house for me. I am astonished, for the character of my builder was not the least that of a murderer. The English in Basutoland, however, have all met at Thaba Bossio to judge the question, and have found such evident proofs against poor X. that they have asked Moshesh to have him taken to the Colony to be judged.

" March 17th.

"During the night the pigs destroyed all the bricks we made yesterday. . . .

"Molapo came to dinner with me. . . . We talked of everything—of Sir G. Grey, who is expected, and of Pretorius, and especially of the Basutos, who nowadays steal more than ever. I translated to him a letter from J. Boshof, who complains bitterly that . . . four or five of his oxen have disappeared. . . . Molapo seems inclined to start off to-morrow himself in pursuit of the robbers, and thus make a public and official demonstration. I strongly urged him to do this, after thinking it over, and he is to start to-morrow morning. Evidently he is feeling these thefts very keenly.

" March 21st.

"Yesterday I paid a visit to Molapo. He told me how his journey had turned out. The stolen oxen were found in a little village belonging to Lesaoana, and the robbers said that it was their chief who had sent them, and that he had already received two of the oxen. They were much astonished that Molapo claimed them. 'They are

our enemies' cattle!' they said. Lesaoana sent all his people to prevent Molapo taking the oxen. Molapo was not present. They had nearly come to blows, when he sent to say to his people they were not to fight. 'It is Lesaoana's town,' he said, 'he will do as he pleases. We have found the thieves, and the cattle were what we wanted.' He added that Lesaoana must pay a fine of one ox. Lesaoana consented. Yesterday the four oxen arrived.

" March 23, 1860.

" Everything with the Basutos is very simple. An ox-skin covers them by day and wraps them up by night; some reeds and a little grass suffice to make them a shelter against the changes of weather. I remember how many remarks were made about my little cottage. . . . Some one observed that 'the white men built as if they were never going to die.' How very just and sensible—I might even say *Christian*—was this remark! Certainly the Basuto style of building is very well designed to remind us that we are only travellers, for when they move they take their houses with them, and if a woman dies they leave her house to fall to ruins.

" Sunday morning, March 26, 1860.

" . . . Preached on Luke xiii. I told the fable of the Grasshopper, the Ant, and the Bee, imitated from La Fontaine's *La Cigale et la Fourmi*. It seems to have made some impression, for after the service they collected in groups and repeated it."

This was the first of a charming series of fables which he wrote for the people, and which are still very popular among them.

The proof that his influence was telling in their midst

began to be shown in the way he was called in to preside over domestic events, which otherwise would have been celebrated with heathen rites. In July, 1860, a favourite official of Molapo's died, named Chapi. Though not a professed Christian, he was very devoted to the *thuto* (teaching). Molapo and his own father requested that he should be buried as a Christian. This time the ceremony was carried out without interruption, and marked another epoch in the history of Leribé—the first public triumph of the Gospel. Still more important for the future was the way in which they began to place their children under his wing.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“Petle told me that his wife had just had a little daughter, and did me the honour of asking me to choose a name for her. Wishing to remind the mother of this year of her conversion, I gave her the name of *Maleseli* (Mother of Light), and they were pleased with the name.

“*Sunday evening, May 27th.*

“Long talk with Nathanael about his soul. N. said, ‘Your words about Saul last week pierced my heart.’ . . .

“I can only rejoice with trembling. I believe Makotoko to be sincere, but weak, weak, *weak* ! One evening he was weeping at my feet over his sins, and the very next day, covered with all the ornaments of paganism, he stifled his conscience in the midst of its festivities.

“*June 22, 1860.*

“In Guer's *Church History* . . . I have just been reading about the torture of John Huss at Prague. I am confounded in the presence of such courage. Where should *I* be in such circumstances?

“ June 25th.

“ My poor old Maria is in despair. She was making candles: she filled the moulds, and turned her back a moment while they were cooling. In came a dog—and farewell to moulds and candles! The dogs wage continual war upon me. I cannot keep a single egg.

“ July 5, 1860.

“ So I have received Miss M.’s reply. I cannot believe in my own happiness. . . .

“ July 28th.

“ Working hard at my bookshelves and reading with interest and delight the *History of England*.

“ August 4th.

“ Molapo, now he knows I am going to be married, considers me a man, acquaints me with his affairs, and demands my advice.

“ He officially informed me about Sepota’s affair. This was a man of Sikonyela’s, whom Moshesh received very kindly and considered as one of his own subjects. But when the last war broke out, this wretch first went over to the Boers, then pillaged their abandoned farms, and seized numerous herds which he brought into Basutoland. Then visiting his brother, who had remained faithful to Moshesh, and who made a feast for him, he killed this brother in the middle of the feast, and seized all his cattle. Moshesh, very angry, despatched Molapo, who himself sent his general to seize all the cattle of the traitor. All this happened on the day and the morrow of Chapi’s burial.

WITCHCRAFT.

“ Thursday, August 24, 1860.

“ . . . On Monday evening at Lebotoane, sitting round

the fire, I got Makotoko to explain many things to me; he has a quite exceptional talent as *raconteur*. . . .

“When lightning falls in a village [he said], whether or not it strikes any living person, every one must be purified, for God has visited them. All the women of the village take the hearthstones and carry them out of the village, and find new ones. All the milk-preparations are taken from the pots and leather bottles. It is all boiled up in a single pot if possible . . . and this milk-soup is eaten by the men. Then men and women all go in procession to the river to wash. On their return, the medicine-men sprinkle them with water of purification, made from I know not what herbs; oxen, kraals, all are sprinkled with the same water. But that is not all. The people meet together in the village square, men, women, and children. Then the medicine-men disperse the crowd in every direction, holding flaming torches in their hands, made of grass soaked in water and afterwards in fat, sputtering in the most terrible way and throwing out right and left sparks of burning grease, cast by the water in the torch. It seems to be a formidable ceremony, because of the pain caused by the grease falling and burning you; and the whole force of superstition is required to make men and women undergo it. The cattle, small and great, undergo the same purification, which makes them bellow horribly; then the milk-soup is eaten, the pots and leather bottles are washed, and all is over.

“The Basutos have several methods of guarding themselves from sorcery. When a man has built a house, he calls a Ngaka (doctor). This man prepares medicines, makes decoctions and libations, and plants a sharp-pointed stone, or a pot upside down, in the courtyard, as a symbol of the strength of this house which no

sorcerer can carry off, so that witchcraft can have no power over him who inhabits it, but will return upon the head of its author." . . .

In consequence of the discouragements arising from Molapo's enmity, the Conference of Missionaries in 1860 began to think they ought to remove M. Coillard from his very difficult post and give up the Station, placing him as colleague with another missionary. This he did not wish at all. He always wanted to have the hardest post and to hold it alone. He wrote to the Paris Committee (in 1860):—

"I ask you what are two years when three-quarters of the time one has to be builder, carpenter, anything but missionary? People talk of difficulties! Who is without them? . . . Whatever these difficulties may be, gentlemen, I have never allowed myself to think that we ought to run away from them, but to fight them with courage, faith, and perseverance, and—to *conquer them some day.*"

And in his diary he wrote:—

"Do they think I am made of wood, with a heart of stone? Do they not know that it is just *because* I have suffered at Leribé that my heart is so much the more attached to it?"

However, he agreed to the suggestions of the Conference so far as to replace a colleague at Hermon for a few months, till it should be time to start for the Cape to meet his bride. His work had not been entirely unfruitful; he left behind him a small Church composed partly of new converts, partly of Christians from other parts, who had come to live there.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER :—

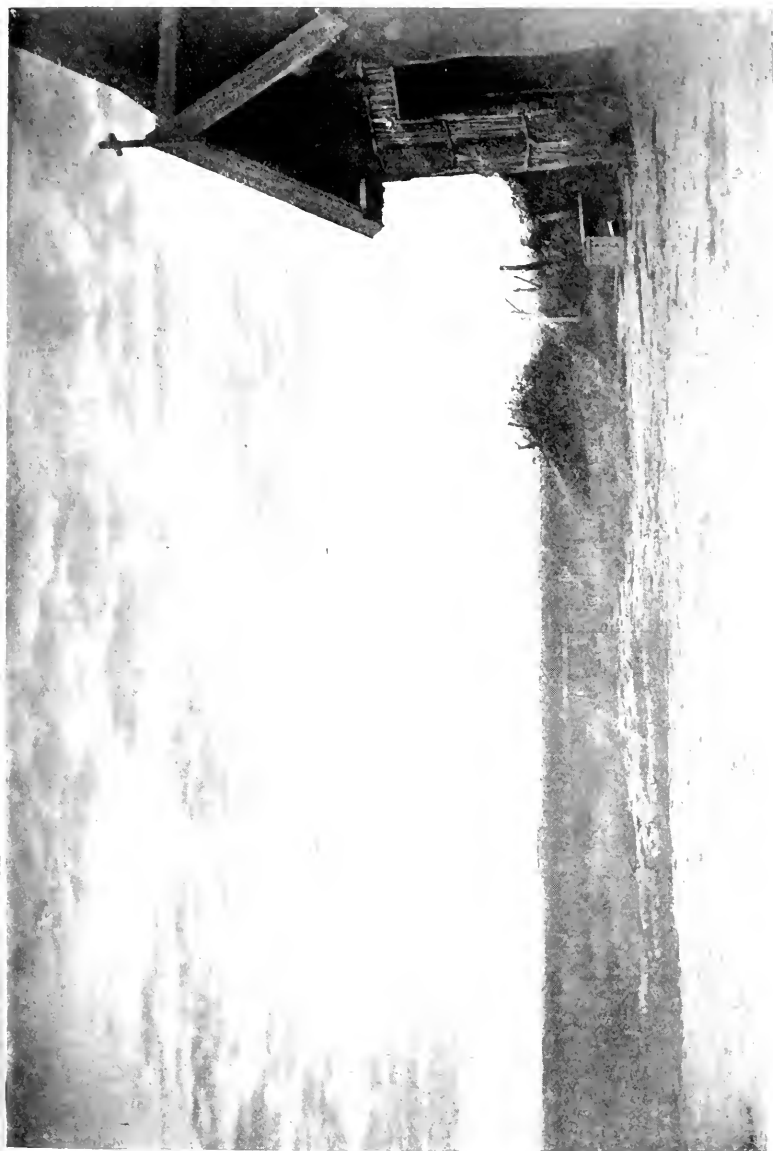
“ August 23, 1860.

“ . . . I left Leribé last Monday. I had to endure the most harrowing scenes [of farewell]. . . . On Sunday I administered the Lord's Supper once more in the midst of tears and sobs. . . . ‘My father,’ said one, ‘we are about to die of hunger. It is all our own fault, for we had bread, and we played with it instead of eating it.’

“ At the lekhothla the chief and his principal counselors spoke in the most touching manner. ‘As for me,’ said [one], ‘I declare that the missionaries are cowards—yes, cowards. Don't you see that they run away from the fight? Where can evil be greater? . . . Your duty was to stay here, and make a *nation* of this nation; out of these men to make *men*.’

“ The joy the news [of my forthcoming marriage] created among all the men was so acute that for the moment they seemed to forget my departure. ‘To-day, you are a man; return quickly and bring us our Mother, and the Mother of our wives!’ ”

Leribé was a lovely spot, but Hermon to which he now removed was dreary enough, and once there he found it difficult to get away, for he says, “My two horses, tired of studying geology by day and astronomy by night in the deserts of Hermon, took the key of the fields and made off to the pastures of Leribé!” It was long before they were restored to him, and meanwhile he had to visit his vast parish on foot throughout the scorching summer. His congregation there was composed not of heathen but of professing Christians, most of them, unfortunately, very far below the level of their profession. As his exhortations began to take effect, some of them became very contrite.



THE MISSION STATION, LEALEL, UPPER ZAMBESI. SUNRISE.

“ *Monday, November 12, 1860.*

“ Since I came out of church this morning, I have been listening to the interminable confessions of my poor parishioners. It is seven o'clock. One thought strikes me. If these confessions revolt me, because they are nothing but vain repetitions, what must it be with the miserable prayers *I* send up to the Lord ! ”

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that auricular confession is not practised in the French Protestant Mission. But the Basutos were ready to pour out their souls on the least encouragement, or even without it. It sounded so much, and alas ! it often meant so little.

However, he had at least the satisfaction of leaving behind him at Hermon a church restored both spiritually and materially. The people, to show their repentance, almost rebuilt it.

CHAPTER V

CHRISTINA MACKINTOSH

Childhood in Edinburgh—Life in Paris—Betrothal—Marriage in Cape Town.

THE marriage of François Coillard was not a mere incident in his career. If it be true that he would have been what he was in any circumstances, it is equally certain that but for his wife he could not have done what he did. She was the complement of himself, “a help suited to him.” Hers was a character formed to command, yielding boundless devotion to an allegiance once accepted, but to no other influence or authority whatever. Helplessness and suffering of any kind drew out all her sympathy: on those who needed it she lavished tenderness and sympathy; those who did not need it sometimes found the force of her energy rather overwhelming. She came on both sides of pure Highland stock, deriving a strong mystical strain from her mother’s family, some members of which were believed to possess the gift of second sight; and from her father’s, energy, daring, and quick-wittedness. It was a race which had fought in forlorn hopes from Harlaw and Bannockburn to Culloden, and which in her childhood still cherished something of the romantic loyalty of the past in the songs which were their household words, such as—

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
Bonnie laddie! Hieland laddie!

for the Jacobite tradition lingered as a sentiment long after it had ceased as a conviction. Her father, who was nearly thirty years older than his wife, was a Baptist minister connected with the work of the Haldane Brothers (his life-long friends), first in Grantown-on-Spey, Inverness-shire, and afterwards in Dundee and Greenock.

He was a devoted and gifted man, handsome, and remarkably dignified both in character and manners; a fine preacher, and in private life brimful of Highland anecdotes and traditions. For some time he was at the head of a seminary for evangelists, one of the several founded by the Haldane Brothers, but the first of its kind for training Gaelic-speaking preachers. Later on, he became travelling secretary for the Baptist Mission to the Highlands and Islands. As this took him much away from home, the family removed to Edinburgh, partly to be near Mrs. Mackintosh's elder brother, Dr. John Stewart, who was at that time a well-known physician there, and partly to be under the preaching of the Rev. James Haldane, at the Tabernacle Church.

Christina was born at Greenock on a tempestuous night (November 28, 1829). As a child, she showed herself affectionate but passionate, and her father used to say, "Christina was born in a storm and will live in a storm." Her brothers and sisters called her the Heroine, so early did she manifest not only the longing but the power to do something and be something. She was not disposed to take anything on trust, but wanted to "prove all things" for herself. Brought up in the strictest Sabbath observance, as a child she returned from church one Sunday, locked herself in her room, and deliberately sat down to sew, to see what would really happen, fully expecting, as she afterwards con-

fessed, to see flames burst from the floor and devour her ! After this experiment she returned to the paths of obedience, concluding there might be better reasons for honouring the Lord's Day than the fear of condign wrath. Her intellectual ambitions were roused by her parents' removal to Edinburgh (where the education of girls was at least fifty years ahead of its progress in England). She attended with her sisters the famous Charlotte Square Institute, and afterwards a private one, where she greatly distinguished herself, especially in music and literary subjects, studying also Latin and mathematics. Like all Scotch girls at that time, she also received a thorough domestic training at home, but for this she had a pronounced dislike. One day, as she and her younger sister sat together with a pile of sewing between them, she threw her work down, saying, "I think I've done this long enough," and walked out. Few people ever disputed her actions, and she never told her reason for casting aside needlework, namely, that she might have time for the poor. This girl of fourteen or fifteen, as she then was, seized every moment in the intervals of school to visit the wynds and slums of Edinburgh, a most dangerous thing to do at that time, but danger was the last thing she ever thought of. One cold Sunday, after church, she desired the sister above-mentioned to come with her, led her into a horrible close behind the Canongate, up a broken stair, and left her on a dark landing near the roof, while she entered an attic. After what seemed an endless absence, she opened the door (through which could be seen a bare room and a ragged family), and commanded the frightened younger one to take off a warm garment (which, moreover, happened to be quite new), adding, "I've given them mine already." Here in one sentence was the message of her whole life. The girls walked shivering home.

Their parents did not rebuke them. It was quite the spirit in which they desired to bring their children up.

The atmosphere of the house was somewhat austere and the discipline strict. Even their recreations were serious. "I entertain the little boys," wrote the eldest brother, Daniel, to his sister Kate, "with the poems of Milton and the game of chess"; and the little boys (all under eight years old) enjoyed them. To the death of this adored brother and to the weeks of gloom that followed, nearly all the members of the family traced their first deep impressions. Christina, then seventeen, was of an age when such impressions rarely fade. Like her future husband, she had always been religiously inclined, and like him, too, it was the work of Robert Moffat that had first attracted her to Missions. When she was thirteen years old he visited Scotland with Sarah Robey, a little black girl he had rescued from being buried alive, and she heard him speak. She at once persuaded her sister to join her in subscribing to a children's missionary magazine, and from that time determined to be a missionary herself. As is generally the case, interest in the heathen quickened her sense of needs nearer home. At the very time François Coillard was listening to John Bost pleading for his Incurables, she was collecting money in Edinburgh for the *Asiles de la Force* which he founded. Her brother's death led her to realise that in spite of all these exalted purposes she was still unreconciled to God. Months of inward conflict passed, unknown to any one around her. At last, through some words from her father's friend, Mr. Hugh Rose (well remembered by many), she found peace with God; but she was far too reserved to speak of it until a year or two later her sister wrote to tell her of a similar experience. Then she replied, "It brought all back to me the unspeakable joy I felt the moment I could say 'Lord, I

believe,' and the happiness which replaced in my heart all the misery and darkness of doubt to which I had so long been a prey."

Now she felt still more certain she was called to Africa. For this she renounced, not once or twice, the bright prospects opened to her; but seeing no present way to it, she threw herself into her work of teaching, "fighting with demons in the shape of boys," as she wrote to her sister. However, they soon ceased to be such under her care; she had in those days a singular power of attaching young people to herself.

As all her early correspondence has been lost or destroyed, it is impossible to trace in her the development of purpose. Only one fragment of a girlish letter has accidentally survived: it shows the strong common-sense underlying her active and ardent temperament.

"Bella M. thinks nothing of sending me nineteen pages at a time; her effusions would amuse you. She and I correspond in the language of *Alexandrian philosophers*; if you have yet read *Hypatia* you will know what that means: oh! is not that Raphael Aben Israel an absurdity!

"Is there any romantic nonsense in J.'s head about going as a nurse to the Crimea? Some of my acquaintance are crazed about it, but I don't think they quite realise all the attendant discomforts."

These were the days of *La Belle Alliance*. English and French were fighting side by side in the Crimea. English and Scotch governesses were flocking to Paris. There was, however, no residential home for them; and in 1855 some English Christians, seeing the need, started one, which was the forerunner of Miss Ada Leigh's famous institution. They invited Kate Mackintosh, the eldest of the family, to conduct it. She was a most

earnest worker, and in this way she speedily became known in Protestant French circles, at that time largely dominated by Madame André-Walther, who became almost a mother to her. This lady did more, perhaps, than any other person to draw together the Evangelicals of France, at that time split into warring sects; and to raise the standard of spiritual life among them. Every week she opened her *salon* to all her friends: clergy and professors, students and deaconesses, great ladies, officers, and philanthropic peers, all had the same welcome; all joined in family worship, and helped forward the good works in which she sought to interest them; not such a matter of course then as now. Other friends, like-minded, had other evenings. It was in this way that Kate Mackintosh came to know François Coillard. In 1857, after her father's death, Christina joined her sister, and speedily became a favourite in the same circles. She had no beauty beyond the freshness of her youth and her sparkling eyes, but she had a great personal charm, and in this genial Christian atmosphere her social nature expanded like a flower; she was happy and beloved. Her French friends appreciated her self-possession and powers of conversation. From her childhood, indeed, to the end of her life, she was always mistress of the situation, but those who only knew her in later years, with shattered health and nerves, could never realise the brilliance of her youth. The following letter in the quaint French of an old Court lady was treasured among her husband's papers:—

“I was once at Enghien at the house of the Hon. Miss Monck. There came a young lady named Christina. She was pretty but somewhat indifferent to dress; she was graceful and showed a rosy face under a large straw hat. Later on, having to convey Miss Troubridge's com-

pliments to the Misses Mackintosh, I went to see them. One proved to be the rosy maiden, and I perceived that this *fraîche* Christina was witty and full of life. I discovered a friend in her. Her sister's well-known character taught me the secret of her sweet brightness. I learnt the destiny of that Christina, in whose manner to me respect always mingled with a charm which makes one forget one is old. Since then, thank God, I have always read my Bible more; I love her far better, and I would recall myself to her memory and ask her sometimes to put up a little prayer for me.

“E. DE LA P.”

Christina had only been a day or two in Paris when she heard François Coillard speak at a meeting. His address impressed her deeply and re-kindled her missionary ardour, which had somewhat declined. Soon afterwards, he was introduced to her, and felt from the first moment that she only could complete his life. His first request, sent from Africa, was presented in the orthodox French fashion through their mutual friend, Mme. André Walther, *in loco parentis*, but her family disapproved it, all except her sister Kate. She was implored on all sides (as one letter said), “not to bury herself and her talents in Africa,” while he was admonished that her particular gifts would but hamper a missionary, whose wife ought to be a domesticated character, and that only. In France at that time, a marriage was considered to be much more the concern of the society in which they moved than of the two people most interested, and the opposition was so strong that she yielded to it, probably for the only time in her life. Besides her teaching, she now devoted herself to work among the poor of Paris, and though she had never been trained, she had such



MME. COILLARD, 1880.

To face p. 96.

aptitude for sick-nursing that she was claimed on all sides wherever there was illness.

Two years later François Coillard wrote once more. In this second appeal she perceived a call from God which she could not resist; but it was a terrible wrench to leave everything dear to her. She was no longer in her first girlhood, she had no illusions whatever as to the kind of life that awaited her; and it was not the kind she liked: she now preferred civilisation to the wilds. Besides, going to Africa was very different then from now: it meant exile for life. Her widowed mother had become reconciled to the step she was taking, and wrote to her intended son-in-law that she “would rather see her daughter a missionary than a princess.” But opposition of another kind was not lacking; at this crisis of her life, the choice was deliberately put before her and as deliberately made.

Her intended husband knew, not all but something of what she was renouncing when he wrote, “I do not know that I could do what you are doing, giving up all for an unknown country and an almost unknown husband.”

Only one letter of hers at this time survives.

CHRISTINA MACKINTOSH TO FRANÇOIS COILLARD:—

“EDINBURGH, *July* 16, 1860.

“We left Paris on the 5th, and dined that same day in London at six o'clock, having spent only twelve hours on the way! Is it not wonderful, and very different from the pace of your heavy African waggon? The next day we went down to Dyrham Park and remained there till Tuesday, it was a most delightful little rest . . . but unfortunately too short, as business obliged us to return to London. However, it was impossible not to carry away something of the holy peace and calm which per-

vades this household. The sole aim in the lives of Captain and Mrs. Trotter seems to be the glory of God. . . . I must tell you that I have also received from M. Casalis a beautiful copy of his work [*Les Bassoutos*] to present to our own Queen, and I am going to Holyrood Palace for that purpose on Tuesday first. It is not I personally who am to make the presentation, but my dear friend Mme Hocédé, who is the much beloved governess of the Royal children. . . . Alas ! alas ! there is not one line from the Hermitage [Leribé]. . . I am sure you can fancy how dreadful this suspense is for me, but I have so long ago committed this matter to the Lord's hand that I am determined not to allow myself to be discouraged by this detail, knowing how impossible it is to change it. . . . What do you say, dear Frank, to this letter all in *English* ? it would have been sad for me to write to you in a foreign language from *home*, for I cling so to your having this at least in common with those dear to me that you understand their tongue as well as your own. Is it not so ? ”

“How happy I am,” he wrote, “to see that you perceive clearly the will of God in our union. Later on . . . that will be a source of strength and comfort. For in the days of disappointment or trial when Satan will whisper to your heart, ‘What are you doing here?’ you will be able to answer, ‘God, my God, bade me go, and I have obeyed.’ ” “May I . . . by my constant love fill all the empty places of your heart.”

A few weeks' visit to Asnières followed that she might know his mother, and Christina sailed for South Africa in the *John Williams* (November 23, 1860). “Such grief I never saw and can hardly bear to think of now,” said her sister, writing of it forty-five years later. Those who

have passed through such experiences know that the sense of vocation in no way lessens the pain of parting, and indeed often makes it sharper. The heart which accepts that mysterious thing—the Call of God—suffers in advance the anguish of all the experiences to come, and at the moment there seems no joy, no element of compensation, only the conviction that it must be obeyed on peril of the soul. Indeed, the crisis of obedience is like death itself, for it is the step by which the soul passes from one sphere of being to another, and learns for the first time “to walk by faith and not by sight.” Such is the moment to many when the grating of the gangway pulled ashore sounds the knell of the old life; and the voyage just beginning forms the true parable of the life to come.

Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.

Through a misunderstanding due to the postal eccentricities of those days, she landed at the Cape, whereas M. Coillard had gone to Port Elizabeth. The moment he learnt this, instead of waiting to go round by sea when the next boat should start, he set off on a break-neck journey overland to Cape Town, which he reached in record time. This brought down upon him an official rebuke from the Director in Paris for risking his life to save a few days' time in what was not strictly the business of his calling; followed by an unofficial post-script to say that he was happy all the same to have such a proof that chivalry was not yet dead among the sons of France!

At Cape Town her first words when they met were :
 “I have come to do the work of God with you, whatever it may be ; and remember this—*Wherever God may call you, you shall never find me crossing your path of duty.*”

They were married on February 26, 1861, in the Union Church at Cape Town, by the Rev. A. Faure of the Dutch Reformed Church, “who” (wrote the bridegroom to his mother) “loves me like his own son, and all the more because he is a descendant of the French Refugees.” At once they set off for their distant home at Leribé, which, however, they did not reach till July 9th, as they spent a few months at other stations, where Mme. Coillard was initiated into the duties of her new life. “I often wonder what you would think of me in my busy household life,” she afterwards wrote to her sister. “I don’t think I was ever exactly inactive, but certainly I always had a horror of *tripotages* in the cooking line.” From the first she determined to make the very best of her new surroundings, as the following lines show, written by her husband to one of his new sisters.

F. C. TO MARGARET MACKINTOSH :—

“MORIJA, June 4, 1861.

“ . . . After two months’ travelling our travelling home has lost nothing of its freshness. Every one is astounded in admiring the taste that has decorated it ; people can’t believe it is a travelling waggon, it is so fresh and *mignon*, with its pretty curtains, its elegant pockets hung on either side, the leopard skin, the plants, &c., the whole forming, one would think, the eighth wonder of the world. Dear sister, you will say with a sigh that in Africa people make marvels out of very

little, and that's true. However, here even more than in Europe good taste is not a *hors-d'œuvre*."

His devotion, and the novelty and charm of African life, together with the warm welcome of her fellow-workers, made her happy from the first. However, after a few months, from home-sickness and the change of climate she fell really ill. Her outward energies did not slacken in the least, but her spirits drooped, and evening after evening (her day's work done), she would sit reading old journals, letters and other records of the past and shedding silent tears. At last one day, when she was alone, the conviction came that this brooding was very wrong. Instantly she gathered up all these memorials and destroyed them. She met her husband at the door, saying, "I have burnt them all. You shall never see me fretting any more. *Forget thine own people and thy father's house.*" Thenceforth, their life was an unbroken idyll of thirty years.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

1861-1865

Literary Labours—Moshesh and Samson—Dutch Friends—An Ex-President—Visit of Dr. Duff—Perils of Waters.

IN the first years of their married life, the Coillards experienced many difficulties but also many blessings. They rarely had a roof over their heads; the opposition of the chief was such that they could seldom get any one to work for them, not even little girls to train in the kitchen. But the school prospered in Mme. Coillard's hands, and in 1862 they had the great happiness of baptizing their first two converts, Nkele, and the woman whose baby M. Coillard had named "Mother of Light." Nkele chose to take the name of Johanne (John) after John Bost, of whose goodness to incurables he had heard so much. M. Coillard always tried, and so did many of his colleagues, to interest and attach their people to their brothers in Europe, to make them feel the Church was one family. Two members of the Dutch Church were present on this occasion, and took the Communion with these black Christians—another joy to them.

During this period M. Coillard did a great deal of

literary work for the Mission. The translation of the Old Testament was being carried out at this time, but his share in it lay rather in revising what others had done and giving it literary finish. He devoted special attention to the Book of Proverbs: his extraordinary knowledge of colloquial Sesuto enabling him to make it a classic. Above all, however, he was anxious to give the Basutos a treasury of hymns.

The importance of hymns and hymn-singing in early mission work is seldom realised except by those actually engaged in it; by others this is generally looked down upon as a cheap and showy substitute for realities. M. Coillard attached the very greatest importance to it, as hardly second even to preaching where primitive savages were concerned. Not only is it attractive in itself (which preaching seldom is), and also a valuable instrument of discipline, but more than anything else it kindles a motive to action, and enables the native to *hold fast the form of sound words*. What the missionary has to do is to substitute right conceptions for wrong ones, and there are really only two ways of doing this, namely, by example and by constant repetition. Music, true music, fitted to right words not only conveys the idea acceptably (a great thing in itself), but it rouses something of the right feeling long before the ideas are fully grasped and inseparably connects the two in the memory: and gives to the natives for the first time a source of enjoyment which uplifts instead of degrading them. To the very end, he was constantly translating and adapting the most suitable from French and English sources (German he did not know), not only in order to give dignity and beauty to public worship, but to spread the Gospel. One of his favourites was the hymn for Trinity Sunday, "Holy, Holy, Holy," which he translated into Sesuto. He had the greatest faith in the power

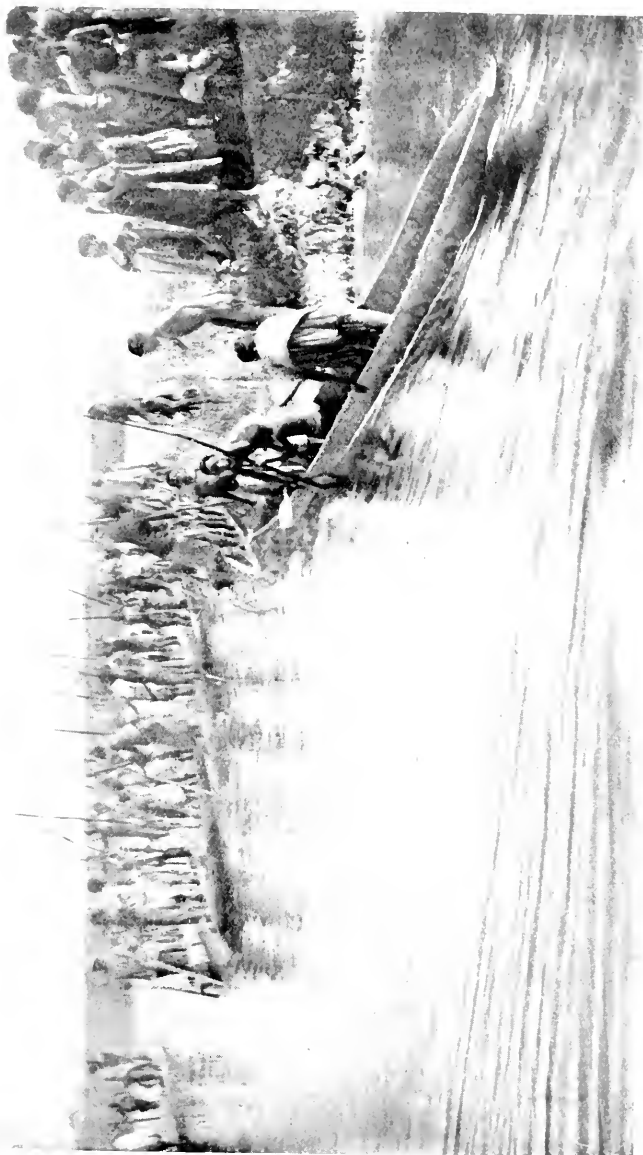
of Christian song to uplift a people ; and by that he understood not only "spiritual songs" but also secular ones, if they were the offspring of Christian hearts and minds.* It distressed him to hear the herd boys and reapers singing sacred words irreverently (for the Basutos, like sailors, often sing at their work), and so he and his friend M. Mabilie wrote many little ditties of daily life to popular airs, which were quickly caught up by the children, and took the place of the heathen chants which for them had only unhallowed associations. Later on, it was M. Coillard who introduced the Tonic Sol-fa into the Basuto schools, where it flourished from the first. He had himself a keen ear and a pleasant tenor voice, but the higher forms of music he never had any opportunity of cultivating, much as he appreciated them. His successor, M. Dieterlen, writes :—

"He was one of the best speakers of Sesuto in the Mission. M. Coillard had a taste for everything beautiful. *He was an artist*, and that tendency also appeared in his language. He had great gifts for literature and made use of them to a large extent. He also translated Kurtz's *Bible History*, largely used in our schools.

"*Hymn writing* was one of his favourite occupations.

"He used to do that with the aid of his friend Nathanael Makotoko, who is still living : that man used to come to M. Coillard's study early in the morning, they had a prayer meeting, and then worked at those translations. M. Coillard's hymns were from the first very popular, and they have lost none of their popularity, the music as well as the words suiting the taste of the Basutos. . . . A very interesting contribution of his [is in] fables of

* "The movement of sound so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue (we know not how) we call Music."—*Plato*, quoted by *J. Ruskin*.



CHILDREN COMING TO SCHOOL, FLOOD TIME. LEALU, UPPER ZAMBESI.

La Fontaine, translated or adapted by him. In that line he was wonderfully clever. His fables are perfect. The Basutos were delighted with them; they are printed in our reading books. And children do not only read them, they 'act' them . . . and that shows their value more than anything else. It is a pity he did not make more of those fables. He gave himself entirely to hymn writing, and nobody has yet dared to try to imitate him and write fables."

Except this time before breakfast, he never gave working hours to writing. It filled up the tedious moments of his journeys, sitting in a waggon or waiting at a ford. Many of his compositions were enclosed in letters to his wife. "How do you like these?" runs one such note (October 13, 1869). "The first goes to the tune of '*Belle étoile que le soir,*' the other one also goes to a canon. I don't know why my mind runs in canons, but I think it must be because they require at least *two* voices; and I have need to create an illusion and fancy you by my side."

One of their first guests (before they left their cottage) was Moshesh, who paid a visit of three weeks to his son Molapo, and who constantly invited himself to their house

"One day at table I happened to speak of the Chinese, their customs, their civilisation, their industry, and when I had mentioned their long pig-tail, Moshesh, who had listened with profound interest, suddenly exclaimed, "But I know those people! No doubt it was a Chinaman, that young man spoken of in the Bible, who had such skill and strength, and such long hair; but he fell in love with a girl who cut his hair off, and then he became like another man." Then, turning to his people, he related, with details and commentaries, the story of Samson! It was

idle for me to remark that the long hair of the Chinese had nothing to do with their civilisation and their industry. The analogy with Scripture history had so struck him that I believe to this day he thinks Samson was a Chinaman."

Moshesh was always fond of expounding, and often his knowledge of Old Testament customs, so like their own, threw a flood of light on the real significance of various passages. But in matters beyond his ken, as in this instance, his exegesis was apt to be rather wild.

"Moshesh was accompanying so far the ambassadors of Panda, who were returning to Natal. In their honour he convoked an immense political assembly which was, as always, the occasion of general rejoicings. From a mound I watched this strange spectacle of three or four thousand people decked out in wild-beast skins, horns and feathers, spear and shield in hand, striking the ground in cadence, with the monotonous but war-like notes of their patriotic songs. In the midst of this vast circle, Moshesh, accoutred with feathers and skins, white as snow, displayed astonishing agility. Warriors sprang forth one after another amid the applause of the crowd and emphatically rehearsed their exploits and brandished their assegais. Then sham fights, gun reports, the sound of goat horns. . . . Amid the warriors in ancient garb the eye rested with pleasure on a troop in uniform and armed with guns. The chief was Mopeli. . . . I like to record this little progress in civilisation."

These last lines recall a characteristic trait. While abhorring war, M. Coillard always had the strongest sympathy with the military profession. His mind seemed to move in its imagery. Christianity, as he conceived it, was the march of an ever-victorious army; to

him it meant a loyalty, not a philosophy, still less a ceremonial system. He had no other ambition than to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "A French general" he once wrote, "told his *aide-de-camp* that the politeness of a soldier was *obedience*; and I myself hold that in all circumstances our duty to our Master is *fidelity*."

MME. COILLARD TO HER SISTER :—

" . . . Every Saturday we go away in the forenoon and spend it up among the rocks, which command the whole village. F. likes to study his sermons there; it is so quiet, and I take my work and sit beside him. It is so delightfully calm and retired; we can just see the huts and the Basutos moving to and fro between them, and farther off still the flocks feeding in the pasture grounds. I am often struck with astonishment, when I hear F. reading to those people the Old Testament stories, at the resemblance between the manners of the Israelites and other primitive nations and the Basutos. Could you have watched their faces the other day as they listened to the story of Abraham, Eleazar, and Rebekah; every word seemed so telling, she, though so rich, at the well and drawing water, indeed every detail comes home here with a force which dwellers in cities can never know."

F. C. TO REV. — DIÉNY (at Asnières) :—

"LERIBÉ, *October 3, 1861.*

"Our school occupies a large part of our time. It is a part of the work which I think, myself, we have far too much neglected in our Mission. It has been forgotten that this is the nursery of the Church. The blows are all directed to those who are already grown up, rooted in paganism."

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F. C. TO HIS MOTHER:—

“LERIBÉ, *October 20, 1861.*

“You will surely have been very sad at receiving fewer letters from me lately. It is not because I am married, and that another has taken your place in my heart; no, for loving her, I love you none the less. Besides your daughter loves you too, very dearly. She constantly talks about her visit to Asnières, and how happy she was to make your acquaintance. You touched her heart deeply when you gave her a packet of my letters. And I myself was moved by it, and have often wondered what gave you such a happy idea; not that my letters are worth much, but because they could cheer my betrothed amid all the sorrow of parting, by assuring her that an affectionate son would not be an unloving husband.”

After describing the day's work, he continues:—

“I don't speak of our cooking, which is simple, so simple that really I scarcely know what we do live on. We have no milk, because we have no cows; no vegetables nor fruits, because we have no garden; nor meat, because we have no herd; and there is no butcher's shop here. However, each Saturday Christina depopulates my old poultry-yard, which, indeed, will soon be extinct.

“In the evening, if Christina is not too tired, she takes her work, and I read aloud to her. Do you still remember, dearest mother, when your little boy used to read aloud to you? Sometimes I repeated and you sang your favourite hymn, *Non, ce n'est pas mourir que d'aller vers mon Dieu*, and that one you used to make me repeat on my knees as a prayer, *Source de lumière et de vie.*

“ . . . I have said nothing about old Maria. When Christina gave her the dress in your name she was delighted, and said she would like to kiss your hand. Then, turning to my wife, she said, ‘ This dress comes from my *Grandmother*: now my *Mother* will give me one too.’ That pained me. I said:

“ ‘ If your Grandmother could hear you speaking like that she would certainly take away the dress she has sent you. It is not our habit at home to require an ox when people give us a goat.’

“ In other ways her behaviour to my wife wounded me. She imagined that it was Christina who was to look after her and wait on her. The great secret was that Maria would have liked us to feed her differently from the others; she also wished to be mistress, to order my wife about, and domineer over our two little house-girls. I would never have sent her away, out of respect for you, my dear mother. Moreover, she is very well installed in her hut, with two of her grandchildren, and when she is ill we send her tea or coffee.”

In one of his very last letters M. Coillard spoke of the pleasure he had in caring for some poor aged people out of love for his mother’s memory, as he said.

Mme. Coillard’s life was as busy an one as her husband’s. There were no tinned provisions then; no ready-made clothing to be had: not even a sewing machine. “ The sun,” she wrote, “ never finds us in bed, . . . and we go to bed about eleven p.m.” In addition to superintending all house and garden work, feeding the animals, “ which,” as she told her sister, “ are not pets, but necessary for our food,” teaching in the school daily, visiting in the village, and in distant excursions for evangelising, she had to do all the sewing; make candles; *make* as well as mend all

the house linen, her own clothes, her husband's, and those of their servants (and clothes wear out very fast in such a life as theirs). After their return from exile she received a sewing machine as a present, to her great delight. "I do hope," she wrote, "now that I have this precious help, that I shall be enabled to consecrate the time thus saved to our work."

The greatest difficulty of life in Basutoland is travelling. It was only in 1905 that the *first* bridge in the country was made, though it is a land of rivers and deep water-courses; the latter are dry in winter, but with the earliest rains, in an hour or two, they boil up into torrents of mud, which sweep away oxen, waggons and horses, and spread themselves out over the flat valleys in impassable lakes. In former days it was worse than it is now, for there were no roads. Drownings were painfully common; they too often happen now. Wet or fine, the missionary who took his calling seriously must ride or walk through thunderstorms and floods, or under burning skies, as he often does to-day. All have these experiences, but few have described them so graphically as M. Coillard. Over and over again the story of "perils by waters" is renewed, always with fresh incidents and renewed thankfulness for deliverances.

In his book, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, he has related how Mme. Coillard herself once crossed the river in full flood, though only two days before she had seen a horse and his rider's body swept past her by the current and had been assured it was her husband's. She had waited for days to cross in order that she might not fail to keep their wedding day with him in the little turf cabin he had been building against her return. There was not in her a vestige of the Amazon glorying in her own feats of endurance.

It was just the impulse of a loving woman who would brave fire and water rather than disappoint her husband. Over and over again is seen this disposition on their part to run risks which scarcely seemed worth while rather than fail to carry out their purposes at a settled time. It was all training for the future.

Their increasingly friendly intercourse with their Dutch neighbours was frequently touched upon in their letters at this time.

F. C. TO THE *Journal des Missions*:—

“1861.

“Returning [from a visit to Beersheba for Mme. Coillard's health] we paid a visit to an ex-President of the Orange Free State. It was evening; we found him like a patriarch with his children, folding his herds. [Mr. Hoffman] received us with the frankest cordiality. My object . . . was to procure a cow if possible. It was a prime necessity for us who had passed nearly a year without milk or only getting it with the greatest difficulty. But when I spoke of the price, ‘Sir,’ he said, ‘the beast cost me nothing, she was born on the place. I often ask myself what I can do for the servants of God, but I do not know their needs. I bless God for making you pass this way. I know, by my own experience, what your privations must be where you are.’ In vain I replied ‘No.’ He reiterated, ‘This costs me nothing. I am rich; see how the Lord has blessed me.’ Then he told how from being well off he had fallen into distress; his wife, servantless, had herself to grind the maize which supported this numerous family; and he, crippled as he is, was forced to build; how he met with sympathy, and was beginning to get on again, when he was elected President, and how, finally, the Lord had visibly blessed

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him from the time he went back to private life. He counts his large cattle by hundreds, and the small by thousands. His wife, angelically sweet in looks and ways, seemed almost as moved as we were in hearing this story of trials past and blessed.

C. C. to M. M. :—

“LERIBÉ, *March 24, 1862.*

“How great was the treat afforded by the papers. It was only the night before that I had heard of the sudden death of Prince Albert. I leave you to guess whether I enjoyed all those comforting details. I put on my black dress, and, I assure you, mourned in my heart my country's sad loss in the removal of the guide and counsellor of our future King.”

The want of water, and other difficulties at Molapo's village, obliged them in 1862 to leave their cottage, and betake themselves to the present site of the station close under the mountain of Leribé. Here for two years they lived in their waggon, supplemented by a tent and a reed-screened shelter beneath the cliff of Leribé, which had long been the dwelling of cannibals. Building was hindered by the poverty of the Mission, the difficulty of obtaining labour (owing to the increasing hostility of the chief), and the rains frequently destroying their efforts. The work of evangelisation did not slacken. “I never saw any one work so hard as Frank does,” wrote his wife, describing his almost daily expeditions on foot or on horseback, visiting from village to village, but at the time they saw little result from it all. They were both young, healthy, and perfectly happy, in spite of their many hardships, and as they had no little ones they often said they felt these less than many others. Still, the withholding of



See page 430.]

SCHOOL PROCESSION TO WELCOME KING LEWANIKA, NEW YEAR, 1902-3. LEALUTI, UPPER ZAMBESI.

[To face p. 412.

this blessing was always a great sorrow to Mme. Coillard. Both she and her husband loved children and were never happy without some in the household. They always reserved two evenings a week for study and reading, which M. Coillard considered a duty. The books his wife had brought out were a delight to him, though he could not always refrain from teasing her about their abstruseness.

F. C. TO C. C. :—

“I really think we have killed the *blue-stocking mouse*. She was frisking about this evening in the fresh air, philosophising, no doubt, about the Properties of Matter, when we pursued and overtook her, the rogue! How fat and sleek she was! She has nibbled plenty out of your books. . . . Poor creature, she was charming, but a thirst for knowledge was her ruin.”

Mme. Coillard had a Scotch taste for metaphysics foreign to his mind, which was rather that of the poet or the artist. Indeed, in an early letter from Strasburg he begs to take the Classical course with his theology instead of Logic and Philosophy, which he calls “*useless and dangerous studies*.”* In later life he thought otherwise, and advised all intending missionaries to take a university degree in as many subjects as possible.

F. C. TO THE *Journal des Missions* :—

“August, 1862.

“Towards the end of July, one of my occupations was to cut down firewood in a ravine. . . . When we

* Compare *The Imitation of Christ*, “What will profound logic . . . avail thee?” (chap. i. 3.), and again, “Nowhere do we find it written: ‘Blessed are the Masters-in-Arts.’” These and many other passages can be matched almost word for word in F. C.’s early journals, though at that time he had not read Thomas à Kempis, the latter not being thought a wholesome writer for Protestants!

returned, what was not our surprise to find Mr. C., an Israelite by origin, whom we had known at the Cape as a missionary among the Mohammedans, and who was now pastor of the Dutch Church, at Ladysmith, in Natal. Never did a visit cause such a sensation among the Basutos! The rumour had spread that a Jewish pastor had just arrived, and everybody rushed to the manse to see him. Everybody was in ecstasies at the sight of this descendant of Abraham, Molapo not excepted. 'To-day,' said he, fixing his eyes on him, 'it is as if I saw a great king: ever since our missionaries have talked to us about the Jews my heart has desired to see one. I always wondered whether they really existed, and if they were like other people: to-day I am satisfied.' Then he set forth the differences he noted between Mr. C. and the other missionaries, and ended by quoting St. Paul with remarkable good sense and aptness. The next day, a crowd of heathen filled the chapel, doubtless as much to see as to hear this 'descendant of those who crucified our Lord.' It will mark an epoch in their lives."

It makes one realise how rapid has been the development of South Africa to find that, not so very long ago, the natives had seen neither an Israelite nor a Chinaman!

JOURNAL F. C.:—

"Mr. C. had ridden night and day to invite me to take part in the dedication of a church at Bethlehem, a new illage in the Free State.

"The moonlight was magnificent. On arriving at Bethlehem, I looked for the new town. . . . Two or three tiny cabins—a long building roofed with zinc, the church—and all round it a little town of waggons and tents, brilliantly white and glistening. This was Bethlehem.

“From Saturday to Monday morning services upon services were held. One only came out of church to go in again ; catechism, prayer-meetings, reception of candidates, consecration of elders, baptisms, marriages, Holy Communion. . . .

“Asked to conduct one meeting, I thought the occasion was not one to be wasted—the only one, perhaps, where I could speak frankly. I mentioned the fact . . . that this was the first time, to my knowledge, that a French missionary took part in such solemnities with the farmers. I touched on the prejudices existing against us, and showed how unjust they were, since we were carrying on among the natives a work of peace and love, preaching the same Gospel . . . beside the descendants of the French who had come to seek in this country the liberty to pray and serve God according to His Word. And if the Lord had so permitted it, was it not to renew the links of kindred and affection between the descendants of the refugees and the Christians of the Mother country, by concentrating on a common work the sympathy and sacrifices both of one and the other? I also spoke of the Reformed Church of France, and so on. . . .

“Such was the emotion, that several persons raised their voices to protest their brotherly love for the Churches of our country and their warm sympathy for our Mission. After that, our tent was never empty of people, who came to hear us talk French, the language of their forefathers. . . .

“The next day Mr. C. handed me £10, specially collected for our school, and we ourselves received touching proofs of great affection. These good people implored me to visit them oftener, promising to put horses at my disposal every time I could devote a Sunday to them. . . . This transformation in the disposition of the farmers, their interest in the cause of missions among the heathen, is

something so new and extraordinary that we can but see in it the work of Him who turns the hearts of men like rivers of waters, and perhaps also an answer to the Universal Prayer of January.* ‘He is faithful that promised.’ (French version : ‘*He who makes the promises is faithful to keep them.*’) ”

1864.

The visit of the great Dr. Duff from India to promote educational missions marked an epoch in the history of the Basuto Mission. He attended the Conference of Carmel in 1864, and at his suggestion six out-stations were at once founded (there are now about 160) as the direct outcome of his representations. “Place school-masters and evangelists everywhere,” he said. “But we have not got any.” “Then you must make them,” he replied. The foundation of the Normal School was decided upon, and at this very conference M. Coillard was asked to undertake it. “Madame Coillard, they said, is so well qualified for that,” [so he wrote to her], “but as for myself I have not enough self-confidence to accept such a responsibility.” The outbreak of the war in the following year postponed its establishment, and as will be seen it was not they who eventually took charge of it, for, even then, they felt more especially called to evangelisation.

C. C. TO HER SISTER:—

“January 7, 1864.

“I write to you from a little hut we have just constructed . . . not unlike an umbrella stuck in the ground. I assure you, such as it is, we are most delighted to have

* The Week of Universal Prayer then just instituted by the Evangelical Alliance.

this shelter, for the weather is very hot and the shade of a rock, though very romantic, is not always the most appropriate."

At last, in the following August, a house of three rooms was finished. Mme. Coillard wrote, "I shall feel like a princess. We shall still cook in the open air and sleep in the tent; the room is for eating and sitting in, we feel so the want of having no place where we can shut the door and be quiet for a little moment of the day."

They were not destined long to enjoy it, however, for within a few months the war broke out, which was to drive them into exile for three years.

CHAPTER VII

THE WAR WITH THE FREE STATE, AND LESAOANA'S AFFAIR

1864-1866

War with the Free State—Lesaoana's Affair—A Desperate Embassy—
Adventures on the Frontier—The Storming of Thaba Bossio—
Wepener's Day—The Broad Road—Panic at Leribé—Privations
of the War.

DURING the years just recorded, the troubles between the Boers and Basutos had never ceased. Neither party regarded the conditions of the hollow peace made in 1858. The Free Staters were determined to secure the territory up to the Caledon River (which they eventually succeeded in doing). The Basutos were no less determined to assert their claims up to the Modder River. The younger chiefs declared they had not been parties to the agreement made by Moshesh as to a boundary line between these two limits. Further complications arose from the promise made, without sufficiently careful survey and land-markings, that the farmers should own lands they had built upon, but that Basutos who had sown corn on these lands might return the next season to reap it. Very often when the latter did so, they found that the farmer, weary of defending himself against cattle thefts

had forsaken the farm, perhaps only for a time, to find fresh pasture, and they would take advantage of this to hoe and sow another patch, thus continually renewing excuses to re-occupy land which in their hearts they considered still belonged to the tribe.

The great obstacle to peace was a certain unruly chief named Lesaoana (already mentioned, p. 82), the nephew of Moshesh, whose lawless deeds compromised both him and his sons; and shortly afterwards nearly provoked a war, which would have changed the history of Basutoland—and perhaps of South Africa—had not M. Coillard intervened as a peacemaker at the critical moment.

The witch-doctors for their own profit did their best to stir up strife, in order that they might sell the secrets of victory, and the chiefs under their influence grew more and more hostile to the Gospel, which meanwhile was spreading fast among the people themselves. Outstations were springing up everywhere, and M. Coillard's friend, A. Mabile, at Morija, was developing a missionary spirit in the Basutos themselves. It was a comparatively new idea then (though so familiar now) that the converted natives should themselves go forth to preach; but M. Mabile was a man of far-reaching views, and he was already thinking of thus evangelising the interior of Africa. He had written even in September, 1863, "I do wish so much that our Society should send some missionaries to the Makololos discovered by Livingstone, and speaking Sesuto (see p. 42), for they are in reality true Basutos. With the New Testament in their hands, and taking some Christians from here, I think the enterprise would be quite feasible. . . . There are two or three Basuto Christians who would willingly go even to the Zambesi. . . . I have long been thinking of it, but who will put his hand to the work?" No one guessed then that M. Coillard was to be the man.

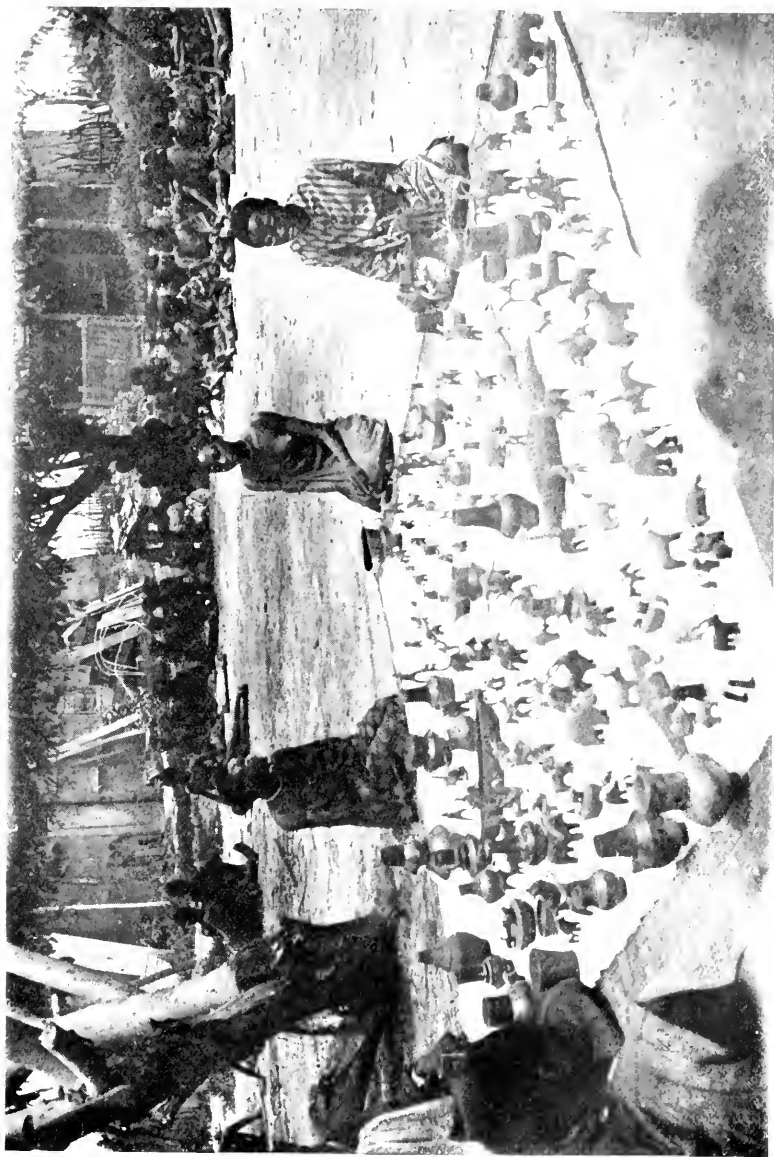
All this progress was interrupted by the outbreak of hostilities.

F. C. TO THE PARIS COMMITTEE:—

“LERIBÉ, *December 5, 1864.*

“I do not know if others have already told you of events here. The Governor of the Cape, as arbitrator, has fixed the limits of Basutoland and the Orange Free State. . . . The President of the Free State gave the Basutos a month to evacuate a portion of their country, where they had already ploughed and sown. In a country where there are neither railways nor telegraphs one may well be astonished at the rigour of such a decree, for before Moshesh knew of it, or could assemble the petty chiefs, or these latter could return home and publish the order in the most distant villages, there was very little of this month of grace left. . . . Then without providing themselves with corn for the journey they suddenly left their villages and took refuge on this side of the Caledon. For days there were nothing but horsemen, . . . troops of cattle filling the air with their bellowing; women and children seeking a hole to hide in under the rocks. The site of the station is a large horse-shoe, formed by the sides of a mountain; . . . this place is called *the little white caves*. . . . To-day there is not one without inhabitants, even those overhanging the most frightful precipices.

“I saw thousands of women and little children wandering shelterless and foodless in the mountains covered with snow. Oh, what miseries! what evils! Johanne, my companion, reminded me that Jesus had said, ‘Pray that your flight be not in the winter.’ He was astonished that such a word should be in the Bible, and that the Saviour should know what it was *to flee in winter*.



MODELLING COMPETITION. MISSION SCHOOL, LEAFU.

“Already famine is cruelly felt among these poor fugitives: the children cry, the mothers besiege our doors, while the men, at the risk of their lives, go and get corn in the abandoned villages.

“The incessant rains are spoiling the corn in the fields: the locusts have destroyed everything in some parts of the Free State. . . . Our Basutos are losing their heads in the midst of these disasters. Would you believe it? among these very fugitives who are dying of hunger, there are some who possess immense herds, which they allow to graze in the cornfields of those who are giving them hospitality [*i.e.*, the missionaries]. When remonstrated with, they reply coldly, ‘It is your fault: we cannot help it. Why did you not defend our rights; why did you let us be deprived of our dwellings and lands?’”

The Boer attack was expected at Leribé at the end of November, 1864, on the very eve of the day fixed for the founding of the church. Molapo’s religious feelings had been revived by the sight of the enemy at their gates: at his orders all the natives assembled in enormous numbers, together with the Rev. J. Scott, of Bloemfontein, and Mr. Orpen, and several other Europeans. Molapo made a speech, in which he ridiculed the heathen customs he had just been promoting, and ascribed the recent successes of the Free Staters to their Day of Prayer.* A subscription list was opened, to which he promised to contribute largely, and M. Coillard laid, or rather dug, the foundations; the first stone had not been cut. Ten years were to elapse before the church was complete.

* Letter of Mr. Orpen to Civil Commissioner at Aliwal (*Basutoland Records*, vol. iii. p. 324).

THE AFFAIR OF LESAOANA.

F. C. to REV. COCHET :—

“THABA BOSSIO, *December 31, 1864.*

“I should have liked more time in which to give you the news of our part of the world. It is there that the clouds are piling up, and where in all probability the storm will burst. Molapo is peaceably disposed, and does as much as a *Mosuto* can do to keep his people in check. That is to say he only partially succeeds.

“Unfortunately that rascal Lesaoana acts in an entirely different manner. It is he who has let loose his people to go and pillage the farms in his neighbourhood, under pretext, he says, of scouting. I have done everything I could to bring him to his senses and to induce him to pay a fine. The fine he presented was a mockery. When the Boer commando camped beside us, he insulted them. He was given five days to pay a slight fine (considering the damage) of seventy-two oxen: he gave, I think, seven, of which three were sick—and the next day, as the Boers were inspanning to return to their homes, lo and behold Lesaoana’s men attacked them three times! It was only at the third time that the Boers retaliated, and killed, they say, two Basutos.

“Mr. Van Brandis (a Boer captain), learning this state of affairs, revoked the permission he had given to Molapo to transport the corn which is growing in the Free State, under conditions almost impossible to accept, and declares that until Lesaoana has been punished, whoever crosses the frontier, with or without a pass, for any reason whatsoever except to bring letters to himself, will be put to death. The President must have returned to our parts. I have come to see the Old

Man of the Mountain, but I have no great hope that he will act. I greatly fear that before long you will hear they are fighting where we are."

Lesaoana, the nephew of Moshesh, vaunted himself as a free lance. He was governed by one passion—liberty to plunder, and more especially to plunder the Boers. Nominally Molapo was his liege lord, but whether Molapo or his elder brother Letsie called him to account, Lesaoana always took skilful advantage of the jealousy existing between the brothers (the invariable fruit of polygamy), and screened himself from the wrath of the one by vowing allegiance to the other. War was declared about June 5, 1865, the President of the Free State calling on his burghers to put an end to the depredations of the Basutos, while Moshesh, in his proclamation, insisted that the war had been forced upon him, that it was for the defence of his people's soil, and that he had no quarrel with the British, who were not to be molested in any way. Lesaoana early in the same year had petitioned the rulers of the Orange Free State to let him detach himself from his tribe and place himself and his people under their protection. By this manœuvre he would have been enabled to raid the Basutos, his own countrymen, under pretence of helping his new masters in the war which he and every one else saw was impending. The President, fearing no doubt to catch a Tartar, declined this proffered mark of favour, and thenceforth Lesaoana seemed determined to get what he could out of the Boers, if not in one way, then in another. If he could not be their parasite he would be their robber. Many of the Free Staters had farms in Natal, to which they regularly removed for six months of the year, and on the outbreak of hostilities they naturally sent their families and cattle into British

territory for security while they went on commando. This gave Lesaoana his opportunity. In defiance of his chief's proclamation, he declared that he considered the cattle of his enemies to be lawful spoil wherever found ; and within a few days of the ultimatum he began raiding the Boers in every direction, whether or not they were British subjects or on neutral territory. In less than three weeks he had led a mounted army, two or three thousand strong, into Natal across the Drakensberg into the Klip River country, and had plundered several farms, carrying off cattle. In a second foray, several Dutch farmers and Zulus were (falsely, as it turned out), reported to be murdered, and more cattle carried off. The number was said to be 10,000, but it afterwards proved to be less than half that amount. This roused the Natal Colony to fury : a general conflagration was feared. The Zulus were as eager for vengeance as the white men. The news had reached the Acting Governor on June 29th. By July 5th his demand for reparation had already been received by Molapo, who wrote an abject letter of apology, repudiating Lesaoana's conduct, "which was not a pre-meditated act by any of the higher chiefs, but the wrong-headed act of a turbulent and ignorant under-captain, who shall be duly punished for his evil-doing in whatever way His Excellency may require," and begged "in case evil should come of Lesaoana's fault," to put himself under the protection of the Governor of Natal. This was Molapo's first *independent* overture for British Protection.

At this time Theophilus Shepstone was the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal. Himself the son of a missionary, and brought up from childhood among them, he had acquired an extraordinary influence over the Zulus of Natal. They regarded him as a chief of their own, and gave him the name of *Somptseu*, by which

he always signed himself when corresponding on their behalf. He marched a large force of Zulus and Europeans to the foot of the Drakensberg Mountains (the frontier of Basutoland), and sent Molapo word that, on receiving his letters, he had halted at Van Reenen's Pass, and would there await some proof of the sincerity of his professions. Otherwise a still larger force would be collected and would invade Basutoland. Besides the loss actually sustained, he said, the Basutos would have to pay the expenses of its mobilisation, £8,000 to £10,000.

The Commander-in-Chief meanwhile held a regiment ready at East London, and a vessel, the *Valorous*, at Algoa Bay to fetch troops from Mauritius if needed.

Molapo and his people were panic-stricken. Another *pitso* was held, at which M. Coillard was present. They hastily collected all the cattle they could, and decided to send it to the British camp without delay. Nathanael Makotoko, always the Mercury of this Olympus, was to be their ambassador to Mr. Shepstone, and they implored M. Coillard to go with him as interpreter. This he consented to do. It seems, however, that Molapo must have counted on him as an advocate more than as an interpreter; and because he did not obtain all he hoped for, he bore an undying grudge against his missionary from that time forward.

Molapo in his letter, carried by Makotoko, again asked to dissociate himself from his tribe, and to place himself under the protection of the British; and in a later letter he begged this even more insistently. It appeared that Moshesh, while quite ready to apologise for Lesaoana's conduct, was not prepared to compel his punishment. In fact, the Basuto chiefs were all afraid to tackle such a formidable person. This gave the British authorities the impression that Moshesh and his sons were not acting

in good faith; that Lesaoana was a sort of privateer's-man ("a fill-the-field," the Civil Commissioner called him), whose lawless deeds they would profit by or repudiate according as they found most convenient. Consequently, the High Commissioner would not accept the responsibility of treating with Molapo apart from the whole Basuto nation. In the midst of all these negotiations, Lesaoana and his people surrounded a peaceable party of Transvaalers, Mr. Pretorius (a relative of the President) and his three sons, on a mountain pass, and murdered them in cold blood. Of course the Transvaal Government thereupon flew to arms as well. Thus, the Basutos were attacked on three sides at once.

The key to the whole trouble lay in the enmity of the half-brothers Letsie and Molapo. The former talked his aged father over. Their thought evidently was that as Molapo's territory of Leribé adjoined Natal and the Transvaal, and as these two colonies threatened Basutoland, he would bear the brunt of it and save them. Therefore they left him to his fate, their own hands being full with fighting the Free State. The result was that Molapo, refused by the British Government and determined not to acknowledge his brother's paramountcy, made a treaty on his own account with President Brand and accepted his protection, thus bringing the whole Leribé district for a time within the Free State limits. This, as will hereafter be seen, was what really led to the Coillards' banishment from their station.

But this is looking far ahead. Makotoko's embassy, as an embassy, proved successful. It reached De Jager's Farm, Witzie's Hoek, on July 19th. M. Coillard had started straight away from the *pitso*, without even going home to bid goodbye to his wife.

He greatly disliked being dragged into political affairs. His mind moved on a different plane. Since the withdrawal of the Sovereignty and hence of the Civil Commissioner in the Free State, the Basuto chiefs had been again dependent upon the missionaries as intermediaries between them and the civilised world; but M. Coillard had always managed to avoid acting officially in this capacity, and in the whole of the *Basutoland Records* there are only five letters signed by him, the first being the one now sent from Molapo. He consented to accompany the little band on this occasion, as a forlorn hope, hoping to avert war, and in this he was successful. It was impossible for him to know then, as can be seen now, what consequences were averted by a right impulse at the right moment. The journey occupied two or three days.

The party consisted of himself and Nathanael Makotoko, with their respective followers. Makotoko, as Molapo's first cousin, was his usual representative on these occasions. He was M. Coillard's devoted friend and disciple, but not yet a Christian, and as before said he was intensely superstitious. It was mid-winter; they had to travel as much as possible by night, to avoid being seen by the enemy; the Drakensberge were covered with snow; they had not enough to eat or to cover themselves, and the fearful cold reduced their spirits to the lowest ebb. To their dismay, the very first evening they met an ant-eater, or aardvark, a creature which very rarely shows itself by day, and which the Basutos regard as an infallible herald of misfortune. All, including the ambassador himself, wanted to turn back at once, but M. Coillard would not allow them, reminding them that as messengers of peace, they had a Divine escort. Indeed, the whole story brings to mind that of Elisha and the Syrians in 2 Kings vi. :

"Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about them."

The Basutos, however, saw no chariots of fire, and as they met with many adventures, they exclaimed in chorus at every critical moment: "The ant-eater, Moruti, the ant-eater, you see!" At last, all difficulties surmounted, they came in sight of the Zulu camp. Makotoko, dauntless in war, was now seized with panic. The Zulus owed him a good many scores for blows inflicted in days gone by, and he feared that, unarmed and outnumbered as they were, the little party might be massacred. He begged M. Coillard on no account to address him as *Makotoko*, the name of his manhood by which he was well known, for fear the Zulus should recognise him.

Mr. Shepstone received them courteously, offered them a much-needed evening meal, and seating them around himself, called upon the Zulus for a war-dance in their honour. The army complied *con amore*, and kept it up all night, shouting, "Give us those Basutos, let us eat them up." Meanwhile, the indunas were paying their respects to the white visitor.

"Who are those Basutos?" asked one old warrior.

"My servants," answered M. Coillard.

"Yes? And that man who rides by your side: he has the bearing of a servant, truly!" (In Africa, it is quite impossible to mistake a chief's air of dignity.)

"That is my friend," replied M. Coillard.

"And your friend's name?"

"Nathanael."

"Oh, indeed!"

The Zulu asked no more questions, but on taking leave he said, "Tell your friend Makotoko that I salute him."



THE COURT FOOL POSING AS A CRANE. LEALUI, UPPER ZAMBESI.



WOMEN MAKING POTTERY. LEALUI, UPPER ZAMBESI.

[To face p. 128.

"My friend is called Nathanael."

The old induna put his face close to M. Coillard's and whispered, laughing, "I knew it was Makotoko from the first moment, but he is all right. You are our guests to-night!"

Mr. Shepstone then requested one of the Boers who accompanied the *Impi* (Zulu regiment) to take the visitors to a farm where they could sleep, as they had to return next day. M. Coillard shared this man's room. About three a.m. the Boer got up, loaded his firearms, and went away very softly. It afterwards appeared that he had ridden away in the night to warn all the outposts not to let the party escape their hands. It did not seem to occur to him that Mr. Shepstone would send them back to Molapo with a safe-conduct. At any rate, the motto of the hour was, "Shoot first—inquire afterwards." Fortunately, M. Coillard suspected something of the kind, and put his escort on their guard. Mr. Shepstone consented not to move his army for the present. He inquired into their circumstances, and gave them, besides a passport, several pack-mules, loaded with stores on behalf of the Government. As they had only been able to buy one sack of corn at an exorbitant price for eight or nine months, they were more than thankful. The party was fired upon several times, and once nearly killed by the pickets, but, owing to the precautions taken by their leader, who, as above said, suspected such attacks would be made, they evaded them successfully.

It was a short but exciting experience, and one from which M. Coillard did not expect to return alive. He feared an ambush or some broil among the natives in which all the white men would be massacred on the spot, and the note which he addressed to his wife from the Basutos' *pitso* was, in fact, a farewell for life.

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“HOETSIE’S [*i.e.*, WITZIE’S] HOEK,

“*Wednesday, July, 1865.*

“MY BELOVED,—A little word by the hand of Molapo, in case he arrives before me. I hope you are not too uneasy about me. Poor darling! What serious times! I think of you night and day. The Lord keep you and reunite us soon. I do not think I have made a mistake in coming here. I did it for the sake of peace, to avoid bloodshed, and for the sake of these poor Basutos, so hard and ungrateful as they are. I am going to find Mr. Shepstone to-day, and on Saturday, if all goes well, I shall be with you. . . . Oh, if only I knew what was going on at home. If the Boers come to our parts before my return, I know that you have nothing to fear from them. May the Lord give us always the strength we need for every circumstance. He is our refuge and fortress. This is not an empty word; we have often had the happy experience of it. You know how much I love you, and what happy moments we have spent together. Have you never regretted that the moments pass! Well, we have Eternity before us—all Eternity. I am in the hands of the Lord, and you too. I must indeed stop, but the heart flows on (*le cœur ne tarit pas*). You know that. I am yours, *tout à toi après Dieu*. “FRANK.”

The High Commissioner, on receiving the report of Molapo’s submission, took a lenient view of the affair, and said that, as the ruling family repudiated Lesaoana’s conduct, they must not be charged with the expenses of mobilisation, more especially as Mr. Shepstone reported that the first accounts had been much exaggerated and that no one had been murdered at all.*

* The sequel is curious. The Acting Governor, Colonel B——, was very angry that the Secretary for Native Affairs had halted at the border instead of invading Basutoland and taking the cattle fine by

However, Molapo failed to keep faith in respect of the fine he had promised to pay; perhaps, as the High Commissioner himself suggested, he could not so long as the Basutos were all engaged in fighting the Free State.

Shortly afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, the Coillards received the visit of a Mr. S., a personal friend who was accompanying the Free State patrol across the river. While they were in the house having dinner, armed and mounted Basutos filled the compound and summoned their missionary to deliver up his visitor to them. Naturally he refused. The Basutos, highly excited, replied that they would kill him if he did not, and for a few moments it seemed as if they would. However, showing a bold front, he represented to them that by their code as much as by his own he could not possibly betray a guest, and at last they said, "We admit that; we will wait outside and kill him ourselves when he leaves your door."

"You cannot do that either," said M. Coillard. "On the mission ground he is safe for five hundred yards from my door. You must not move till he is clear of the station."

The Basutos, true to their sporting instincts, accepted the challenge. "We will not touch him till he is on our force. Accordingly he sent the Colonial Secretary a petition from the people of Natal, praying to be set free from the High Commissioner's authority, so that they "could uphold British honour among the native tribes whenever need so required." The Colonial Secretary acknowledged the petition, drily remarking that he had presented it to the Queen, but that he could not advise Her Majesty to take any steps in the matter, as in his opinion it would probably lead to endless native wars, of which the Imperial Government would have to bear the cost in men and money. In course of time a large portion of the fine was paid, and three years later Basutoland came peaceably under British protection by the earnest request of its chiefs. (See *Basutoland Records*, vol. iii. pp. 462, 470, 494, 626, 638.)

ground." The station of Leribé is built close under a horse-shoe cliff, from which the ground slopes rapidly away for about a mile down to the river. The Basutos ranged themselves along this cliff, while Mr. S. mounted and dashed across the compound, but the instant his horse cleared the hedge they all discharged their guns at him and galloped in pursuit. Happily the start saved him, and he was soon out of reach across the river.

Later on, a small commando (not the same one) came up to the station and requisitioned food and forage. While they were being served with dinner the Basutos again surrounded the house, all carrying arms. The Boers, who had left theirs outside the door, were terribly alarmed; thinking they were caught in a trap, they implored their host to save their lives. He replied that he could only do so while they remained at the station; they had come at their own risk and must go at their own risk. However, he went out, and tried to persuade the Basutos to go away peaceably. This they would not do, but they consented to parley. At once they began shouting at the Boers, when the latter came out, "Why do you kill women and children? You are teaching us a new kind of warfare; take care, we may learn it and make use of it."

"We do not kill them," said the commandant, and went on to explain that occasionally young soldiers would get out of hand and do things of which their superior officers disapproved. The Basutos were far from satisfied: they instanced a case where seven women had been killed. The commandant admitted it, and expressed his horror and reprobation of such a crime. "And," continued the Basutos, "at such and such a place you found an old, helpless man in a hut alone, and you set fire to it and burnt him to death." "Yes, indeed," said the commandant, "and here are some pieces of his skull." He

was about to explain that they did not know the poor old man was inside when the hut was burnt, and produced the bones from his pocket to show with what respect he had treated the remains when he discovered them. But the Basutos interpreted his action otherwise, would hear no reason, howled him down, and threatened a general massacre. With infinite difficulty they were persuaded by M. Coillard to leave the station yard; and then, again, the Boers had to escape as best they could with five hundred yards' start, hotly pursued from the moment they left the "sanctuary." For all this a reckoning was to come.

As before said, the Boers had delivered an ultimatum to Moshesh on June 5, 1865. They assembled an army with artillery, and formed three divisions, which entered Basutoland by as many different roads, and concentrated round Thaba Bossio, which they invested. It was their intention to fortify the mountain and rule the whole country from it. Those who were not engaged in the siege, both Boers and Basutos, formed flying columns, which raided in every direction. The mission stations were not spared—indeed, they were the first to suffer. Mr. Brand, the President of the Free State, gave strict orders that the missionaries and their property were to be respected, but these orders were disregarded, and in several cases both they and the native villages that had grown up around them were destroyed. The station of Mekuatleng alone was attacked fourteen times. Mekuatleng was the capital of the chief Molitsane, and lay just at the northern entrance to Basutoland from Harrysmith: hence its sufferings. The fighting raged fiercest round Thaba Bossio. The mission station there was completely ravaged. This mountain closes the passes of the Maloutis (Blue Mountains), in which the Basutos and their herds had taken refuge as in a natural fortress. The

chief warriors were with Moshesh, the others in the valley ready to defend the passes, if their stronghold were taken by assault.

Two attacks were made, one on August 5th and one a week later. Both were repulsed, the first with extreme difficulty. It seemed impossible that the Basutos could resist another, as they were at the end of their resources. Moshesh had collected between 70,000 and 80,000 head of cattle on the plateau which forms the crown of Thaba Bossio, thinking his people would fight to save their herds if they would not rally round their chiefs. The mountain camp was soon in a terrible state. The cattle died by thousands; maddened by thirst and hunger, they flung themselves over the precipices. The Basutos made ramparts of their bodies and threw down stones and spears at the invaders very adroitly, but their guns were few and poor, and they fired badly. There was only one narrow, rocky path up to the flat summit, a zigzag on which two people could not stand abreast, and this had to be held against the enemy.

The Basutos had brought the medical missionary, Dr. Lautré, into their camp to tend the sick and wounded, an office which he performed with equal devotion for the Boers. In consequence, both sides accused him of treachery, and some Basutos tried to murder him as a spy.

Moshesh had all along been surrounded by witch-doctors, who performed the rites usual on such occasions. Before the second assault, however, he assembled his people, and required them to humble themselves for their sins, setting the example himself of a public confession, after which he called upon the Christians present to intercede with Jehovah, the only true God, for the pardon of the Basutos and their deliverance from their enemies.*

* Nathanael Makotoko, who was present, related this to M.

The fortress was stormed on August 14th. The Free Staters led by Wepener ("the best and bravest of them all," as one of the French missionaries wrote), were confident of success, for the Basutos, though out-numbering them, were very badly armed, and if they had any artillery, it was worthless. Just as victory seemed within their grasp their leader fell, and not only the escalating party, but the whole force supporting them, fled in panic. Why, will never be known. The citadel was saved!

The following were the official accounts given. The form of Thaba Bossio must be explained. A steep, grassy slope, like the base of any other mountain, is crowned by a perpendicular, and in some places overhanging cliff, surrounding the summit on all sides. The form is common in Basutoland, but not all are equally steep all round like Thaba Bossio.

"The party [1,200 strong under Wepener] stormed up the missionary footpath. On arrival at the portal at the top of the open ascent, they found that strong stone walls had been built across the long, narrow, steep and rocky ladder leading to the utmost summit of the mountain, at the distance of every few yards. When the first of these was reached Wepener fell, shot through the heart, and died immediately, one or two of his bravest men falling by his side.*

"The retreat from the top is unaccountable, as at the time the enemy was actually retiring gradually to the top, and our men were in actual possession of some of their barricades, chaffing the Basutos, asking them to show themselves. . . . The Baralongs and burghers at the Mission House ran long before it was necessary. In fact they might have remained in possession altogether.

"The Boers [had] proceeded about three parts of the way up when tremendous yells and screams were heard from the Kaffirs, *with a rushing noise like a thousand horsemen in full charge*. Our unfortunate but gallant stormers were seen coming at a frightful pace down the mountain, dislodging the stones in their hurry, and falling

Coillard, and he to the present writer when visiting Thaba Bossio in 1903.

* Letter signed John Burnet, *Basutoland Records*, vol. iii. p. 443.

over each other in their frantic haste, whilst all who got wounded and fell in that rush were left to their fate. The only cause assigned is that when the men half-way down the mountain saw Commandant Wessels returning wounded, they became alarmed and caused the panic." *

It has often been asserted that the bodies of Wepener and his fallen comrades were mutilated by the Basutos for medicine. This is not true. The Christian Basutos brought them in, and Dr. Lautré buried them himself.

This victory at Thaba Bossio and the evident answer to their prayers made a great impression on Moshesh and his people. To those (and there were many) who knew the Old Testament well, it must have appeared like the flight of the Syrians from Samaria (2 Kings vii. 6, 7).

"For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host, wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight and left the camp as it was and fled for their lives."

As for the *rushing noise*, it is well known that savages charging in battle have some secret of producing it by whirling their spears or a piece of wood above their heads, but even if the Basutos did this (of which there is no evidence), it still does not account for the panic of the Free Staters, who were perfectly accustomed to barbaric warfare. It had seemed as if nothing could save them, but the words of a missionary's daughter written at the time came true. "I cannot believe God will forsake the Basutos just when they are beginning to turn to Him." It proved to be the crisis of the nation's history and the beginning of its present prosperity. It was also the beginning of a spiritual awakening.

At first, however, all this was not apparent. It is true

* *Basutoland Records*, vol. iii. p. 454, Official Report of *The Friend of the Free State*.



Ph. Mrs. Macanby.

NATIVE IRON-WORKERS (MATOLELA). UTEER ZAMBEZI.

Sushko.

To p. p. 136.

that at the close of that day Moshesh called his people together to give thanks, and like Constantine confessed Christ as the conqueror. He seemed on the point of embracing Christianity, both personally and officially. But the forces of heathenism were too strong and they prevailed. It was the custom of the Basutos after battle to stand in running water, while the witch-doctors sprinkled them to cleanse them from blood-guiltiness and thus to prevent the spirits of their slaughtered enemies from haunting them. For conforming to these and other heathen rites many of the Christians had to be put under Church discipline, but others were staunch, and to their influence was due the great awakening that afterwards took place. Among those who never forgot the experiences of this day was Nathanael Makotoko, who had stood on that narrow pass like a black Leonidas defending their Thermopylæ and had received a wound of which he still bears the scar.

The war continued, but neither side wanted to risk battle and loss of life. Each loudly accused the other of cowardice and skulking, and it degenerated into a game of cattle-snatching and farm-burning which desolated the whole region. Moshesh wished to surrender himself and his country to the British rather than submit to the Free State, and piteously invoked the help and counsel of his missionaries. But he played fast and loose with them just as he did with his would-be allies, giving himself up to the devices of the magicians, and in particular to those of a prophetess called Mantsupha. This witch declared she worshipped the same God as the missionaries, but that as she had herself been to Heaven, her information was first-hand, whereas theirs was only second-hand from a book. This information was, first that polygamy was lawful; secondly, that the way to heaven was not a *narrow way* as the missionaries

maintained, but a very *broad way*, for as God was the Supreme Chief many people must always be coming and going from this place, and consequently the road had to be very wide indeed.

In reality the old chief was trying to rally his people to make a last stand, and was therefore appealing to national feeling through national customs and traditions.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER :—

“*September 4, 1865.*

“The disunion among the Basutos, their cowardice, is something incredible. Moshesh is alone with a handful of men on his mountain, besieged and closely invested by the army of the Free State. His cattle are dying by thousands, for want of water and pasture, after having devoured the huts which it is said have been covered with ox hides. From one day to another we expect to see Molapo attacked by the Boers of the Orange Free State, and those of the Transvaal Republic who have also just declared war against the Basutos, so that there is not much hope for this unfortunate tribe. Molapo, who from the beginning has protested against Lesaoana's conduct and has tried, but in vain, to put things right, is now trying to make it possible to offer the English authorities 4,000 or 5,000 head of cattle. We hope that, by this means, he and his people will obtain the protection of the British Government, if the latter should have soon to begin hostilities (*i.e.*, against the rest of the tribe). I myself have given a horse and an ox. I am not rich, and that makes a considerable hole in my small herd. But we are at such a deadlock that we would do anything to get out of it.

“But if the English Government should refuse Molapo's homage, and according to the terms of its last

proclamation should consider him as one with the rest of the tribe, we personally should have nothing to fear. And to set your mind entirely at rest, my dear mother, I am going to translate for you part of one of Mr. Shepstone's letters (who is at the head of native affairs in Natal). You do not forget that some time ago I went to the English camp in the Colony where this gentleman and other officers overwhelmed me with kind attentions. Since then I have had several very friendly letters from him; this is part of the last."

TR. FROM F. C.'S FRENCH.

"DE JAGER'S FARM, *September 14, 1865.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letters and your friendly expressions. I am sure you will use all your influence to bring Molapo to free himself and his people from the responsibility the Government has laid upon them, on account of the actions of a part of his nation. I hope our demands will be met, without our being obliged to resort to force. But if we are so obliged, I am quite sure that you have nothing to fear, either for your station or your property, whoever the person may be on whom would devolve the supreme command. Naturally war demoralises individuals, but our forces, black and white, will receive the strictest orders and will be kept under control. I must add that 'the Zulus' are easier to govern than you think, and in any case, more tractable than the Basutos. So relieve your mind of all uneasiness about your safety. . . . Pray give my compliments to Mrs. Coillard. I wish I could do more to soothe the difficulties and privations of her position, &c."

"We have been very short of everything since the beginning of the war. The political troubles having prevented us from going to the white people's for stores, coffee, sugar, tea, all were exhausted. To be sure a plant had been pointed out to us in the fields which was said to make good tea; bran and burnt maize were said to make excellent coffee. But these are horrible decoctions, and indeed one must be more slaves to tea and coffee

than we are, to make faces over such stuff. A glass of water is much better. Still, dear Mother, the Lord has not forgotten us. He has fed us like Elijah in the desert. It would be difficult to say exactly from what quarters our provisions came, but anyhow we have nearly always had something. However, the want of coffee is nothing . . . but candles! that is the misery! As the natives here anoint themselves more than anywhere else, we cannot procure suet; for a long while past our oil and our bought candles were finished; Rachel made us a few now and then with suet, to which she added the grease from the soup. So you can think with what joy we received the six pounds of candles, the coffee and the sugar which Mr. Shepstone has just sent us.

“ September 24th.

“. . . We are witnessing sad sights these days. I told you that Molapo was preparing to send 4,000 or 5,000 oxen as homage to the English Government. If he had done it in good time all would have been saved. But he delayed and then his people have almost refused to give the cattle, so that he had scarcely 300 oxen and horses collected when already the English Government wrote to him to put an end to all the negotiations, holding Molapo responsible for the rest of the tribe. To add to his misfortunes, last Saturday the President of the Transvaal Republic wrote to Molapo to announce to him that if he did not give prompt satisfaction to his Government for the pillage and murders committed by the Basutos on the citizens of the Republic, in four days they would come to require it with arms in their hands.

“Panic seized everybody. Yesterday, with Christina, I went to the village to preach: we could hardly get fifty people together. The station is transformed into a

perfect Bethesda. People bring us the old, the blind, the infirm, the sick, most of them without food.

“Rachael and Lea, the twin girls of Kemuel who have been with us so long and whom my wife had succeeded in training so well, are going to flee with their little brother and their parents: they are afraid of being carried off into slavery; all our young girls are flying with their parents: my faithful Johanne also, leaving me his blind father and his old mother. But Makotoko has begged me to receive his wife and child.

“LERIBÉ, *December 13, 1865.*

“Let me record here the first token of affection or gratitude I have ever received from a Mosuto. Makotoko has lent me two milch cows for his wife and son who are with me, and has offered me as a present a magnificent red ox. ‘The splendour of his heart, and the pledge of the great affection he bears me, and the gratitude he has vowed to me.’ And why? Because I have consented to his entreaties that I would receive his little family here and protect it in this time of danger. Oh, how this touched me and did me good!”

CHAPTER VIII

WAR AND EXPULSION FROM BASUTOLAND

1866

Dangerous Illness—A Lonely Ride—The Attack on Mekuatleng—
Expulsion of the Missionaries—Molapo's Treachery.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER :—

“ MEKUATLING, *January 19, 1866.*

“ YOU will wonder how it is I am here in time of war ; and you will be still more astonished when I tell you that I have left Leribé since December 14th. I then left the house on horseback, only for a few days, full of health and life. Although the army of the Free State was in these quarters, I wanted to risk it, so as to try and get the European mail which we had not received since the Conference last May. Hoping to reach Molapo's camp and pass the night there, I left Leribé late and did not hurry. But what was not my astonishment on arriving there to find Molapo had left for Thaba Bossio, and to be assured that the Boers had already passed the Caledon close to Berea. The sun was going down. I therefore decided . . . to continue my journey and reach Berea the same evening. I tied a white handkerchief to the end of a long reed as a white flag and, not expecting anything pleasant from a meeting with the Boers,

I galloped. The darkness and the absence of Boers on my way rendered this precaution unnecessary. But I arrived at the house of our good friends, the Maitins, half dead with fatigue. I thought I should faint as I came into the house; and they could not get over their astonishment at seeing me arrive in such circumstances. I was happy to find the post. . . . I read all the letters addressed to me before I went to sleep, but I reserved to my dear Christina the pleasure of opening her own.

“On the Friday, December 15th, in the night I was seized with such violent internal pains that I could hardly keep from shrieking. . . . My good friends spent the rest of the night beside my bed. . . . On the Sunday such alarming symptoms set in that they thought of sending for a doctor. The nearest was at least seventy miles away: it was Eugène Casalis, but how could he be brought when the Boers were already everywhere? Molapo fortunately was encamped a few miles from Berea; and they hastened to inform him of my state, begging him to have a letter transmitted instantly to Dr. Casalis, [who] set off at two in the morning and arrived at Berea in the evening. He was alarmed at my condition and, though, at my entreaty, they sent a messenger for my beloved Christina, he thought it right to send a second to tell her that at sight of the letter she must leave the waggon and come on horseback. Of course, alarmed at this news, she left the waggon with our two servants, who had no protection but a white flag, and started on horseback.”

The writer has often heard M. Coillard tell this story. Mme. Coillard had to saddle her horse herself, and start without even waiting to change her dress for a riding habit. The poor people of the station saw their only protection go when she left. The whole country was in

arms : the Boers shooting all the blacks and the Basutos all the whites at sight. They had reached a stage of mutual exasperation at which neither age nor sex was spared. But the missionaries and native Christians were between two fires, regarded as traitors by both sides. Hence Mme. Coillard's servants refused to accompany her, hoping thereby to dissuade her from starting. When they found nothing would prevent her, some of them followed, but not on the road, taking cover among the rocks, and only joining her as an escort after dark. At the time of writing this letter, M. Coillard had not learned all the details.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER :—

“ Oh, what a journey. Think of covering more than sixty miles weeping and with the thought that I was gone! Night overtook her, the guide lost his way, and she was wandering more than three hours among the ravines without advancing. She had the prudence to off-saddle the horse, who could do no more, and throwing herself on the ground under a sky heavy with clouds, she poured out her sorrow unrestrainedly before her God, her only Protector. At two o'clock (the afternoon of the next day) she reached Berea, and had the joy of hearing that an improvement had set in. The waggon arrived two days later, having passed quite close to the Boer camp without having been seen, and without being molested anywhere. . . . I had an internal inflammation where a tumour had formed which might have had the gravest consequences. However, after two or three days they thought me convalescent, and sat me wrapped up in a chair. They tried to make me eat, but I had no appetite. Soon a pain began in the side and got so much worse that my poor wife, terrified, sent an express to Dr. Casalis. It was pleurisy in the right lung.



A CHIEF'S WIFE MAKING BOWLS, BAROTSILENDI.

M. told me that indeed they had very little hope and that I might go at any moment. . . . My beloved one did not lose hope like the others . . . doubtless an angel had come by night and whispered in her ear the Lord's words . . . 'This sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God.' . . . She told me so, and I was the more impressed as I soon obtained relief from a blister below the shoulder blade. From that time I gradually got better. My strength has come back so quickly that my convalescence is as great a miracle to every one around me as the issue of the malady itself. It would be difficult to tell you all the goodness showered upon me during my illness. . . .

"It is terrible to fall sick in time of war, far from one's home, in the house of friends who are full of heart but whose provisions were exhausted, and in a country where one can procure nothing. . . .

"My dear mother, have no fear about us, . . . not only have we not received, either from Boer or natives, any of the insults and annoyances of which most of our brethren have had to complain, but we have received nothing but kindness, especially from the side of the Boers.

"The country is in an appalling state of confusion. For long past we have been without any provisions whatever. We had to make coffee from roast bran to receive the envoys of the British Government [MM. Burnet and Coleman], and I had to kill some oxen I possessed to feed our own people. The number of the famine-stricken is increasing every day, and these poor creatures look to us as their providence. It is terrible to have to tell people who are dying of hunger that one has nothing, and these unfortunates will not believe one.

"I have spoken a great deal about my poor self, but you know my heart is full of you. Tell me how you have passed the winter, and what your needs are. . . . Unfor-

tunately the President of the Free State, by a decree, deprives us missionaries of all correspondence."

The foregoing letter was written on January 19th, from Mekuatleng, a stage on the return journey to their own station. Four days later, Mekuatleng was again attacked. The Daumas had to leave, and the Coillards made their way back to Leribé.

The Boers had resolved upon a supreme effort to subdue the Basutos, and the Volksraad had decreed that all the missionaries were at once to abandon their stations, and leave the country under penalty of being treated as combatants. Only three voices opposed this vote. One of them was that of President Brand, who made an eloquent plea, showing how dangerous and wrong it would be to deprive the Basutos of their one restraining influence. But he had no right of veto, so the measure was carried out. It involved the confiscation of their cattle, the ruin of all the houses, churches and schools, and in so far as it was human, of the work itself. But the work of missions is superhuman, and the loss of their missionaries for a time was to bring in a blessing undreamt of, in the conversion and restoration of hundreds of souls.

To return to Mekuatleng. It was the time of the Quarterly Communion of the Basutos. A number of Christian natives had assembled from all parts, the other churches and stations being closed; they hid through Sunday, and after nightfall the Communion service took place. As the village had been destroyed, and only a few temporary huts were standing, many of the women and children were sheltered in the church. The men slept in the open air: it was summer time. During the night the station was surrounded by the Boers, who made a

sudden attack at dawn.* They had evidently thought the meeting was a ruse to collect a number of fighting men, but it was not so: the assemblage was unarmed, and mostly consisted of women, aged men, and children, though there appear to have been a few combatants (refugees). M. Daumas was the first to be aroused. He wrote:—

“What an awakening. The firing echoed all round us. I ventured out to find the Commandant, who wanted to know what belonged to us. My son Agénor (a young boy) was almost killed by a ball which fell at his feet. As I was speaking to the Commandant, my wife, who was on the stoep of the house, cried out that they were killing our servants who were trying to take cover in the garden. As the firing went on, I ran to the bottom of the gardens . . . and there I had the sorrow of finding the corpses of several young men who had fallen dead one on the top of the other . . . among others our shepherd, a boy of fifteen. Another of our servants was mortally wounded.”

Mr. Daumas's letter is too long to quote in full: he adds that when the Commandant found that some of their prisoners were his own servants, he at once had them untied and restored. Unfortunately, those killed could not be restored to life.

M. Coillard's account was as follows:—

“Mekuatling lies in the hollow of a crescent-shaped

* This was the usual method pursued by the Free State generals in this war. The noise of the firing aroused the inhabitants, who were shot down indiscriminately as they ran out of their huts to see what was happening. Several instances are given in the *Basutoland Records*, with lists of the non-combatants killed on each occasion.

kopje, the horns sloping gently down to the plain. At dawn, my servant appeared at the door of my hut, ashen grey. 'The Boers, the Boers are upon us,' he cried. I dragged myself out of bed and looked out. The sky-line seemed black with Boers, who were pouring down the horns of the crescent and filling the station. I struggled on through a perfect storm of bullets; providentially not one wounded me. . . . The ground was covered with the dead and dying. The two daughters of M. Daumas were on the stoep, trying to staunch the wounds of their two servants.

"I found my way to the Commandant, a personal friend of my own, and besought him to stop the firing. 'War is war,' I said, 'and if these people were fighting men, I would say nothing. But you can see they are all unarmed: they have come to a Church festival: it is like slaughtering sheep.'

"The Commandant replied at first that his orders did not allow him to take cognizance of that circumstance. Seeing my entreaties were unavailing I determined to save the lives of my own people if possible. 'You see how weak and ill I am. I cannot reach my own station without the help of my servants. Give me a safe conduct for these three men. 'You ask a great thing of me, I do not think I can grant it,' said the Commandant. I still urged my plea. He was touched at last, seeing I was almost fainting, he asked their names, and wrote out a pass for them, saying, however: 'If they are seen by any of our people, they will probably be shot at sight without being asked whether they have a safe-conduct or not. So they must go at their own risk.' My wife and I went off with them as soon as possible; and oh! the sights we saw on the way home, travelling after dark to avoid observation—the villages reduced to ashes, the hills echoing with the howling of Kaffir dogs: the nights

filled with the laughter of jackals and hyænas, which told us when we passed the scenes of recent slaughter.”

The adjutant's despatch to the President is given in Vol. iii. p. 102 of the *Basutoland Records*. The attacking party numbered 300, who killed 10 and took 24 prisoners ; number of wounded not specified. From this account it would seem that M. Coillard's plea was not wholly ineffectual.

A few weeks later the Daumas' were carried off to Bloemfontein with most of their property, and afterwards took refuge in Natal.

Meantime, Molapo had contrived to secure himself by accepting the suzerainty of the Free State, and in consequence the Coillards were not disturbed at Leribé when all their colleagues had been expelled. In the middle of March, however, orders came that they too must leave. The Christians of Leribé begged their chief to profit by the treaty he had made with the Free State to gain permission for their missionary to stay. They little knew—what only came to light afterwards—that Molapo himself was the cause of this command. He had made such representations, or rather misrepresentations, to the President about M. Coillard's character and influence that the former felt he had no alternative but to remove him. It has always been a question why the President, instead of accepting these falsehoods and acting upon them, did not inform M. Coillard and give him the chance of repudiating them in Molapo's presence. The explanation probably lies in the treachery by which Molapo contrived to prevent a meeting between his missionary and the President of the Free State (see p. 152). “Armed men brought waggons to our door and carried us off in such haste that Mme. Coillard had not even time to take her bread from the oven ! . . . Bidding goodbye to our

weeping flock, we set off exiles from our only home on earth, and followed the waggons, where they had hurriedly piled up our property. 'Make the best of it,' said the Commandant, M. de Villiers, who was a personal friend of mine, and who did his best to cheer us up in his own way. 'Leave nothing behind, for you will never come back here.' "

F. C. TO THE PARIS COMMITTEE:—

"HARRYSMITH, *April 16, 1866.*

"... What we suffered during these long months of isolation and privations in the midst of continual alarms, is easier understood than described. Only once or twice did a few smuggled letters find the forbidden way to our house.

"It was towards the middle of March that the General of the Free State came in the name of his Government to signify to us the order to leave Basutoland in six days, under penalty of seeing our property confiscated and ourselves prisoners of war. He added that it cost him much to carry out this painful mission, the more so as I was personally known to him, and had never given the Boers any cause for suspicion. In vain I reasoned and protested: all I could obtain was, thanks to my ill-health, two weeks instead of six days to pack up in. We worked night and day, helped by Makotoko, the only man who had courage and affection enough to stop on the place. But we had not enough cases, and how could we make them without planks or nails? I had to take my book-cases to pieces, and demolish our ceilings, and then with the help of some ox hides steeped in water, we managed as well as we could. . . .

"... On the 2nd of April the Commandant . . . arrived with five waggons and an escort of 20 or 30

cavalry at our door. In a few hours all was over. . . . They made us travel by day and by night, so that we were more dead than alive on reaching Bethlehem. Some kind Scotch friends, who were not afraid to load us with kindnesses, notwithstanding our unpopularity, obtained a few hours' rest for us, and the promise not to make us travel by night any more. On the other hand, they (the escort) obliged us to make an immense détour on pretext of rejoining the camp. We missed it. Imagine our position! Six waggons, hundreds of head of cattle [the price paid by Molapo for the protection of the O.F.S.], and scarcely a score of armed men, bivouacking on a slope in face of a petty Zulu chief who would not hear of peace, and who had often attacked their camps by night. Nobody slept but ourselves. But the Lord watched over us, and we reached Harrysmith safe and sound.

“What I have just said must not lead you to doubt of M. de Villiers' good intentions. On the contrary, I wish to add most emphatically that on the whole, the arbitrary order of the Free State Government has been carried out with great humanity. M. de Villiers and his party surrounded us with the greatest respect and attentions all the way, so that when the moment came to part we felt we were bidding goodbye to friends. . . .

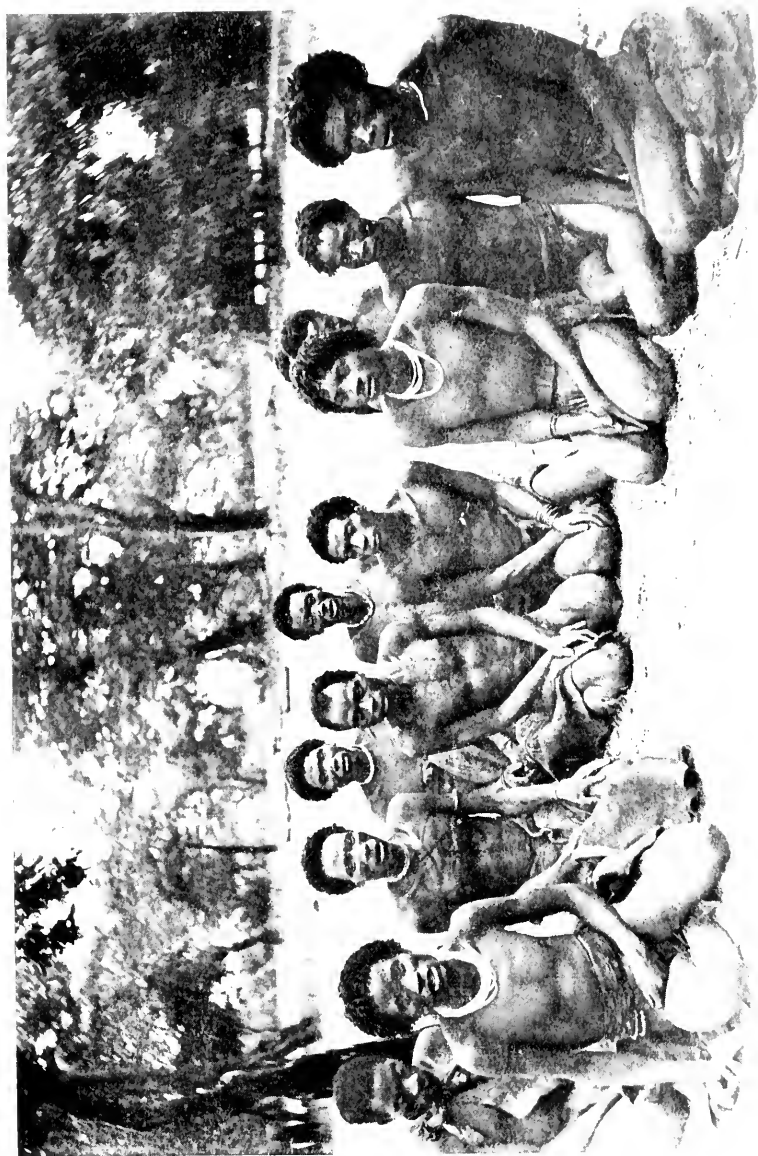
“You will have noticed that the order to leave Basutoland was notified to us when Molapo had already concluded an armistice: and that it was after the peace was concluded, the treaty signed and Molapo and his people duly and finally recognised as subjects of the Free State that we were driven away without mercy. . . . On the way we received a fresh official letter from the Government, dated from Bloemfontein, 16th March (that is, while the negotiations of peace between Molapo and the Free State were going on), ordering us to leave the country

before the 20th of the same month, and if we wished to remain in the Free State not to reside at Harrysmith, as they knew we intended to do, but at Kronstadt on the banks of the Vaal River. [This was to prevent the possibility of visits to Leribé.]

“ . . . It is very painful to have to add that in all these affairs Molapo's conduct only aggravated our troubles. . . . As the day of our departure drew near, I asked him for the men we required for our journey, and for whom I had obtained a passport from the authorities of the Free State. . . . He replied that he had nobody, and that I had better apply to the Zulus. Offensive as this message was and great as was still my own weakness, I rode over to his fortress to speak to him, and bid farewell to the tribe. . . . Thereupon some Church members . . . begged Molapo to take some steps to keep us at our post. He opposed this for a long time, but at last yielded to their entreaties so far as to send a letter to the Boer General in which he asked, in terms that might have compromised me seriously, ‘ that my departure should be delayed a few days, so that I could act as his interpreter when the President came.’

“ When he arrived, the General hastened to let me know. Unfortunately, *Molapo, by his own avowal, purposely kept back the letter addressed to me, and only sent it to me several days later.* I hastened to the camp; it was too late—the President had left. I wrote a letter of apology to his Honour Mr. Brand, but there was nothing more to be done but to prepare for departure.

“ I succeeded in having a last interview with Molapo. He seemed very little moved by our departure, and did not disguise his intention of seizing our house and gardens the moment we left. We know nothing of the other missionaries, either where they are, nor when and how they were driven from the country. We have not



BA-MASHASHA TRIBESMEN, UPPER ZAMBEZI.

had a single letter ; we do not know what has happened to our correspondence.

“ PIETERMARITZBURG, *June 29, 1866.*

“ After two days' march [from Harrysmith] the axle of the hind wheel broke. We were on the summit of the Drakensberg. We had to set the tent of the waggon on the ground with all our things and provisions, and send back the wheels to a wheelwright at Harrysmith. During this time we were overtaken by the snow, then by rain. We had with us two families of Basutos with several little children, whom we sheltered as best we could. At last the carriage came back, and we started again. But two days afterwards the new axle broke (being made of green wood), and we were detained three or four days on the veld. This time we were in Natal with a blue sky over our heads, . . . with some pious Dutch farmers who showered kindnesses upon us.

“ After the most tiring journey we have ever made, we arrived here the 15th of last month. We did not know one person, but the Lord had prepared our way. A number of people from the Governor's family, the employés of the Government, the officers of the garrison, down to the very working men, came to show us their sympathy. Among them we have made precious friends, who seem to rival each other in making our stay here happy.

“ Unfortunately we arrived in the climax of the commercial crisis. Every day new failures are announced : hardly any business is done, there is no speculation, money is scarce, and the distress extreme.

“ Owing to the change of pasture nearly all our cattle died when we arrived here. Our friends pressed me to sell the remainder at any price. Could you believe that

a young ox [the price of trained oxen varied from £8 to £12] I had bought for the waggon fetched 12s.?

“A few days after our arrival my poor wife fell ill with a bilious fever, which kept her three weeks in bed. . . . When I look back on our life in Basutoland, all our trials, all our privations, all the scenes we have witnessed—is it surprising that we should experience a reaction?”

The sufferings and courage of the missionaries, especially those who had young families, it is impossible to describe. One said to the writer only quite lately: “I have twice seen my home burnt down before my eyes. I and my children have lived for months in winter on mealies dug up from a pit in the ground, smelling horribly, and costing £5 the bag; and we were surrounded by starving natives whom we had to feed too, and witness their sufferings. One of my daughters was born in the midst of all that.” Counting children, nearly eighty persons were involved. And it was not the heathen who were persecuting them thus; it was white men, vaunting themselves Christians. Public opinion in Europe and in the Cape and Natal was roused, and the South African press uttered a universal cry of protest. The Evangelicals of France appealed to the Emperor and also to the English Colonial Minister. The Christians of Holland sent a remonstrance to the Free State Government. The small and poor Waldensian Churches proved their sympathy by special contributions for their needs. Meanwhile, the expulsion of the missionaries went on, and the pillage of their houses. It was a military measure, the necessity of which they thought was proved by the fact that the Basutos lost heart when they saw their friends carried off. Molapo, as aforesaid, refused by the British Government, had contrived to make peace on his own account with the Free State while retaining a

certain measure of independence. The defection of all his subjects, forming so large a portion of the tribe, discouraged the independent party still further, and it seemed as if the nation's doom was sealed. The terms offered by the President were that Moshesh should retain his independence, but it was to be limited to Thaba Bossio (an area of fifteen square miles), and all the rest of Basutoland was to be divided up into farms for the Free Staters.

The expelled missionaries presented a request to the Orange Free State that an inquiry should be made into their conduct, and the grounds for their expulsion made public. This was refused, which refusal, *as the Friend of the Free State* observed, amounted to an acquittal, but nothing came of it.

CHAPTER IX

EXILE IN NATAL

1866-1868

Bishop Colenso—Awakening in Basutoland—The American Missions
—Work Among Zulus

THE time of banishment in Natal was a time of rest and recuperation, but faith was tested in many ways. “Patmos,” M. Coillard called it.

Madame Coillard wrote to her sister: “My heart is unutterably sad; more sad than I can tell. It seems to us sometimes as if our faith must fail in this sea of troubles, at others we see Christ very near us ‘walking on the waters.’ One word from Him can still their raging. Oh! that He would speak it. . . .”

The Government of the Orange Free State, far from offering any compensation, demanded that the missionaries, or their Society, should purchase the site of each station from them at £100 each, which must be paid within two months if the offer was not to be forfeited. This, if bought, they should be free to hold as a farm or sell for a price to be paid into the funds of their Society, but they must never again occupy it as missionaries.* The Society at the time had a deficit of 70,000 francs, and in any case

* *Basutoland Records*, vol. iii. p. 735.

the two months' grace did not allow time in those days to apply to Paris for the money.

The Coillards were almost strangers in Natal, but friends rallied to them on every hand. The American missionaries in particular showed them most brotherly kindness. One of their number, being obliged to go away for his health, they offered them his station of Ifumi for the time being, and for the next two years this became their home. They thus learned the Zulu language, which was to prove of priceless value to them later on.

They had with them two boys; one a child of four or five, was Samuel, the son of Nathanael, who had confided him to them almost from his birth (it was considered a compliment to do so). The other one, Joas, was older; his father had begged them to educate him. Joas turned out extremely well, and became an evangelist of the Basuto (French) Church. In 1903 his foster-father had the happiness of being entertained by him in his own "manse," and of being introduced to his son, also studying for the ministry, and baptized "Francis Coillard."

While they lived in Natal they could not at first do much active mission work, as their health had been so broken down. But M. Coillard was very much in request to preach among the white people, and constantly went to Durban or Maritzburg to preach on Sundays. Nothing is more remarkable than the maturing of his mind and character during this time.

No doubt this was partly due to his wife's unconscious influence. She believed in him so absolutely, and looked up to him with such love and reverence that his self-confidence was strengthened and his discernment steadied by her support. Moreover, whereas his temperament was that of the poet and recluse, she had lived among the practical activities of life, and had come to Africa not from the seclusion of College but from the world of men and

women. Another help was the habit of good reading which they both kept up. M. Coillard often in later years referred to St. Paul's injunction to Timothy to *give attendance to reading*: a precept which he thought far too much neglected by most missionaries. One of the last orders he sent to England was for about £30 worth of new theological and other works for the use of the Zambesi missionaries. The knowledge of English that came to him through his marriage opened to him new fields of study, which he entered with delight.

But no intellectual exercise would account for the insight and wisdom of which he gave increasing proofs. It was doubtless a special gift of God, for his earlier judgments of men and things had often been mistaken, and were reversed in later life. Only very rarely was he conscious of any definite guidance; but in prayer and fasting light seemed to be given, and his path grew clear. In everything that bore however remotely upon his life's task he eventually showed an insight that almost amounted to clairvoyance; even in the matters of high policy in South Africa, which hardly came within his range. (For instance, as long ago as 1903, he foretold to the present writer the troubles which he expected would soon arise among the Zulus, and did arise in 1906.)

At this time Dr. Colenso was Bishop of Natal. He came to pay them a visit of sympathy directly they arrived, offered them his books, and invited them to the episcopal residence. M. Coillard was attracted to him from the first; but he was rather taken aback on being introduced in a friend's drawing-room to a coloured gentleman, whose first words were, "Do you not know ME? I am the Zulu who converted Colenso!" It is needless, perhaps, to say how far he was from partaking the Bishop's well-known theological views, nor did he share his political opinions; but he always referred with affec-

tionate regret to their intercourse, which was renewed from time to time. Mme. Coillard, too, wrote to her family, referring to his ecclesiastical opponents:—

“Really, Dr. Colenso compels his foes to admire his noble character, and I wish those who professed to know more of truth would commend it to others as he does.”

As health improved both he and his wife spent much time visiting the hospitals and the poorer white people, among whom just at this time there was great distress and sickness. Often they were called up in the night to such cases, and Mme. Coillard’s nursing powers were in much request.

From time to time they received visits from members of their flock in Basutoland, who brought the news that a spiritual movement had broken out all through the country. The sufferings of the invasion and the exile of their pastors had been the means of arousing them. The more earnest Christians gathered little groups around them in the caves and river-beds (sluits) to pray and hear the Word of God: backsliders were restored, waverers decided, and among the latter was Nathanael Makotoko. Poor Nathanael, who had so often before thought he was a Christian, only to drop back into heathen ways, had now experienced the Great Change in a manner unmistakable, and from that time forward has remained steadfast in the Faith and a blessing and example to all around him.

Still the way was not open for them to go back, even after some of their colleagues had done so, for it was the chief Molapo himself who opposed the return of his too faithful minister; and since he had placed himself under the direct protection of the Orange Free State, the Dutch ministers of that Church were preparing to place a missionary of their own at Leribé.

"This," wrote M. Coillard to his mother, "cut us to the heart and caused us far more pain than all the indignities we suffered from the Government. But why? We have sown, and sown with tears; but what matter if others reap? All must be for the glory of God."

It has already been said that these events aroused great sympathy for the Mission and also for the Basutos on the Continent of Europe. This sympathy took a practical shape, and fortunately so, for the distress among the exiled families was very great. The Coillards felt it no less than others. Though they had no family of their own, they had adopted Joas and Samuel, "who," wrote Mme. Coillard to her sister, "cost us nearly as much to feed, clothe, and educate as white children."

Another experience of "passing through the waters" shows to what straits they were reduced.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

"To-day we went . . . to Mr. Reynolds' plantation. . . . Christina . . . had a day of rest at least, and she needed it; she works with an ardour that puts me to shame. In returning we found the river full through the high tide; the horses had almost to swim. However, Christina summoned up all her courage, and we crossed without accident, to the great astonishment of the boatman, who was watching us . . . with all his family and some Kaffirs. We thus saved four or five shillings, which is a consideration in our present circumstances."

Moreover, during the whole of this time and until her death in 1875, M. Coillard was remitting a considerable share of his small stipend to his mother, direct from Paris; and nearly every letter contained in addition "a little piece of gold sewn into the corner, which I know the pastor



A SPEARED EEL. ZAMBESI.



Ph. Mrs. Macaulay.

[Seshuke,

TIGER-FISH, SOMETIMES CALLED CAT-FISH, OF THE ZAMBESI.

[To face p. 160,



will change for you, dear mother." After her death, he educated no less than five of his French nephews and nieces, and had placed the sixth under tuition just before his death, although, of course, they received no allowances for this purpose, as they would have done had these been their own children, and they had no private means. In a letter dated January 7, 1867, they send to their respective mothers in Europe the whole of a small family legacy just received. But the crowning test had still to come.

All hope of returning to Basutoland seemed extinct, and for some months two or three of the exiled missionaries had been in correspondence with the Committee about mission work in the Mauritius, where there were (and still are) immense numbers of French-speaking natives and Creoles to be evangelised. The French Protestants of Mauritius had already organised several churches and pastorates, and M. Coillard was approached with the offer of one of these. The stipend, modest enough, was far beyond anything he could hope to receive in Basutoland, and the post offered wide opportunities of mission work. Ever since their exile they had both suffered from broken health. It seemed impossible from every point of view ever to resume that life of perils and privations. Mme. Coillard loved her husband's people and was happy among them. Their souls were no less precious than those of the Basutos, to whom they were forbidden to return. He put the issue before his wife without comment, only asking her to think it over. She refused at once to entertain the thought. "When God sent us to the heathen in Africa," she said, "it was for our lifetime, and He will find a way to send us back, if not to the Basutos, to others. And besides, we have really taken a *vow of poverty*; we must be true to it."

“Thank God,” he replied, “we are of the same mind, and since that is so, we will never discuss it again.”

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“May 20, 1867.

“Preached on ‘I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to Me.’ The person of the Saviour! The Saviour Himself; oh, what power, what attraction in the contemplation of a *God* expiating the sins of the world! Who can resist it?

“June 9th.

“Sermon from Mr. Grant. . . . His principal idea is that we are too severe in judging the piety of other people, and especially of the natives when they fall into sin contrary to their professions of faith. Education, circumstances, customs must be taken into consideration, even when the grace of God is working in a soul. ‘*The Grace of God can live where neither you nor I could.*’ ”

M. Coillard was struck with the practical talents of the American Missions as shown in their stations which he visited. “How practical these people are! How small I feel beside them!” When they visited the German mission station of Hermannsburg, he wrote :—

“June 22, 1867.

“What a Sunday! At 8 a.m. we were present at the Lutheran Mass, if I may so call it. The altar, the candles, the comings and goings of the pastor, the litanies sung with responses, all astonished me. However, it is a beautiful idea that pervades all that, and one which we have lost sight of in our Reformed Churches, namely, *adoration*. We go to the preaching (*au prêché*) and that is all.”

The foregoing was a feeling he expressed more than once. During his stay in Paris in 1897 he asked a friend of early days (Dr. M.), "Do you ever regret having left the Church of Rome?" "*Never!*" was the emphatic reply. "In Protestantism I found an open Bible, the personal knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the forgiveness of my sins—three things I never found in Rome. But," he added, "I must confess there is one thing in Catholicism which I miss in our Reformation Churches, and that is adoration." . . . "I miss it too!" said M. Coillard.

"July 24, 1867.

"We had already been told about Makotoko's conversion, but how delightful it was to hear him relating himself the great things the Lord had done for his soul. I had left him at Leribé exercised and burdened. The ray of light which pierced the night of his heart [was] 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son.' His joy was as great as his sorrow had been. From that time, no more uncertainties and changes; his eyes, too, have been opened to the light: he believes he has found the Saviour. His humility, his piety have impressed us, and have deeply humbled me myself. . . . To-day before parting . . . he prayed for 'his father and mother,' . . . and asked the Lord to open the way for them to come back to Leribé. . . .

"July 26, 1867.

"Yesterday received the news that the Volksraad, after taking cognisance of my letter of May 4th, refuses me authorisation to return to Leribé. A thunderbolt! Lord, teach me obedience.

"*'I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me and heard my cry,'* said David."

In spite of this disappointment, Makotoko's prayer was about to be granted, and, strange to say, he himself was to be at least one agent in bringing about the answer, as will be seen in the next chapter.

“PIETERMARITZBURG, *January 3, 1868.*

“Those Wesleyans are workers indeed. The Spirit of God is a power [among them]. Oh, how much I have still to learn. Spiritual things keep unveiling themselves to my eyes like a succession of marvels. . . .

“*Tuesday, January 7th.*

“Wesleyanism as an organisation is not congenial to me, but it is a power that moves the masses. They turn all their material to account: nothing is lost. Among the Presbyterians all is stereotyped and clerical.”

When all hope of returning to Basutoland seemed extinct, the American missionaries with whom he had been working invited M. Coillard to join their staff officially; but this he could not do. The Rev. S. Pixley (the only one who remembers these days) writes:—

“... The first thing that especially impressed me was the quickness with which M. Coillard got hold of the language—in three months or less. As I was there one day he asked me to listen to a sermon he had written in Zulu, one of a series on the Prodigal Son. He asked if I thought that the people would understand it. I assured him that they would, and said to him, ‘You know more of the language already than I do.’ The people also said that they had no difficulty in understanding him. He also taught the school, having two sessions a day, and threw himself energetically into all the departments of the work as if it were his own. He impressed me as a man of fine education and deep spirituality, and, moreover, was always most polite and courteous. . . . He made himself one of us.” . . .

Some other recollections are kindly supplied by a life-long friend, Captain Robertson:—

“We saw much of him at that time, and soon grew to esteem and love them [both]. I know no one whose character so resembled that of our Lord, and in whom the fruit of the Spirit was so evident. What greatly struck me was his manner towards the few Basuto natives that were with him; the kindness and courtesy in his dealing with them was very beautiful—he was indeed a *gentleman* in the true sense of the word. After some stay in Pietermaritzburg he visited the American stations on the coast, and presently took temporary charge of the work at Ifumi. While on the coast he was seriously ill [August and September, 1867], and for a time in great suffering [indeed, his life was despaired of]. . . . Soon after . . . they asked us to pay them a visit, and there we spent a very happy week. I observed when there that, though perfect in our eyes was the character of our friend when he was with us at Pietermaritzburg, there was now something more beautiful still—an increase of spirituality in the daily life and, I think, in the expression of the face. I think a result of the late suffering was an evident increase of the ‘peaceable fruits of righteousness.’”

“I know no one whose character so resembled that of Our Lord.” These words are allowed to stand, because they express what everybody felt in his presence—*the beauty of holiness*. But he himself would have shrunk from such a testimony; he was painfully aware of “another law in his members, warring against the law of his mind.” And perhaps the greatest service Christian biography can render is to show, as it inevitably must, the infinite distance that divides even the saintliest of disciples from his Lord, the Only Begotten Son, God manifest in the flesh.

CHAPTER X

MOTITO AND THE MOFFATS

1868-1869

Basutoland a British Protectorate—Leaving Natal—Leribé—Journey to Bechuanaland and Motito—The Moffat family—The Helmore and Price disaster—Kuruman and Lo Bengula—Return to Leribé.

AT the close of 1867 the British Government agreed to take over the Protectorate of Basutoland, which was to be governed by the Cape Colony. The Basutos were manifestly unable to govern it themselves, though they could fight for it. Many considerations had led to this decision, the chief one apparently being the impossibility of preserving neutrality otherwise. In spite of proclamations against it, two Englishmen had gone to Cape Colony from the Free State and recruited a commando to pillage at large, and this exposed the British possessions to reprisals from the Basutos. The official records, however, reveal the fact that the turning-point of all the negotiations was none other than a diplomatic visit from Nathanael Makotoko to Mr. Shepstone. The missionary body seem to have been unaware of this, doubtless because M. Coillard, the only one who could have known about it, was just then lying dangerously ill at the coast, many miles away.

This interview took place on August 19, 1867, three

weeks after the refusal of the Volksraad to let the Coillards return to Leribé (see p. 163, *ante*). Makotoko had reported himself at headquarters, and Moshesh had sent him back to Natal with fresh instructions. He now stated before the Secretary for Native Affairs that the Basuto chiefs had sent many entreaties by letter to Her Majesty's Government, but in vain, and that they had thought at last perhaps the spoken word might prevail where the written word had failed. His speech, as recorded, stands in striking contrast with the piteous and grovelling petitions hitherto sent by the chiefs, and proves in every sentence the reality of the change that had come over him, lifting his whole nature into a new plane. Till then, as these pages have proved, he had shown himself brave to rashness as a soldier and with arms in his hands, but, without them, merely a faithful but diffident messenger, easily intimidated, and beset by superstitious fears. On this occasion, however, he seemed transformed. He spoke with spirit and dignity, summed up the history and sufferings of the war, and declared (in effect) that his chiefs were still ready to fight for the last inch of their land and the last shred of their independence, but that they were unfairly handicapped by the fact that the Free State Government could import arms and ammunition to any extent, while the sale of them to the Basutos was forbidden. Thus the British Government, while professing neutrality, was in reality helping one side and hindering the other. In conclusion he said:—

“If the British Government will not receive us and our country, or will not interpose to save us from destruction; if it looks upon us and the people of the Orange Free State equally as friends and children, although erring and wayward, and that therefore we should be left to punish

each other, let it not supply arms and ammunition to one side and withhold them from the other, but let both have an equal chance; and if the Basutos must perish, let them perish defending themselves."

This simple, soldierly appeal had its effect. It was impossible to accept Nathanael's naïve assumption that the Basutos and the Free Staters were to be regarded as equal opponents, or to supply arms to be used against white men, but the High Commissioner wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal (Mr. Keate, who had now succeeded Colonel Bisset): "I am fully alive to the false position in which we are placed by treaty in respect to the supply of ammunition," and to the Civil Commissioner at Aliwal (September 14, 1867):—

"I daresay there is a good deal of truth in the report of Austen's messenger that the Basutos are falling to pieces. At the same time I very much wish them to hold together sufficiently and long enough to give me a tolerable excuse for negotiating with them if the Secretary of State gives me leave . . . I think, therefore, it would be a good thing if you could privately and judiciously let it ooze out to the missionaries and the Basuto leaders that you have very little doubt that I am still contemplating some such arrangement, one result of which would be the restoration of the missionaries."

Indeed, judging by their letters, all the British officials seem to have felt that their country's reputation for keeping faith would be lost for ever if she stood by and let Moshesh, her old ally, with his people be swallowed up before her eyes.

The High Commissioner's letter reached Downing Street at a favourable moment. Public attention, not

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RAFTS OF THE ZAMBEZI.

only in England, but in Europe, and especially in France, had been drawn to the Basuto troubles by the treatment of the French missionaries. The great Napoleon had made the protection of the Huguenots the traditional policy of his dynasty, and Napoleon III. had just then for Minister of State M. Guizot, who was not merely a Protestant but a sincere believer. Thanks to his representations, the Emperor had interested himself personally in the exile of his subjects from their field of labour, and intimations to that effect had doubtless not been lost upon the Colonial Office. Finally, a despatch dated January 13, 1868, informed Moshesh that the Queen had been graciously pleased to grant his request. The Basutos were offered their choice of being attached to the Government of Natal or to that of the Cape Colony. They voted for the latter, and the Proclamation was made on March 12, 1868.

Moshesh and the President of the Orange Free State having both appealed to the High Commissioner to arbitrate between them once more, he consented, and met Mr. Keate with Mr. Shepstone at Aliwal to decide upon the boundary. As a result of the war, this was pushed still further back, even to the Caledon River, which now became the frontier as it is to-day. The Free State secured the rich cornlands still called the Conquered Territory, which the Basutos had to evacuate; the latter retained their independence and their mountains; the Cape Colony undertook the trouble and expense of administration till order should be restored and revenue raised. As soon as possible the missionaries were reinstated in all the stations which fell within the Basuto border. Those on the west of the Caledon had to be given up, but compensation was granted for them instead of their being held up to ransom as before.*

* The Rev. P. Germond, senior French missionary in Basutoland,

However, this was not accomplished all at once, but only after protracted negotiations with the Boers.

During the time of their sojourn in Natal the Coillards were in constant intercourse with their friend, Mr. Shepstone, as well as with the Lieutenant-Governor, who discussed affairs with them and with Mr. Daumas. Though Basutoland had now become a British protectorate, so long as the Leribé district under Molapo still

writes that this statement as it stands is not strictly correct. The facts are as follows (in his own words):—

“The Government of the Orange Free State never gave any compensation to the missionaries for their personal losses during the war and in consequence of their exile.

“Neither did it grant any to the Paris Missionary Society for the ruin of its work on the stations of Bethulie, Beersheba, Hebron, Poortje, Mekuatleng, and Mabilela.

“What it granted was that a certain extension of ground should be added to the mission buildings, so that these could find a purchaser.

“It was, in point of fact, impossible to continue the work in the new circumstances, as the natives had all received orders to quit the Conquered Territory now annexed to the Orange Free State, unless they took service with the farmers.

“The above-mentioned sale of the stations was more or less profitable to the Society according to the value of the land, . . . plantations and . . . buildings. In a general way it may be said that the Society (as such) recovered what it had laid out, but that the missionaries, who had worked so hard with their hands, lost everything for their trouble.

“The Orange Free State cannot talk of compensations granted. It could not have done less than it did.”

[This is evident, as the land added to the stations was simply confiscated from the natives who were driven off it.—ED.]

“Doubtless it could have confiscated the missionary establishments. From the moment that a sense of justice withheld it from doing this, it gave, with the least expenditure possible, an appearance of liberality [to the transaction] . . .”

So far M. Germond. It may be added that the “sense of justice” of which he speaks only awoke under the strongest pressure from the High Commissioner, Sir Philip Wodehouse, whom they called in as arbitrator.

formed a part of the Orange Free State, it was impossible for them to resume mission work there except in defiance of the Volksraad. Consequently Mr. Keate and Mr. Shepstone strongly counselled delay in returning to Leribé, and M. Coillard did not feel free to force matters, believing that by prayer and patience all obstacles would be overcome in time without arousing ill-feeling. Meanwhile they were asked to go to Motito, the original station of the French Mission, founded in Bechuanaland by MM. Rolland and Lemue in 1831 (see p. 43). The post had become vacant through tragic circumstances. In 1866 the missionary, M. Fredoux, had been murdered by a drunken English trader, who placed a barrel of 165 lbs. of gunpowder under the waggon on which Mr. Fredoux was sitting, and blew himself and his victim up with it, as well as several natives, before the onlookers at some little distance could interfere. The station was a short distance from Dr. Moffat's place at Kuruman. To reach it they had to make a waggon journey of two and a half months (July 4th to September 19th) through the Orange Free State and Transvaal and beyond into the Kalahari desert. First they felt they must visit their dear Leribé, and so they risked the expedition when they reached Harrysmith.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“Thursday, January 30, 1868.

“Yesterday we received the great news that the British Government is going to take possession of Basutoland, which opens the prospect for us to return to our stations. This news reached us from Aliwal North. From Paris M. Casalis writes that he has had an interview with the Emperor and then with the English Colonial Secretary, and that he was favourably listened to.

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F. C. TO REV. J. SMITH:—

“PIETERMARITZBURG, *May*, 1868.

“The Colonial papers will tell you more than I know myself about Basuto and Free State affairs. . . . [M. Casalis] says that the Committee of the Evangelical Alliance have decided to send a deputation to Lord Buckingham (*sic*) to represent our case. . . . They are in possession of information from Paris on the subject. M. Casalis tells us also that the memorial which was got up here in Natal has been submitted to the Emperor and sent to those in authority.*

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“BETHLEHEM, *Thursday, July 23rd*.

“We went this morning, after a night of agitation and sorrow, to see the Justice of the Peace. I decided to give him the opportunity of arresting me. We were cordially received. What was not my astonishment to hear him offering me his cart and his horses to go and visit Mr. Naude. ‘I would rather,’ I said, ‘go and visit my flock.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘they are at your service.’ What joy!

“*Friday, July 24th*.

“Left Bethlehem for Leribé. . . . Travelled with great anxiety; some cavalry we saw at a distance and who seemed to be watching us made us uneasy: we learnt later on that they were Basutos going hunting. Makotoko seemed anxious and preceded us without speaking. Molapo received us ungraciously. He had us brought to our own dining-room and had our former bedroom cleared out.

* See also *Basutoland Records*, vol. iii. p. 834. Letter from the Duke of Buckingham *re* petition to the Emperor of the French.

“Saturday, 25th.

“From early morning our house was besieged by our people. Molapo went away to his old village. I conducted morning prayer. Towards 11 a.m. an interesting meeting at the church. Elia gave us . . . the history of the Church and of the awakening since our departure. Kemuel informed us of the satisfactory state of the Church members. Johanne spoke of the candidates, the school pupils, &c. All satisfactory. In the afternoon a no less interesting meeting of the candidates. Elia, Johanne, Kemuel introduced them to us. Very full day. Molapo took offence at the Christians having come to meet us at Harrysmith; he declares that it is not him we have come to visit. Disagreeable messages. . . .

“Monday, 27th.

“Baptized yesterday Nathanael Makotoko [and five others]. The attention was great. Audience about four hundred. Afternoon preached on Heb. xii. 2, ‘Looking unto Jesus.’ Administered the Lord’s Supper to forty persons. Closed the services at sunset.

“*Monday.*—Early in the morning several wives of Molapo’s and other persons converted came to speak to me . . . till midday. Marriage of Rachel and Solomon in presence of a large congregation. Then another conference with the awakened. Burial of Joshua’s child, large congregation. Took leave of the men Church members, exhorted eleven converted girls; most of them have lived in our house—all have been to our school. Nearly as many young men, also converted, to whom I could not cease speaking; we were not free till late into the night. We did not feel tired, but profoundly edified and happy. The work of God is greater and more beautiful than we had thought.

“Tuesday, July 28, 1868.

“Left Leribé. Early in the morning farewell meeting with the people. . . . We could scarcely tear ourselves away from our poor people. . . . [Christina] was tired, for at Leribé we slept on the ground, having not even the ghost of a mattress. How sad to think we are going away from such a beautiful work! But the Lord knows why.

JOURNEY TO MOTITO.

“KRONSTADT, Monday, August 10, 1868.

“. . . Visited the magistrate, who broke into explanations and excuses about the conduct of the Government towards us, and assured me that no one believes the slanders circulated about me. . . .

“August 13, 1868.

“Spent last night in an immense plain full of gnus and antelopes and gazelles, but no water. Towards midnight we were awakened by the howling of leopards, who were roaming round the waggon the whole night, and kept us in a continual state of alarm. The guns, newly washed, were not dry. No one closed an eye till daybreak. The yelping of jackals and the roaring of gnus seemed designed to prevent our forgetting our danger.

“Friday.

“Outspanned to pass the night near a slope where hundreds of zebras went by, but no water; cold and violent wind, threatening weather. To-day cross the Vaal. . . .

“POTCHEFSTROOM, Monday, August 17th.

“Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. R. The state of the country is dreadful. There is nothing but paper

money, and the traders have so little confidence in this that they would not accept it at first. It is said that one day the President sent £1 in paper to buy coffee at a shop, and they offered him one pound of coffee. This state of things could not go on, and the Volksraad made a law which obliged them to accept paper money and forbade them on pain of fine to refuse their goods. Hence the shops are almost empty. If you bring paper, the article you ask for is not in the shop; but if you have cash, then they bring you into a private part where you can get all you want. In consequence there is great misery. Coffee costs 5s., maize 25s. to 30s.; for money, *hard geld*, I got it for 10s. The moment we arrived people came from all parts to ask if we had anything to sell, hoping we had coffee and other necessities of life. . . . M. Ludorf tells abominable things about the treatment of the natives by the Boers. It is enough to make one's hair stand on end. How can one believe that men calling themselves Christians, who burn the natives, mutilate them like animals, and reduce them to slavery, will not be visited by the judgments of God? I saw some pieces of quartz which come from the goldfields, a weight of 750 lbs. It is said they contain a great deal of gold, though we cannot see much. Great excitement in the town. . . . What I rejoice over in thinking of these goldmines is that they will be a means God will make use of to open the interior of Africa and make the Gospel penetrate there.

"Tuesday, August 25th.

"Left Potchefstroom. . . . Yesterday, on returning from M. Z.'s farm, visited Jan Kok, who drove Major Warden out of the Free State and made war on Sir Harry Smith. He boasts of the exploits of Boomplaatz. He is a frank and amiable man.

“Friday, August 28th.

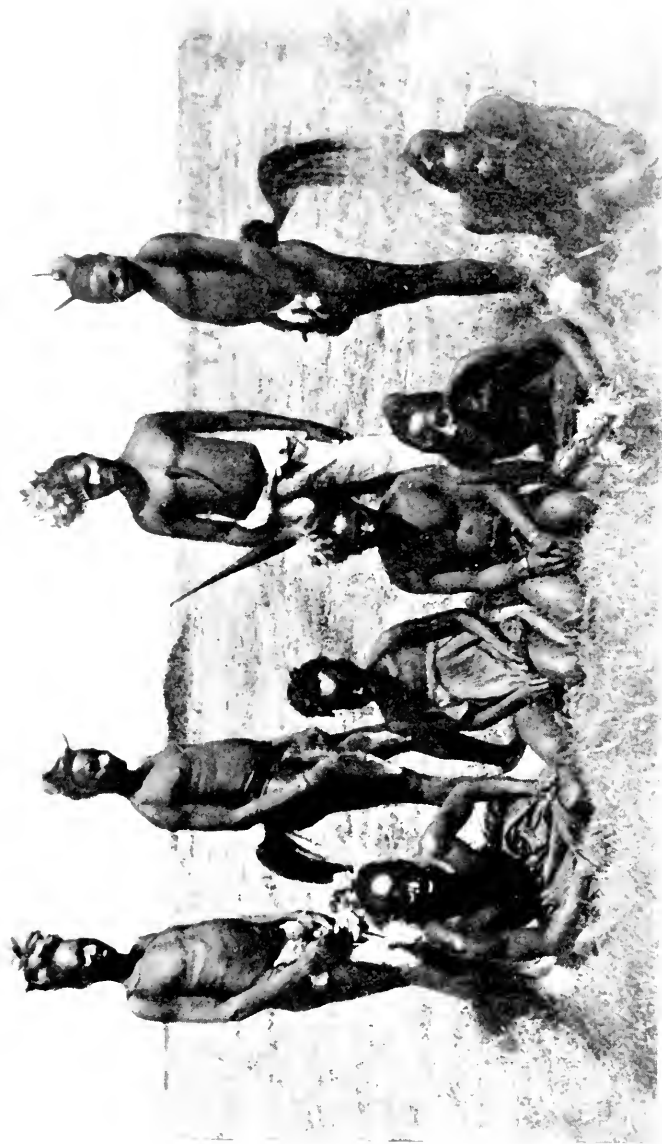
“Reach Hartebeest Fontein. A charming place where about thirty houses and huts of dry earth are thrown pell-mell in the greatest confusion in front of the most beautiful gardens we have seen in this country. . . . It consists of two or three families inter-married, who live there under the patriarchal government of an *Elder*. I was led to this important personage, who received me with a full sense of his high dignity. The next day he came to see us at the waggon, escorted us to his house and to visit the principal inhabitants of the place; showed us his magnificent gardens, treated us with consideration, and offered us oranges at five shillings the hundred.

“Saturday, 29th.

“Left Hartebeest Fontein towards midday. Marched till sunset without finding water. Outspanned in a dell close to a grove of mimosas, and all set to work to look for water. I returned exhausted. Johanne had found water a long way off—where Azor and Joas went to fetch it on Sunday morning—and a little moisture in a hole which we dug. . . . It was a sight to see a little troop of oxen grazing near precipitate themselves on this hole, where a man could hardly have put his head, rearing, pushing with their horns, then kneeling down, breathing and swallowing the little moisture that remained—the rest on one side mournfully bellowing.

“Wednesday [September], 2nd.

“Inspanned at 2 a.m. so as to arrive at Ostenhuis’ farm, where there is the first and the last water before reaching Mosheue’s. . . . There found a little village of Batlapings, and were beset with their begging. Poor Christina half dead with cold and fatigue. . . .



MASHIKULUMBWE.

See p. 362.

To face p. 176.

“September 14th.

“Left Mamusa. The old Mosheue and Andreas came to ask me to be their missionary . . . the former is a soul ripe for heaven, and everything indicates that he is not long for this world.”

Old Mosheue was one of Dr. Moffat's earliest converts ; his name had been familiar to both M. and Mme. Coillard from childhood.

“Saturday, 19th.

“Travelled all last night; arrived about 5 a.m. at Motito, really exhausted with fatigue. Bought seventeen ostrich eggs for a little coffee, &c., from some Griquas. . . . All the station buildings are falling into ruins. . . . We occupy two little rooms at the end of the house, which are only seven feet wide.”

Among the Bechuanas and the wild Korannas they had most interesting experiences, which prepared them for their still greater journey of a few years later ; but space forbids their record here. Their visits to the Moffat family at Kuruman must be mentioned, however, since what they learnt there had an important bearing upon the future.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER :—

“MOTITO, 1868.

“. . . We are very anxious about you. I do hope it is not too hard a winter. At your age, how you must feel the cold. Do you remember the long evenings when I used to read you Mr. Moffat's book about Africa while you stripped the hemp? Did we ever think then that I should come to Africa, and that I should see Mr. Moffat and his station, Kuruman? The Lord's ways are won-

derful. We think of starting the day after to-morrow to visit Dr. Moffat: it is only two days by waggon.

"October 15th.

"Left for Kuruman with Mrs. Fredoux. Burning sun. I felt ill. Enchanted to make the acquaintance of John Moffat. Mrs. Moffat is uprightness itself and full of feeling. She is a person for whom we have conceived the greatest affection. Yesterday evening Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, the parents, came to see us, and we spoke much of Basutoland, our trials, &c. I was very glad to see once more this missionary patriarch.

"Monday, 19th.

"A troop of people arrived from Port Elizabeth on the way to the gold-mines of Mosilikatse.

"Kuruman, like Motito, is an oasis in the dreary desert, but still more beautiful. The gardens . . . are in perfect order. Moreover everything breathes of order here: the buildings and garden walls are well kept up.

"What strikes one in Mr. and Mrs. Moffat is the force and energy of their character. They evidently have very strong will-power, and would not readily brook opposition. Whatever Mr. Moffat sets before him he does at once. I brought him some [papers] from Mosheue to be printed; the same day I received a packet of three hundred. That is what explains his influence. He busies himself very much with translations; his muse is very fertile. . . . But his disposition is cheerful and very loveable, and I can easily understand his popularity in England. . . . The school directed by Miss Moffat is a model. I have never seen anything like it anywhere. The infant school is apart. This young girl's heart is in the work, and it really does one good to see her so full of spirit and courage.

“A good prayer-meeting in English at Mr. Moffat’s, at which several traders were present. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Moffat have belonged to the mission at Mosilikatse’s, where they suffered terribly. Our sufferings are nothing by comparison with theirs. They have been a year at Kuruman. We have great sympathy with each other. We both think that missionary societies are not scriptural, and are often an obstacle to the work. Each Church ought to have its own missionary, or, at any rate, the missionary ought to depend directly from the Churches. We do not agree equally well about the orthography to be adopted for the native languages. J. M. is as radical as I am conservative.”

This was true in more senses than one, and to the end of their friendship, which closed only with M. Coillard’s death.

“*Monday.*

“We made friends with Mr. Price and spent all the afternoon together. Mr. Price told us his terrible experiences among the Makololo. . . . Mrs. Price [his second wife] is a Miss Moffat.”

This entry refers to the Helmore and Price expedition to the Zambesi in 1859, the real forerunner of M. Coillard’s later expedition, of which he little dreamt at this time. When Livingstone returned to England after his journeys on the Zambesi (1851 to 1855) and his discovery of the Victoria Falls, he was loud in praise of Sebitoane, the Basuto (Makololo) chief he had found reigning there (see p. 42 *ante*) — the wise and benevolent ruler of a most interesting people who, he said, ought to be evangelised without delay. Great enthusiasm was aroused and large sums collected to fit out a missionary expe-

dition, which started in 1859 for the Zambesi, traversed the Thirst country, and reached the South Bank after a terrible journey, in charge of Messrs. Helmore and Price, with their wives and children. The chief Sebitoane had died during Livingstone's visit; his son, Sekeletu, who had promised to receive them, proved to be a traitor. The expedition was plundered; some thought poisoned. At any rate, all died except Mr. Price and two of the Helmore children, who escaped with him; and after fearful sufferings they were met and rescued by the Rev. John Mackenzie, a fellow-member of the expedition, who had been delayed on the way to join them—providentially, as it proved.

When Livingstone returned to the Zambesi and inquired into the circumstances, he was indignant. "You have killed and plundered the servants of God," he said, "whom you invited into your country; and the judgments of God will fall on you." True enough in 1866, their vassals, the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi, rebelled against the Makololo, and massacred them all. A few who fled to Lake Ngami were betrayed by the chief, who received them, and they too perished miserably. Dr. Livingstone's prophecy is still remembered and quoted by the Barotsi whenever the Makololo are mentioned.

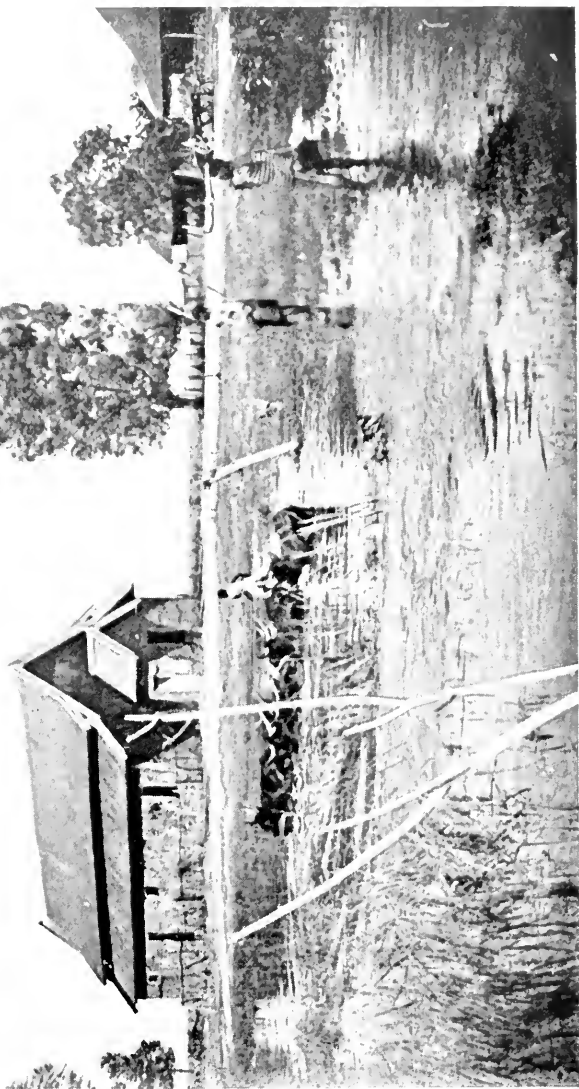
JOURNAL F. C. :—

"Saturday, December 19th.

"I was just preparing for to-morrow, when in the evening arrived the families Mackenzie and Sykes, the first a missionary from Bamangwato [Khama's tribe], the second from Mosilikatse, who has just died.

"Monday, December 21, 1868.

"Spent the whole morning with these gentlemen



MISSION STATION, LEALUI. FLOOD TIME. UPPER ZAMBESI.

See p. 396.

[To face p. 190,

discussing different subjects connected with mission work, and heard details from them. Mosilikatse was a tyrant. Often at the preaching, if he heard anything he did not like, he would [take snuff and] begin to sneeze with all his force, and at once everybody rose to applaud, *Yeko n'Kosi* [Great King], with a thousand epithets, each more flattering than the last."

The allusion here is to the African tradition of *praise-words*, which are handed on in lyrical forms by which, in the absence of written records heroes hope to be remembered "to all generations."

M. Coillard often referred to this behaviour of Mosilikatse's. Like King Saul, he could not endure to hear greater praisewords than his own. It was when the preacher dwelt upon the Royal glories of our Saviour, Prince of the Kings of the Earth, that he would thus give the signal to his chiefs to rise and drown the praises of Christ by his own; just as in their national assemblies. These always opened by a hymn of praise to himself, chanted by all present like a cathedral chorus, and followed by the presentation of cattle as offerings to himself. It gave a terrible actuality to the apostolic scene in Acts iv.: "The kings of the earth stood up, and their rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against His Christ, . . . of a truth against Thy Holy Child Jesus."

It was one more challenge in the age-long battle. But it was not in the power of any heathen chief to silence that song which has risen unceasingly to God since David first set singers on Mount Zion, not to glorify himself like the minstrels of the heathen kings around, but to praise the Maker of earth and heaven, whose sceptre is a sceptre of righteousness, and whose

lovingkindness is over all His works. Mosilikatse's throne of iniquity has been swept away and his praise-words are heard no longer, while in the ancient capital hundreds of Christian Matabele adore that same Jesus whose messengers he had rejected. On August 23, 1903, M. Coillard stood in such a native assembly at Bulawayo, and heard them singing the *Te Deum* and those very Psalms which David wrote for an everlasting memorial.

"Thy Kingdom is a Kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion throughout all generations."

Already in 1868 the movement had begun that was to end in the overthrow of the Matabele dynasty.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"December 21, 1868.

"Mr. Sykes has come to seek for Kuruman, the son whom Mosilikatse had chosen as heir to the throne. No one knows . . . what has become of him."

This Kuruman (so named in compliment to Dr. Moffat) was supposed to have been killed in a massacre of all the royal children, ordered by their own father, because of a conspiracy to place one of them on the throne in his stead.

The induna charged with this duty hid Lo Bengula (the son of an inferior wife) in the shield house, but Kuruman was never seen again. However, the proofs of his death were never forthcoming either, hence Lo Bengula, who succeeded to his father in 1870, lived always in terror of being deposed by his brother. This kept him under the power of the headmen, who, whenever he wished to act on his better impulses contrary to their bloodthirsty and treacherous devices,

at once declared they knew where Kuruman was and would produce him if Lo Bengula did not fall in with their wishes. If he had not been coerced in this way, he would never have treated the Coillards as he afterwards did, and probably would never have lost his throne in defying the British Government.

THE RETURN TO LERIBÉ.

At the beginning of 1869 the way opened for M. and Mme. Coillard to return to their own station, so they left Motito (January 11th) and made a farewell tour round the four distant out-stations. The weather was intensely hot, and they suffered very much from the want of water, and also of food. Their provisions were exhausted; their waggon and clothes worn out. But the work had become a good deal disorganised since M. Fredoux's death, and they felt they must leave everything they had undertaken in good order, buildings in repair, congregations disciplined and confirmed, and so they spent about two months in pastoral visitation. A waggon journey is a delightful holiday to those who can travel regardless of expense. It is altogether a different thing for people with exhausted health and exhausted stores in a foodless and waterless wilderness like the Kalahari. In those days tinned meat was not the staple diet of South Africa, and travellers lived on game, biltong (strips of flesh dried in the sun), and "biscuit," thin cakes of coarse dough sugared to preserve them. They were usually full of weevils, and the sweet taste soon disgusted those who for weeks together had nothing else to eat. In consequence of this bad food and water Mrs. Coillard fell ill of a painful and dangerous complaint, and when after some weeks she recovered, it was her husband's turn.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“MOROKOENG, *February 3, 1869.*

“Poor Christina was suffering very much. . . . The waggon and tent were like ovens and swarming with flies stinging like bees.

“GA-BOLOKO, *February 14th.*

“Rumours of war had already reached us on the road ; they were confirmed at Nyessa. The Boers, it was said, had declared war at Mahura. We spent the night in this desert with no water but what we brought with us. . . . Even before sunset jackals were howling with hyenas . . . we expected the visit of a lion . . . but nothing troubled our sleep. . . . The next morning we set off again not knowing where we should spend Sunday. We soon saw the lake a long way off. The temptation was too great. We turned our steps thither. But what a long way off ! We did not have to regret it. Our provisions were almost done—an anxious thing for us with so many mouths to feed. I had asked with all my heart at our family worship that God would ‘give us this day our daily bread.’ Scarcely had we arrived here (Ga-Boloko) than some young men . . . brought us quarters of buffalo which we bought for some handkerchiefs and a knife.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER:—

“LERIBÉ, *June 15, 1869.*

“I had meant to write you a long letter, and tell you in detail all about our journey. But I was very ill, and then we have been travelling again, and this is why my letter was never finished. It was at Mamusa that I fell ill, in consequence of the extreme heat and fatigue. My poor wife, who had scarcely recovered herself, had a



Ph. Mrs. Macaulay,

Seshuke.

THE CEREMONIOUS GREETING OF TWO WOMEN. UPPER ZAMBESI.

To face p. 184.

time of terrible anxiety. Our people themselves were ill and could not help us much. But the Korannas, good people, won our hearts by their devotion. They live in huts covered with mats and surrounded by a little wall, and when the Christians want to pray and be alone they go on to the veld under some solitary tree, and there pour out their hearts before God. In their language, 'to go under the trees' means to go and pray, and that is what they do generally three times a day. How touching it was to see old Mosheue, the chief, come in weeping to comfort Christina, telling her that God would not fail to raise me up, because, since I had fallen sick, all the Christians had been earnestly frequenting their trees.* 'We were orphans,' he said; 'we were perishing: how should God deprive us of the bosom that feeds us?' And indeed the Lord did raise me up, and very quickly, thanks and glory to Him. All the time we were at Mamusa the Christian Korannas lavished kindness upon us. They did all they could to keep us among them, but we owed our first duty to our flock at Leribé. Our Basutos wrote to us to hasten our return, for all political matters were settled. So we left the Korannas amid tears and prayers. Several accompanied us in waggons and on horseback for several days; but at last we had to part. The Boers did not molest us; on the contrary, most of them were very obliging. Only one, on hearing I was a missionary, refused to let me out-span on his farm.

"You can guess the joy of our Basutos when we arrived. But Molapo is still under the yoke of the Free State, and when we crossed the Caledon, close to the station, the Magistrate (*i.e.*, that of the O.F.S., whom this Govern-

* A casual observer might have supposed this was tree-worship, but it was only to be alone, just as the Basutos, having no trees, seek a retreat among the rocks.

ment has placed there) sent us a letter forbidding us to return to our home. I replied that I was a traveller, that I had come to visit my church, and that in this capacity no one had a right to stop me. He made no further difficulty, referred the matter to the authorities, and we went straight to our house, and now we have been here a month! Our house is very dilapidated and very dirty, for Molapo has occupied it with his wives: all the walls are shiny with grease and ochre. Moreover, we feel very sad to think we cannot call it *our own home*. But we are thankful to have a roof over our heads, and to see once more this spot, where we have enjoyed and suffered so much. What gives us great pleasure is that the work prospers.

"The father of our little Samuel, Nathanael Makotoko, almost puts us to shame by the ardour of his piety. He never loses a chance of speaking to others of his Saviour, and he is so happy, so bright. He comes nearly every day to see us, stays all day, and puts his hand to every kind of work. . . .

"It is now winter and we feel the cold very much in our empty house after the heat of the interior. Our baggage is still in Natal: we have nothing with us but travelling things. The cold weather does me a great deal of good, and I am feeling stronger already. We found our people here terribly bare. You know the Boers took or burnt all their clothes in the war.

"Christina has had to give up several of her dresses, and my generosity has necessarily experienced the same trial."

Leribé was reached May 9, 1869. They were obliged to accept the footing of visitors, in order not to embarrass the authorities of the Cape and Orange Free State, who were negotiating for Molapo's return to his tribal allegiance.

CHAPTER XI

BASUTOLAND

1869-1875

Basutoland once more—Church-building—Conversion and Death of Moshesh—The Franco-Prussian War—Damaris and Rahab—Langalibalele—A Flourishing Work.

AS already mentioned, the war had caused a great Revival among the Basutos, and the missionaries were welcomed back to their stations by far larger congregations than those they had left. At Morija alone, Philemone, the schoolmaster, brought 100 converts to the missionary, and there were 436 candidates for admission to the church, at other stations in proportion. They immediately began to consolidate this work. Churches and schools were rebuilt: out-stations planted, and literature circulated. All these things had been begun before the war; there were already 2,000 communicants, and 25 stations, counting annexes, but then the pastors had to do everything themselves. Now they were helped by a willing people, and the work spread rapidly. This period was the one in which the Gospel struck deep roots among the people themselves, the chiefs standing aloof, whereas during the early period it was the chiefs who encouraged and profited by the introduction of Christianity.

Molapo still adhered to the Orange Free State. This made the position of the Coillards very uncertain at first, especially as his conduct was going from bad to worse. His treachery and the injury he had done to his missionary hardened his own heart. "The subject of apostasy," as M. Coillard has said, in speaking of this chief, "is an awful and mysterious one." Certainly it had the effect of blinding him to his own material interests all the time that he thought he was promoting them by persecuting the Christians. The latter were the most loyal and obedient as well as the most industrious of his subjects, yet his one object was to banish them from his neighbourhood and surround himself with the heathen, for whom he organised festivals and orgies. First he tried to get the Mission station removed once more (this time to Thlotsi, some miles away, the present site of the Magistracy), so that he might continue to enjoy the house and gardens and fields it had taken the Coillards five years to build and lay out. (It must be borne in mind that a missionary's garden was not a luxury; it was what he chiefly lived upon.) Before he could carry out this scheme, the British Government had taken over the Leribé district also; and the interests of the Mission were protected. Defeated in this, he next began a campaign of petty persecution against all the Christians, but especially against his cousin, Nathanael Makotoko. Though unable to do without the services of so loyal and capable a public servant, he was jealous of him, as Saul was of David, and sought in every way to discredit him.

Once installed, next to evangelisation, M. Coillard's chief anxiety was to build the church. The congregation had grown far too large to meet in a dwelling-house, even for the Holy Communion; and he himself was no longer strong enough for open-air preaching as a regular thing.

In short, without a church, the work could not be properly carried on. Building was necessarily expensive. Owing to the lack of fuel, it is difficult to burn bricks in Basutoland. Stone abounds, but requires hewing and shaping. All initial difficulties, however, were overcome: the Society sanctioned the effort; the chief and people promised their help, a builder was engaged, and the work enthusiastically begun.

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER:—

“LERIBÉ, *January 9, 1870.*

“It is a terrible affair to build in this country, I assure you; but it is still more terrible to have to preach in the open-air Sunday after Sunday, in good and bad weather. Now we are in the midst of summer and the sun is like fire. I use . . . a cotton umbrella lined with green, or keep my big hat on my head. My congregation hides itself under mats, but I can still see their big, white eyes fixed on me, and that makes me forget all the rest.

F. C. TO THE REV. J. SMITH:—

“*February 24th*— . . . By and by it will all be over: the year shall not pass without my having a place to preach and worship in; and if God spares me and gives me health and strength the material work shall be pushed on vigorously, and then, oh then, that will be the true beginning of my missionary life! Ardently do I look to that time to come!” . . .

However, that time was never to arrive: as long as he lived. The raising of funds for this church-building was a difficulty even before the Franco-Prussian War broke out. But before this storm burst upon them, two other important events had taken place, namely, the death of the old chief Moshesh, and, a month later, the

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acceptance of British protection by his son Molapo, when Letsie, the heir, became paramount. Thus the Basuto nation was again united under one head.

Moshesh died on March 12, 1870. He was not a very old man, but his heart was broken by the disasters and humiliations of the war.*

F. COILLARD TO THE REV. J. SMITH (Natal):—

“February 24, 1870.

“I think I told you already, *Moshesh is converted*. What a joy through the tribe and missionaries! I think M. Jousse thinks of baptizing him soon. Molapo got so excited at such news, he ran to Thaba Bossio and tried all he could, no doubt, to stop the good work of the Spirit of God in his father’s soul. On his return he has had great heathen dances and practices, circumcision, &c. He seems mad.

“March 6, 1870.—We are about to meet at Thaba Bossio on the 12th instant, and on the 20th the old chief Moshesh is to be baptized.

“THABA BOSSIO, *Thursday*.

“I was startled on arriving to learn the death of M. Lemue. He died on Friday [March 12], at 9 o’clock, the same day and hour as Moshesh!”

The conversion of Moshesh has often been doubted and denied, but not by those who were acquainted with all the circumstances. It has been said that he was surrounded to the end by witch-doctors and plied with their arts. This is very likely, as he was helpless in the hands of his heathen relatives; but he was also surrounded by many Christians, both native and European, whose

* “I allowed the Boers to settle on my land. I thought I was doing them a kindness. How have they requited me? They have taken my country and have broken my heart.”—*Letter of Moshesh to Sir George Grey*.

accounts of the testimony he gave during the last months of his life would fill many pages. Those who had most to do with it were M. Jousse (now dead) and M. and Mme. Mabile, of whom the latter is still happily amongst us, and who this year showed her records to the present writer. They corroborate those of M. Jousse.

It was about four months before the end that he gave tokens of a real spiritual change. The missionaries had almost ceased to hope for this. He had long known all that an outsider can know of Christianity, but he had no illusions on the subject, nor had they. He was well aware that the one thing needful he did not possess nor even desire. More than a year before his death he was visited by M. and Mme. Mabile. The latter, who was the daughter of M. Casalis, had known him from her childhood, and he was very much attached to her. As they were leaving they spoke very seriously to him about rejecting the Light as he was doing, and he asked them to give him a prayer to use. Fearing that he would treat a written one as a charm, Mme. Mabile said, "If I tell you a very short one, you can remember it without writing—*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*" He replied very angrily, "Little girl, who told you I was a sinner? I shall get to heaven as well as you."

As they said they hoped he would indeed, but that could only be as a sinner saved by Christ, he seemed softened and begged them to pray for him. Months passed by; all could see that he had not many more to live, and earnest prayer was made both in South Africa and Europe that Moshesh might not pass away still a stranger to Christ. One day towards the close of 1869, M. Jousse came to see him, and he begged him to read the Bible. The passage chosen was the 14th of John. It had always been a favourite with the old chief, who when he came to the sixth verse repeated it after him:

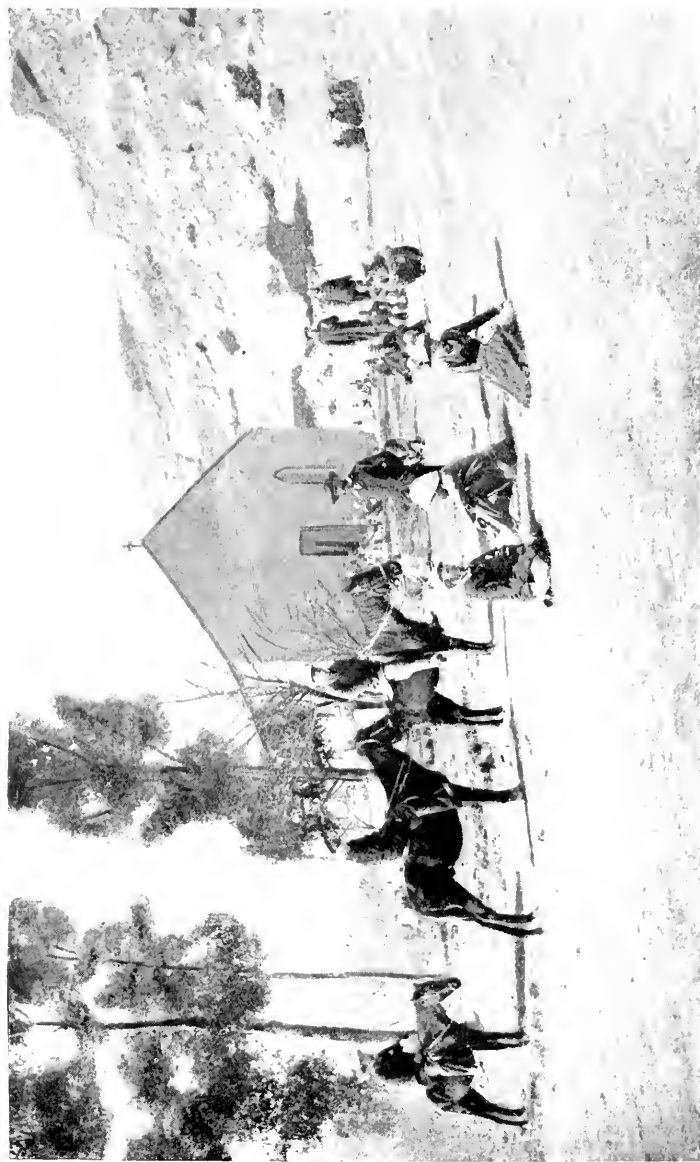
“No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” “Son of Mokachane,” said M. Jousse, “a throne is prepared for you in heaven; believe in Jesus the Saviour of the world, and you will be there.”

“It was just as if he heard the message of salvation for the first time. A heaven opened to the sinner, and a Saviour who presents it to us—these were the two ideas he grasped.” After the missionary left he had this passage read to him again, and reproached the Christians round him with having concealed the Way of Salvation from him, though he had heard it hundreds of times. In the middle of the same night he sent some of them to M. Jousse to say, “Moshesh declares himself a Christian.”

M. Jousse at once came, and the next day sent to four other missionaries, who all visited him and were astounded at the reality of the change they witnessed. The remarkable thing was his contrition, notwithstanding M. Jousse had not on *that* occasion said a word to him about repentance. To the very end he seemed deeply concerned about his own sinfulness, though previously, as we have seen, he had indignantly denied it. He desired them to send word of his conversion to their committee in Paris; and of his own accord he sent to inform the Governor of the Cape, and the leading chiefs. He summoned each of his sons to his bedside to hear his testimony. This was at the end of January, 1870.

He also sent for the prophetess Mantsupha, the same who, in 1865, had declared the road to heaven was a *broad* road (see p. 137), and who since then had herself become a Christian. Taking both her hands he said, “My sister, my sister, we both come from very far off, but now we must both walk in the *narrow* way.”

He asked to see the Mabilles’ baby, and, inquiring its age, he was told “three months.” “Then,” he replied,



THE CHURCH AT LERIBÉ. INAUGURATED MAY 28, 1871.

(Rev. A. Boegner, Rev. D. Jeannin, and others.)

“he is my *thaka* (contemporary). Three months ago I began to be a man,” referring to the time of his conversion. But what he kept reiterating was, “Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us.” His last message to the Mabilles he entrusted to three separate persons, so that they should not fail to receive it. “You showed me the Way, and I am going to Jesus.” The last time he saw them he had said, “It is peace, a good peace.”

The baptism of such a chief as Moshesh could not be done in a corner. The missionaries would unquestionably have been accused of taking advantage of his weakness. He himself wished it to be public, that he might declare himself before all his people, and also (the crucial test) publicly put away the wives he had taken since the missionaries came into the country. “I knew very well I was doing wrong *then*,” he said. “Those I had before I regard as my legitimate wives.” Already, the day after he had declared himself to M. Jousse, he had had the formal papers of release made out for them, but his sons, to whom each one represented so many head of cattle, opposed vehemently all his efforts to make suitable provision for them, and the complications thus arising were the real reason of the delay in his baptism. The date was fixed for the 20th of March, and on the night of the 12th he died, rather suddenly, saying to his attendant, “Lift me up, that I may fly away.”

His was not a joyful or triumphant deathbed—he felt too deeply how long he had gone on sinning against the light; but his love for the Saviour was touching. He confessed Him to every one far and wide, and if the privilege of doing so in baptism was denied him this was not his fault. “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.”

The death of Moshesh was followed by the reunion of his divided country under Letsie.

JOURNAL:—

“LERIBÉ, *April 11, 1870.*

“M. Bowker arrived this morning to take Molapo over from the hands of the Free State under British protection. I went to see him, and missed him. Molapo haughty as ever.

“We began the church. A Boer, Mr. Breuer (?), rolled stones, and is going to return to-morrow.

“Molapo’s official reception by the English Government. A day of emotion for us. Oh! how good God is.

“*April 24, 1870.*

“These words fell like balm on my heart: ‘The hands of Zerubbabel have founded this house; his hands shall finish it.’ And how, after all that, could I still be devoured with anxieties about the house of prayer we are building? I have no workmen. I have no money, but—let me say it to myself—*the Lord will provide.*”

The news of the surrender at Sedan, on September 2nd, fell like a thunderbolt upon the small French community, and M. Coillard was heartbroken, especially at the occupation of Metz and Strasburg. His feelings were what an Englishman’s would be if a foreign army seized Oxford and appropriated the University. The kindly-meant expressions of sympathy uttered by some who were not French entirely missed the mark. He wrote: “On the subject of the surrender of the Emperor and the whole of his army, they say, ‘Well, at least there are 90,000 men saved.’ What an abomination! And the complications and all the frightful disasters brought about by this act of incomparable cowardice? . . . they say nothing of that!”

C. C. TO HER SISTER :—

“ *October 27, 1870.*

“ . . . How poor Frank's heart is bursting with indignation and pity . . . oh, as I write what tears must be flowing! We heard that everybody we know had gone (to the war) in one capacity or another; who of them are still alive? We have already received orders to draw no more money. As for us, we can easily get on for a while without money; thanks to the Committee's box and one from home we don't want for clothes, and our garden will yield us plenty of food for this year. . . . Was it not interesting, that discussion in the Senate about the return of Louis Philippe's children, when one of their warm supporters related how they served in the Italian campaign, and the Duc de Chartres was sent one day with a message to a commanding officer, who, not knowing him, said, 'M. le Lieutenant speaks French very nicely.' 'Yes,' he replied, his eyes swimming with tears, 'I know French, for I was born in Paris' ”?

F. C. TO HIS MOTHER :—

“ *LERIBÉ, January 29, 1871.*

“ I cannot tell you the sorrow of my heart in thinking of that fearful war and of you. Our last news was of November 5th. What may not have happened since? Have the Prussians really dared to go as far as Bourges and devastate Berry? Oh, what would I not give to know where you are, how you are, if you have suffered through the winter! . . . If only I had you under my own roof, what care we would take of you, my dear, dear Mother! . . . Perhaps you will remember poor old Maria, to whom you once sent a dress. . . . I have just heard of her death—she died on her knees.”

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TO THE SAME :—

“August, 1871.

“This letter from Nathanael I am sure will give you great pleasure. He does not speak lightly; what he says he thinks. Since my arrival in this country he has always been a faithful friend; since his conversion he has become a brother whose devotion knows no bounds. I rarely do any manual work in the garden or elsewhere that he does not throw himself into with energy and perseverance. He is a chief; he has great dignity, and he reflects admirably in his life that charity which ‘thinketh no evil, beareth all things and hopeth all things.’ (Fr. version: *Suspects nothing, excuses all things, bears all things.*) What I . . . send you may amount to £4, it is the value of Nathanael’s ox. I shall try to send you something more before winter, that you may not be in difficulties.” . . .

TO F. C.’s MOTHER :—

“LERIBÉ, July 9, 1871.

“MY MOTHER,—I am Nathanael Makotoko, I salute you in the love of the Lord. Since the war has broken out in France my heart is full of sorrow. I know what war is, what sufferings it brings with it. I thought of you, I knew you were very aged, I asked myself sadly if you would leave this world without knowing me, and when I thought of sending you my salutations, I told myself that your great age, perhaps, would prevent your understanding me. My pastor tells me that ‘no’; so now that the war is over and that letters come and go without hindrance, my heart burns within me, and I come to tell you so. I shall say very little, however, for I am only a child. You have sent your son to Basutoland, in the Lord’s name. His love for you tells us your love for him. You have other children, you see them near

you; all your thoughts are with him who is amongst us. You think you have only one son at Leribé, because you sent only one. No, my Mother, you have two; the second is myself, Nathanael. It is you who have given me life in the Lord, for it is you who gave birth to the servant of God, my beloved pastor, who came to draw me out of darkness that I might walk in the light. You have many children in Leribé, and you will have many more yet. As for me, I call myself your son; I do not utter vain words; what I say comes from my heart. I love the Mother of my pastor, I pray for her. It is to you that I owe the happiness I enjoy in knowing and serving God. God bless you! You have not seen my face here below, but you will know it in the Heaven to which we are going.

“My salutation is a trifling thing, yet accept it as a pledge of the affection of one of your children. It is a black ox, with branching horns. It is thus I make myself known to you, my Mother. May your sons and daughters who are around you know me too, and count me as one of themselves! And when you think of your beloved son whom you have sent and whom we love, think also of your other son who is called

“NATHANAEL MAKOTOKO.”

The Conference had met at Thaba Bossio in November, 1870, to consider the situation. The treasury of the Society in Paris was empty: their agent at the Cape had to be instructed not to honour the drafts of the missionaries, but with what they still had in the bank they thought it would be possible to pull through. The mason who was building the church had offered to tear up the contract, but M. Coillard decided not to accept this offer before the Conference. This was a step further in the life of faith: the first time he had undertaken a definite

responsibility without having funds in hand to meet it. In ordinary circumstances he would have thought it wrong, but the work had been begun and the contract made months before this calamity, under a strong sense that it was the right thing to do. He told his colleagues the state of affairs and committed the decision to them. They all sympathised with him; said the building must go on and they would try to interest friends to help.

An offer of aid which touched him deeply at this time, though he could not accept it, was made by a Jewish gentleman named Levy, a merchant whom he had known intimately at Kuruman and Motito, and with whom he had spent many hours reading and discussing the Messianic Scriptures. Immediately the news of the Franco-Prussian War reached him, Mr. Levy sent to M. Coillard, begging him to draw upon his own bankers for whatever he might need to meet current expenses, and in particular the builder's contract.

Affairs grew worse instead of better, and even correspondence became impossible as soon as the war was carried into France and Paris besieged. Now it was seen that the three years' exile of the French missionaries had had another result, besides the Revival in Basutoland. Wherever they had gone they had made friends; and now, in their hour of need, these came to their help. A considerable sum of money was raised in Natal and Cape Colony, and also in England and Scotland. Thus the two years of difficulty were tided over.

The church was duly finished and paid for; and it was dedicated on Whit Sunday, May 28, 1871—a festival for the whole Mission.

Almost immediately afterwards died Johanne Nkele, the first convert baptized by M. Coillard, and, on the whole, the finest fruit of all his work. His was not such a picturesque career as Nathanael's, but he possessed a

strength of character in which the latter was sometimes lacking, and he was one of the earliest and best of native evangelists. His death was a great grief to all.

THE FIRST SYNOD.

The French missionaries had always endeavoured to associate their converts with themselves in the discipline of the Church, instead of keeping everything in their own hands. A Synod was held in 1872, at which they were encouraged to give their judgment, especially as to whether various social practices were or were not inconsistent with Christianity. They decided that when the chiefs called upon their people for forced labours (*letsema*) the Christians must respectfully refuse those tasks which identified them with heathen practices. When the Christians of Leribé acted upon this, Molapo retaliated by taking away the herds he had confided to their keeping. The entrusting of cattle herds was and is the accepted token of a chief's confidence ; like the Royal Commission. The chief allows his vassal to live on the milk and sometimes to kill an ox, but at any time, if displeased, he may demand an account of these cattle and of their increase. If the account is not satisfactory, the sovereign demands compensation ; but if still further angered, he withdraws the trust altogether. This is a public disgrace as well as a loss of income, and this was what now befell the Christian chiefs, Nathanael and others. It created a great sensation. For Nathanael the case was the harder as his position was higher—he was the nephew of Moshesh, a famous warrior, and the accredited ambassador in all external missions. His signal services to this nation have been told in Chapter X. With a very little accommodation to heathenism, just as a matter of form, he could have become rich and powerful, but “ he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God.” Now,

in his old age, he is well cared for and respected by all, white or black ; but he is a comparatively poor man, and has exercised moral influence rather than political power.

The poorer Christians Molapo would ill-treat by always grazing his cattle close to their fields, or making a garden wherever their cattle were grazing. If *his* beasts strayed into their plantations and ate their crops up, he accused them of theft and fined them. If *their* beasts strayed into his field they were forfeited as trespassers. In the end, he succeeded in driving most of the Church members away to Thlotsi and elsewhere, which was what he desired, thus putting several miles between them and their missionary. Whilst the bulk remained faithful to their profession, some were dragged back into heathenism ; and many more who might have become Christians with a little shepherding were discouraged from attending the services or thinking of joining the Church. But in face of all this the work progressed.

It is often and rightly thought that the training of children yields the best results for Christianity. But the power of the Gospel is not limited : it is strikingly shown in the changed lives of the ignorant and aged, as in those of Damaris and Rahab at Leribé.

MA-MOTEKE (Damaris).

C. C. TO HER SISTER :—

“ I took Mrs. Bell to see the Christians who live here on the station, and among others a very old woman called Ma-Moteke (Damaris). She took hold of Mrs. B. by the hand and said to her, ‘ Sister, cling to Christ ; don’t let Him go. You must not be astonished if you feel sometimes on your back little strokes as if some one were tapping you ; it is not anything that can hurt you, only



A BASUTO EVANGELIST AND HIS FAMILY.



REV. G. WEITZCKER AND BASUTO CATECHISTS.
Nathanael Makotoko on Mr. Weitzcker's right hand.

the Good Shepherd pressing you on that you may run to your Father.

“ ‘Perhaps you think I am old ! Not at all. I have grown a young girl since I began to serve Christ. If you doubt, just ask Madame, and she will tell you that before I knew the Lord I was very old. I never used to go to dig or weed ; I said, “ All that is over for me in this world,” but now I have a large garden of maize which I dig and weed all by myself. I am a young girl, I am quite white, I am no longer black. Oh, I am so happy ! ’

“ This is only part of what this dear old creature said. . . . No one who looked at her dear old face could doubt for an instant that it was from the heart that she spoke. I will never forget the day I was present when she came to speak to her pastor, previous to being admitted into the candidates’ class. She repeated over and over to F., ‘ I did not know that I had a Father. I have been serving the world all my life, and getting drunk with beer, but, my teacher, I did not know any better. I had not yet heard that I had a Father ! ’ This was the refrain of all she had to say.”

Ma-Moteke was an old woman of Matabele origin, who was deserted by her family when fleeing from some skirmish with the Basutos. She seemed ignorant and stupid to the last degree, but she had such an affection for M. and Mme. Coillard that they let her come about the place as often as she liked. Every Saturday she used to come from a long distance across the Caledon to earn a trifle by sweeping the courts ready for Sunday. This was in 1862. If the river was too full to ford, she had herself swum across on a bundle of reeds, such was her devotion to them. M. Coillard, who revered all women, and believed in the possibilities of the most degraded, often talked to her, and after a time both he

and his wife perceived a great change in her, but then again no further progress seemed to be made. Every time they spoke to her of Christ, she would burst into tears and make no reply. At last one day he said, "Ma-Moteke, you know all about the Gospel, and we go on praying for you, but you do nothing. It is no use talking to you any more; you must pray for yourself. *Do you pray?*"

"No, never! I can only talk Zulu. I do not know Sesuto."

"But you can pray just as well in Zulu."

Ma-Moteke caught both his hands. "Do you really mean that God understands *my* language?"

"Yes, indeed, *all* languages."

Ma-Moteke went quickly away, and poured out her heart in Zulu. After that, she advanced in Christian life by leaps and bounds. From being stupid she became remarkably intelligent, and from being old and feeble, she seemed to renew her youth like the eagles. Besides working in the fields, she would go all about, telling people the Good News, with such simplicity and delight they could not help listening. It was that she had a Heavenly Friend who took an interest in *her*, a despised old woman: such a surprising fact she wanted every one to know about it. It was her delight to tell the youngest children about Him, and few have influenced them more than she. She never learnt Sesuto well, and on Mondays when she had swept the court after Sunday, she would seat herself on the verandah by Mme. Coillard and say, "I am hungry." At first, her hostess did not understand and would give her food, which she put aside and said again, "I am hungry." Then Mme. Coillard would tell her all about the sermon, hymns, and prayers, which she had not understood the day before. Often she would ask, "Shall I see *Him*?"

On her long tramps to and from Leribé she had to pass the Roman Catholic Mission. The natives called it *Motse oa Ma-Jesu* (City of the Mother of Jesus). One day she was returning from a prayer-meeting when the priest met her and asked her where she had been. When she told him, he asked, "Indeed, and to whom do these Protestants pray?"

"To the Lord Jesus, our Saviour."

"Ah, they do not teach you the whole truth. Now, how can He listen to the prayers of a poor old woman like you? It is to His Mother you should speak; she will bring your prayers to Him and then He will grant them."

"What did you answer?" asked M. Coillard, to whom she related this.

"Oh, *ntate*; what could a stupid woman like me say to that wise man? I could only tell him, 'It was not His Mother I saw hanging on the Cross for me: it was Himself. That is why I pray to Him.'"

Some months after their return to Leribé some of the American missionaries came to visit the Coillards at their station. The Basutos heard they were there, and without telling their pastor, they prepared a surprise party, quite in the American style. (Was that institution borrowed, like the camp-meeting, from the negroes?) They killed and cooked goats, sheep, fowls, and an ox, then late at night they surrounded the station singing hymns in chorus. M. Coillard, finding the noise at that hour somewhat untimely, came out and found the stoep literally covered with victuals.

"What is all this?" he asked the elders present.

"It is for our friends among the Zulus. They took care of our father when he was ill; and these are our thanks."

The visitors could hardly restrain their tears. When

the party had reluctantly departed after a prolonged serenade, poor old Damaris arrived with an enormous pumpkin. She had been working in the fields, and, not having been told about it, she had not shared in the offering. "What shall I do with this?" asked M. Coillard. "Oh, do what you please—I am so happy to have a pumpkin to give. If I had not had one, oh my Father, I would have brought a glass of water."

Damaris died in February, 1876. "During her illness she saw a little grandchild, about eleven years old, was weeping about her soul. The old woman turned round and said, 'What do my ears hear? that you are longing after the Lord Jesus? It is the sweetest word I have heard—long for Jesus all your life!'"

RAHAB.

MME. COILLARD TO HER MOTHER:—

"November 29, 1873.

"... We are beginning now to have our summer rains, and really they are sometimes so dreadful, accompanied by such fearful thunder and lightning that it seems as if the very mountains would be moved. . . . It was so on Tuesday evening; even old people say that they have never seen such a storm. It has washed away many cornfields. This is the case with Rahab, a woman of our Church, who lives here. She has lost all the crops she had sown. To-day she was in her field, and some people came into it and gathered up a quantity of wood and stumps of trees. She said to them, 'What are you doing here? You know this is *my* field, and by the laws of this land all that the floods bring into one's field belongs to the owner of it?'

"'Oh, but,' replied these people, 'this flood is not like another flood; it is Molapo's storm. He paid Putsi, the

rain-doctor, for it; and he says that all the hurricane brings must be gathered up for him.' . . . Rahab was very sorry to hear such blasphemy, so she said a few pointed words and left the people to take the wood. As she was coming home a crowd of people working in a large field began screaming out, 'Rahab! Rahab! come here; we want to say good-day to you.' When she came near they said in a jeering voice, 'Well, what do you say now? Is it your God that has washed away all your corn? What, then, is He going to give you to live on?' 'Oh,' said Rahab, 'I know not, and I really don't feel at all anxious, for I know quite certainly that I won't die of hunger. Why, even *you* would not let me, much less my Father in heaven!'" . . .

Rahab has only just passed away; the writer saw her in 1903, a tall and almost beautiful woman, with most dignified bearing and manners. She had been one of Molapo's wives, but had obtained a legal release from him. To the end of his life she prayed for him; and with Lydia (Ma-Mousa), his "great wife," who had returned to the faith, she cared for him in his last illness (1880), reading the Bible and praying with him, though his attendants would not let the missionaries come near him. Molapo never again made profession of Christianity. He was not satisfied with opposing it in a general way, but a diabolical cunning seemed to possess him in recognising by instinct those who were at all inclined to conversion, and in turning them back by force, flattery, or fraud, whichever weapon best fitted their particular case. Just at the end (1880) "one night he burst into tears and begged that they would remove him from where he was and take him *to the missionaries*." But he was dying of paralysis and could not be moved, and before M. D. could come to him he had already lost the power

of speech. Such was the end of this apostate, of whom M. Coillard (then in Europe) wrote: "Who can penetrate the secrets of a soul with his God? and who can say whether at the last hour this wandering child did not fall into the arms of his Father? My position towards him and my deep affection for him make me feel the anguish of David over the death of Absalom."

THE AFFAIR OF LANGALIBALELE.

JOURNAL:—

"December 13, 1873.

"It was last Thursday, the 11th, that Langelibalele was taken prisoner at Molapo's by Mr. Griffith, accompanied by Major Bell. This poor chief, brought from the mountains by Jonathan [Molapo's son], came and gave himself up (*est venu se rendre lui-même*).

"One's heart is wrung at the thought of a betrayal: one dare not even think of it."

The affair here referred to was destined to be a turning-point of the Coillards' future career, as will be seen hereafter. Langelibalele, chief of the Hlubis, being summoned to account for his possession of arms without a licence, defied the Government, surrounded the volunteers sent against him, and killed five of them while their leader was waiting to parley with him. A commando was mobilised in order to prevent all the outlying Hlubis uniting. Langelibalele crossed from Natal into Basutoland, not so much to take refuge as to induce Molapo to join forces with him. The British Government of course informed Molapo that if he harboured their foe he must be treated as the same. On this Molapo gave him up to the authorities; they understood that he had been persuaded to surrender. In reality Molapo had

invited him to his house, and while he was parleying, as he supposed, his warriors were surrounded and given up to the British. Then he was helpless and a prisoner. The word went forth through all the South African tribes that Molapo had betrayed his guest, and henceforth his name stank in their nostrils. The Zulus and Matabele were especially incensed, as Langelibalele was their kinsman; moreover he had been good to the Basuto refugees during the war of 1865-8. Very strong feeling was aroused in England, and he was released and provided by Government with a farm, where he lived to a good old age. When Nathanael Makotoko heard he had been betrayed, he was indignant, and refused to go and see him. "We have eaten his food," he said; "he sheltered us from the enemy: I cannot look upon his sorrow." Indeed, the whole Basuto nation felt the same; and to this day regard the affair of Langelibalele as a blot upon their national scutcheon.

CO-OPERATION WITH THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

In 1874 M. Coillard had the great happiness of being invited with his colleague, M. Keck, to Bloemfontein, to be present at the induction of the *first* missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Orange Free State. That of the Cape had long had its missionaries. He had always been deeply attached to the Dutch Church of South Africa. The persecutions suffered from those belonging to it had wounded him all the more, as family wrongs are the hardest to bear. He wrote: "I love the Dutch Church . . . the asylum of the French refugees, and wherever I can meet it, I love to report the Christian and missionary spirit that still dwells in its bosom. The wars and antagonisms of races, their continually conflicting interests, have stifled, but they have not quite

extinguished it. May God cause His Spirit to blow over this Church and her pastors." Such was the spirit in which he attended the ceremony at Bloemfontein, and spoke at two meetings. The missionary chosen was M. Maeder, son of one of his own colleagues, who was among the earliest members of the French Mission; and this circumstance gave it an added joy, showing how the breach caused by the war was healing. From this time on it may be said that the French Mission and the Dutch Churches in the Cape and Orange Free State were reconciled. M. Coillard wrote to his friend, the Rev. J. Smith, of Natal:—

"I can truly say that I had not one bitter thought against any, nor even against that good President [Brand], who was kindly inquiring after my station, our return there, and Molapo, &c. I felt in true communion of spirit with the Dutch ministers present. God works wonders, and certainly this is one." . . .

All missionaries were expected to practise medicine in those days.

" 1876.

"I am a *medicin melgré moi*! In spite of my irritability and unwillingness, of my ignorance and my bad Dutch, the Boers come from all sides by horse and by wheel to get medicines and bring me patients. They say I perform astounding cures. We must believe it since they say it: only it is not me nor yet the medicine, but He who hears the prayers of His children.

"The heathen have not the same confidence in me." . . .

After many delays and disappointments, the rains often destroying hundreds of bricks in a single night, the Mission-house was at length finished. It is a small but



LERIBÉ MISSION STATION. THE HOUSE BUILT BY M. COLLARD, 1875.

substantial building of brick faced with stone, raised on a pretty natural terrace overlooking the garden and the fields sloping down to the Caledon. The spot is an ideal one, and its natural advantages make the building look much more imposing than it really is. They both loved it passionately, and Mme. Coillard wrote to her sisters: "People say there is not such a pretty, well-finished house in Basutoland as ours. I think so too."

Since the advent of the magistrate they had started an English service for the traders and other white residents. "This is a true mission work," she wrote again, "and I think it is much appreciated." [The Anglican Church at Thlotsi was not established till 1876.]

Now the work of Leribé was in every way a delightful one. Though there was much to exercise faith and self-denial, still they saw the result of their labours in a flourishing congregation and a growing number of out-stations. They were both verging on middle age: hardships were less easy than twenty years before, and it seemed as if they were now to enter on a period of comparative rest, after all the perils and toils of their youth. God in His providence had other plans for them; and, unknown to themselves, He was preparing the work for them and them for the work.

M. COILLARD'S WORK IN BASUTOLAND.

An Appreciation by Rev. H. Dieterlen, his successor at Leribé.

M. Coillard had the very rare privilege of having two distinct missionary lives, each one of which any missionary might be proud of. His Basuto life—twenty years—and his Barotsiland life—twenty years. During both, he had the activity of a pioneer. The former was a good preparation for the latter, but was in itself a complete and noble life. In Basutoland, he was a leader of men . . . a first-class missionary.

Pastoral Work on the Station.—[In later years] most of the people thereon were Christians. He . . . gave them a very strong Christian education. Many of them are still living, and the traces

of his influence are very noticeable among them. [M. Dieterlen, writing to the *Journal des Missions*, says that their characteristic is that they learnt from M. Coillard to read the Bible and study it *for themselves* with a real personal interest.] He was himself a strong character and a strong Christian, although his appearance, his expression, and his voice were rather mild. He wished to mould men's souls, and he could do it too! People under his pastoral care bore his mark; some were Christians of a remarkable type. But here we must not forget that the natives generally are a people of a low type, that the *matière première* is coarse. When speaking of native Christians, it must not be forgotten that they cannot be compared with what you call in Europe first-rate Christians. . . . Our Basutos are not developed enough to realise all that was in M. Coillard. He was so superior to them, so refined and that in every respect—that the Basutos could not appreciate him to his full value. This is true for all missionaries, but especially for a man like M. Coillard. In Europe he met with people and congregations worthy of him, and quite able to enjoy and to understand his gifts and the “niceties” of his person, of his speech, and of his piety. . . .

Power as a Preacher in the Pulpit.— . . . Both converted and unconverted liked to listen to M. Coillard's sermons. They also liked his way of talking privately to them, for his polite manners, the softness of his voice and of his eyes, his picturesque or witty sayings, were just what natives like. In Basutoland he was reckoned as perhaps the best preacher of the missionary body. . . . The secret of this was not only power, which only appeared now and then, but something seductive or persuasive which went to the heart. . . . He knew how to beg people to give *themselves*, and when he spoke they were inclined to yield to him. . . .

Literary Work (see p. 104).—He added very much to the language as a literary instrument. His speciality was to use words which no other missionary knew, though they were good Sesuto.

Influence in Secular Affairs.—He lived at a time when missionaries had much to do with chiefs and were obliged to interfere in political matters, there being no European power in the country. . . . I have often been told by old people that M. Coillard's wisdom and advice saved Molapo's people from dangerous circumstances, and that, thanks to his intervention, questions were peacefully settled which might have drawn the Basutos into wars with their white neighbours. But he was not afraid of taking certain risks, and of saying plainly what he thought was right and good.

As a Pioneer.—Even in Basutoland he laid the foundation of all mission work now existing in the northern part of the country. Besides that, he was a party to all that was done for the establishment of a native Basuto Church, self-supported and endowed with self-government. He was a progressive, one always ready to suggest new enterprises. He favoured schoolwork a great deal, and possessed great tastes and qualifications for it. . . . He was not one of the founders of the Basuto Mission, but he was one of the second period, who took the mission as it was and gave it a new impulse.

CHAPTER XII

THE ORIGIN OF THE BANYAI EXPEDITION

1875-1876

A Mission from the Basutos to other tribes—Visit of Major Malan—Conference at King William's Town—Disaster of M. Dieterlen's Expedition—A deferred furlough.

THE rapid spread of Christianity among the Basuto Christians after peace was re-established very soon developed a missionary spirit. Even before the war, some of those whose consciences were burdened with the memory of former raids on their neighbours (especially the Bapelis), had tried to bring them a compensation in the shape of the Gospel of Peace. But these tribes close at hand were now being evangelised by the Berlin and other missions; so if the re-awakened desire was to be gratified they must look further afield.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hofmeyr, the first missionary sent beyond its own borders by the Dutch Church of Cape Colony, had settled at Geodgedacht, in the Zoutpansberg. He was a warm-hearted and devoted man, anxious to work in the fullest harmony with the two French-speaking Missions, *i.e.*, the Paris Mission, and the newly founded Mission de la Suisse Romande, in the Spelonken (Transvaal). He strongly advised the Swiss workers and M. Mabile, who had accompanied them on their first

reconnaissance in force, to let their native helpers explore the Banyai region in order to find there a mission-field for the Basutos. Accordingly, Asser, from Morija, with Jonathan (not Molapo's son), of Leribé, and two of Mr. Hofmeyr's evangelists, went there to reconnoitre. It was thought that the missions of the Zoutpansberg, being in full fellowship with them, would be a link in the chain of transport between the new mission and its base in Basutoland—a sensible and practical idea as it seemed. But this was not to be.

No one at this time seems to have known that the Banyai and other Mashona tribes were vassals of Lo Bengula, the Matabele king, the son and successor of Mosilikatse.

Asser was the leader, a born explorer and a most able man. He brought back word that the Banyai were an intelligent people, who were very willing to receive missionaries, and who had already chosen sites for the stations.

The Banyai country in Mashonaland was then but little explored. Thomas Baines, the friend and companion of Livingstone in some of his journeys, published, in 1877, a book describing it, called the *Gold-Bearing Regions of Central Africa*. It contained a map, largely filled in, but hardly detailed enough to be much guide for those who had actually to travel there. Asser made careful notes of times and distances, fountains, and names of chiefs, to be a guide for the future. His report created enthusiasm in Basutoland, both among the missionaries and their flocks, among whom, meanwhile, a spiritual movement had been going on, of which he and his companions knew nothing.

It was much wanted. In spite of outward zeal and increasing numbers, all was not right with the Basuto Christians; far from it. Few of them realised that the

Christian life meant anything more than breaking with heathen customs. The missionaries themselves felt they had given out all their energy, and needed a new endowment of power. M. Coillard's letters and journals reflect his own sense of something wanting.

This need was met for him through the visit of Major Malan, the grandson of Cæsar Malan, and himself a retired officer of the British army. During the distress caused by the Franco-Prussian War, he had sent £1,000 from Singapore to help the French Missions. Since then two movements had been stirring Great Britain—the Gospel preaching of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and the so-called Consecration Movement, the call to a higher ideal of life and service. The latter had made its impressions chiefly through two memorable meetings, one at Oxford and one at Brighton. Many French Christians were present at these, and received a great and permanent blessing, of which they told their friends in the mission-field. Hence, the latter gladly welcomed Major Malan as the messenger of the new, or rather newly revived, truth, needed for a new emergency. Perhaps nothing illustrates better the spirit of the French Mission in Basutoland, the absence of sectarian or international prejudice among its workers than this, their readiness to accept *any* sound counsel and spiritual help that could forward the work entrusted to them.

The visit of Dr. Duff to the Conference of Carmel, in 1864, had been the point of departure for the internal development of the work, the planting of out-stations under native evangelist-schoolmasters, and the setting up of the Normal School to train these; in short, of the Inner Mission.

The visit of Major Malan was the point of departure of the Mission Expedition to the Zambesi—the Foreign Mission of the Basuto Church. It is true that he did not

suggest it; that had been done long before by M. Mabille; but he warmly espoused it, kindled the flame of sacrifice that made it possible, pleaded for it, and himself gave the first and largest donation towards founding a permanent work beyond the Zambesi, when the Expedition ended, and when it was seen that the undertaking would be far beyond the resources of the Basuto Church.

Major Malan arrived at Leribé on Christmas Day, 1874, and had not been ten minutes on the station before he had given his first address to the people there assembled, M. Coillard acting as interpreter.

MME. COILLARD TO HER SISTER:—

“January, 1875.

“We have a beloved guest under our roof at present, Major Malan. Oh, what a man of prayer he is, and so self-denying and fearful of indulging himself in anything which might tend to weaken his spirituality of mind. He has given us a lesson which I at least needed, and which I hope I will not soon forget. He finds us all in South Africa so lacking in the spirit of prayer and so anxious after our comfort and ease.” . . .

From this it will be seen that Major Malan’s standard was a very high one indeed. The effect of all this was seen in the reception accorded to the exploring party which returned from Banyailand in May, 1875. M. Coillard wrote of it some years later:—

“Asser’s return to Basutoland was the electric spark which kindled into flame the missionary zeal of his fellow-Christians there. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect of his addresses. ‘Ah, why could I not cut off my arms and legs,’ he cried, ‘and make every limb of mine a missionary to those poor Banyai?’ At one memorable

meeting an old man rose at the back of the Church. 'Enough of talking,' he said, 'let us do something.' And advancing to the Communion Table, he put down a modest half-crown. The impetus had been given. The whole assembly followed his example, and the movement spread to all the other stations. . . . The sum of £500 was raised in a very short time, without counting quantities of cattle, small and great. The Missionary Conference could no longer hesitate. At its next session, in August of the same year, the Mission [to the Banyai] was unanimously decided upon. The money found, the men offered themselves. Four were chosen, and they at once prepared to start with their families."

M. and Mme. Mabile having their hands full with the Normal School, M. and Mme. Coillard held themselves ready in their own minds to go with this expedition, but they did not offer their services, fearing to "run without being sent."

The Conference, however, decided not to ask them, nor any others in charge of a station, in order not to upset any work already going on. The four native catechists with their families were to start alone; and a request was addressed to the Transvaal Government to give them a passport through their territories. The Coillards, therefore, who were about to take their first furlough after seventeen years in Africa, resumed their preparations for going to Europe, and looked upon their future at Leribé, in their delightful home, as more or less a certainty. The work demanded all their energies; it had never been more flourishing. Mme. Coillard once wrote to her sister: "I think I was too fond of my home and too proud of it, and this must be the reason why I had to be emptied out from vessel to vessel and shaken up."

In the autumn of the same year, 1875, a Conference

took place at King William's Town, somewhat on the lines of the Mildmay Conference. To this M. Coillard and his friend, M. Mabille, betook themselves, drawn by their own deep needs, no less than by Major Malan's urgent invitation. It involved riding nearly one thousand miles there and back, including détours; but they felt it well worth while to journey so far for a blessing. M. Coillard also wished to place his adopted child, Samuel Makotoko, at Lovedale School, and it was then that he learned to know his life-long friend, Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale.

The Conference, or "Consecration meeting," as M. Coillard called it, was presided over by Colonel (now Lieut.-General) Ward, who was also the host of Major Malan and his two friends. The subjects were:—

1st day—Christ, Emmanuel. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

2nd day—Ourselves, believers. "Ye are complete in Him."

3rd day—The necessary consequences of these two facts—complete consecration to God. "Your bodies . . . *a living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your *reasonable service*."

"To Mabille and myself," wrote M. Coillard, many years later, "it was more than a spiritual feast; it was a *revelation*. . . . We had, as it were, a vision of the Lord. It seemed to us that we had never given ourselves, that we did not even know the A B C of renunciation, and we were haunted by the sense of this."

Stay-at-homes looking at a finished map may learn more in five minutes than did the first explorers in five years. But no one can appreciate its value and meaning like him who has trodden every mile it represents, in hunger, thirst, and weariness. This was how the doctrine of "consecration" now presented itself to one who had



Stage I. Raising the roof.



Stage II.— Putting on the roof.
The school-children are much interested.

A TEMPORARY HUT (MAFULO).

To face p. 216.

long sought to realise it in practice. For the first time fully he saw that if Christ was everything, not only for justification, but for sanctification and for service, then self, even the *best* self, must disappear. "*I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me.*"

M. Coillard had all his life the greatest horror of religious fictions; and of emotion, which ought to be a spiritual force, evaporating in mere sentiment.

With him, as with Mabile, to see a truth was to put it in practice. Hence, what follows:—

"Our project of extending the Mission [to Banyailand] . . . was the one theme of our conversation as we rode back. One day [Major Malan, Mabile, and I] were crossing the River Key, and climbing the slopes, when, in obedience to an irresistible impulse, we all three sprang from our horses, knelt in the shadow of a bush . . . and taking each other as witness, we offered ourselves individually to the Lord for the new Mission—an act of deep solemnity which made us all brothers in arms. Immediately we remounted, Major Malan waved his hat, spurred his horse, and galloped up the hill, calling out 'Three soldiers ready to conquer Africa.'

"Mabile and I said, '. . . by God's grace we will be true till death.' And we meant it. That marked a new era in our life, and was, in so far as we were concerned, the true origin of the Barotsi Mission."

He always wrote a note of greeting to his wife, even if he was with her, on birthdays and anniversaries. The following note, accompanying a New Year's gift, shows how deeply this new thought had already sunk into his mind. (The date is evidently a slip of the pen for 1876.)

F. C. TO C. C. :—

“LERIBÉ, *January 1, 1875*[6].

“Let us consecrate ourselves to the Lord ; yes, let us place ourselves upon the altar, and offer ourselves to Him as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto Him—which is our reasonable service. Can we do less for Him who has given Himself for us? Let us be His, body and soul. . . . How we have served ourselves, while professing to be serving Him! what selfishness! what pride! what vainglory have soiled our ministry! Lord, pardon. Lord, accept the sacrifice of ourselves. We have nothing to offer Thee, accept us as we are.

“Yes, the Lord will grant us the grace to complete the sacrifice . . . and not to take back for ourselves what we have consecrated to Him. What a change in our lives, if we offer this sacrifice to our Saviour-God in beginning this New Year!

“I can catch glimpses of that change, . . . but describe it—no! I see it first in our innermost life where so many things displease the Lord! And then in our house, where our influence will be felt in a totally different manner. And then in our relations with the people of our village, and also in our flock. And above all, in our relations with the heathen, and Molapo at their head. . . . How overwhelmed I feel under the weight of our shortcomings. I wish I could begin my ministry over again—sweep away everything, yes, everything! I cannot do it, but God will pardon me.”

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“*May 30, 1876.*

“N. [Nathanael?] has twice prayed for me with a fervour which surprised me; and he asked the Lord for a *very special* favour for me. Will it be done to him according to his faith? . . .

“ Saturday, June 17th.

“ The post this week brings us news of Dieterlen's return with his people ! Asser and his company were imprisoned at Pretoria. Dieterlen was let off with a bail of £300, and then they were driven out. They have come back.”

The story of this disaster has often been told but never quite completely. The impression has perhaps unconsciously gained ground that the French expedition was the object of a general persecution on the part of the Transvaal burghers. That was not so. No doubt many of them were, and still are, strongly opposed to mission work. But they were not personally opposed to missionaries. That feeling, which had certainly existed at the time of the Great Trek, and had been renewed during the war of 1865 to 1868, had generally melted away in actual contact with men whom they respected as the servants of God, and treated hospitably and kindly as one white man treats another in a savage land. General Joubert, as President of the Transvaal, had wished the Swiss missionaries God-speed only a few months before, and was on perfectly friendly terms with the French ones. Whence, then, the change of front ? It must be looked for in the change of Government. Mr. Burgers was now President in place of Joubert. He was a very able and intellectual man, an ex-Predikant, who had resigned the ministry owing to his rationalistic views. For this reason his fellow-citizens did not view him with favour. He saw the great danger to which the infant State was exposed, almost bankrupt and surrounded by heathen tribes armed to the teeth. He thought that the effect of mission-work would be to render the latter still more formidable and aggressive. Hence permission had been refused to the Basuto catechists to go to the Banyai unless they were accompanied by a European. This was

recognised as a reasonable condition, and the Conference accepted the offer of M. Dieterlen, then newly arrived and unmarried, to pilot the evangelists to their new home, see them safely installed, and report upon it to the Committee.

The Basutos had grown rich since the war; means were not lacking, and they were augmented by the gifts of many other Native Churches who sent representatives to the General Synod—held at Leribé, April 5th to 11th. It was a tremendous undertaking for the poor and small Church at Leribé to entertain such a multitude, but they did it; and the moment was a happy one for its pastor and his wife, in a place where, eighteen years before, there was not one Christian convert, to see the people turning out of their houses and killing their cattle to welcome their brethren. M. Coillard wrote :—

“It was under these happy auspices that, after numerous and deeply impressive meetings, we commended our dear brother Dieterlen and his four companions, with their families, to the Lord’s keeping. We were bidding them farewell in the very place whence in by-gone days bands of marauding cannibals used to scour the country, and whence at the head of his clan emigrated the chief Sebitoane, the founder of the Makololo Kingdom on the Upper Zambesi. Survivors of those days were present, some converted, some still heathen, to see their fellow-countrymen going forth on a mission of peace. It was a striking object-lesson, and representatives from every part of the tribe were there to witness it.

“Who would have believed that scarcely a month later this expedition would come to an abrupt end in the prison of a civilised and Christian State? Yet so it was.”

One of the provisions of the Sand River Convention had been that white men were to be free to travel in and through the territory of the South African Republic with their native followers. Relying on this, M. Dieterlen led the party across the Vaal. They had expected some Custom House delays ; but, meeting none, passed on to Pretoria, which they traversed with their waggons in broad daylight without being stopped. Two days later, May 10th, they were arrested at nightfall by two field cornets : the women and children sent to a farm several miles away ; the waggons and goods confiscated and searched ; the men taken away and imprisoned on the ground that they were carrying a few guns and ammunition for shooting game ; but this was allowed for by the terms of the treaty. M. Dieterlen urged that Banyailand, being unappropriated territory, they had as much right to go there as any one else. “ Do you know what our intentions are ? Do you know what treaties we may have made with the natives or the Portuguese ? ” asked the official.

C. C. TO HER BROTHER :—

“ *July 15, 1876.*

“ As our little party were being led back to Pretoria, a lieutenant of police said to Onesima that they were quite mad to have been led into the delusion that they were preachers or catechists, . . . they were neither the one nor the other, they were simply *Kaffirs*, and always would remain so. As for God, they had nothing whatever to do with Him, and if by any accident a Kaffir, even *one*, were to be seen in Heaven when he got there, he would pick up his hat and wish [the *Almagtij*] goodbye and walk straight out. Good Onesima, in relating this, does not seem to have been at all struck by anything ludicrous in this speech : he says that he just held up

his Testament to the Boer and inquired, 'If you walk out from God's presence, where will you go? For this book which I hold in my hand only speaks of one other place.' He named that place, and its inhabitants, and for daring to do so, he was accused of insulting the authorities and speaking disrespectfully."

In fact, he was put into the condemned cell, and perhaps Onesima's speech was hardly the best recommendation of native Christianity.

Next morning Mr. Dieterlen was bailed out for £300 by a German missionary (a Christian Israelite, it is interesting to record). He could not persuade the Government to let them go on, but he obtained the release of the catechists on the payment of £16 "for board," and the little party returned to Basutoland, disappointed but not discouraged.

"The spirit of Missions is the spirit of Conquest. Forward, forward! the Gospel entered Europe by a prison." These were M. Coillard's words to the Synod specially convoked in July to consider the question. But he neither took nor was asked to take any step in the matter.

Five months later another meeting was held (November 1876). At that time he was ill, but he rose from his bed to attend it.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"I felt urged to go. It was the last time I should meet them all before leaving for Europe. . . . And yet an idea crossed my mind. I . . . told myself we must always be ready for the Lord's commands. . . . (After many discussions) they proposed to me to put off our journey to Europe and put myself at the head of this expedition. This proposition fell on me like a thunderbolt. I made all the objections I could. . . . The

family expecting us in Europe: and friends too—our preparations all made: on the one hand the appalling responsibility of this expedition, my own bad health, and finally the pecuniary question, above all, filled me with distress. I said that if they had proposed it to us at the earlier meeting we would have been ready to go, but things had gone too far now. . . . It was thus I returned to Leribé exhausted with emotion, accompanied by C., who was to stay with us. I had written a letter to my wife to put it calmly before her. She was watching for my arrival as usual, . . . and received me with her usual smiling playfulness. Scarcely was I inside, when, relieving me of my bag, her eyes fell on the letter. Everything else was forgotten. She opened it, read it, folded it up without a word, but her expression had changed terribly. We spoke little and slept less for several days. Our conflicts were terrible, hers especially. We had the presentiment that God was calling us to a great sacrifice, and we said to Him, weeping: ‘Give us strength to accomplish it, if it be Thy will.’

“The thought of leading a wandering life full of perils and adventures, and leaving our station for so long, appalled us. However, we fixed a day for our final decision and redoubled the ardour of our prayers. We communicated our thoughts to no one. The evening of this very day, our friend C., who was not at all in sympathy with the appeal they had addressed to us, and who had not the least idea that the moment had come for us to decide, read the 91st Psalm to us. Never had it seemed so beautiful. When, after marking the magnificent promises, which came so aptly one by one, our brother came to verse eleven, ‘He shall give His angels charge over thee,’ the climax was reached. My wife and I looked at each other, and understood. The moment we were alone, ‘Well!’ I said to her.

“ ‘Well, with such an escort, we can go anywhere, even to the Zambesi.’

‘I think so too,’ I said.

“We knelt down, our resolution was taken, peace and calm and joy returned to our hearts. No, we will not offer Thee that which costs us nothing. Here we are, Lord ; do with us as Thou wilt.”

The foregoing was written on Mme. Coillard’s birthday. She was forty-seven.

M. Coillard had to start at once for Natal, to buy the necessary equipment.

“I bought the supplies for the expedition. I had prayed very much that I might not buy anything useless, and yet that everything might be right, and if I had it all to do over again to-day I could not take an item off the list. The purchases amounted to £50.”

A few weeks before their departure, M. Coillard’s niece Elise, a young French girl, arrived in Natal with a married sister who had intended to make a home for her, but who found herself unable to do so for the time being, and who, knowing nothing of their altered plans, very naturally thought her uncle and aunt would receive her for a while, and perhaps bring her back to Europe. There was nothing for it but to take her with them. In the end Elise became as a daughter to them. At the very same time M. Coillard found himself responsible for the orphan children of another brother who had just died, after being ruined through the war of 1872. The letter he wrote about it to the pastor of Asnières, asking him to put them to school at his expense and keep him informed of their progress, is one more proof that neither he nor his wife ever pleaded public duties as an excuse for evading private ones, though only rigid self-denial could compass this responsibility.



THE CARAVAN IN THE MACARI-CARI DESERT.

PART III

THE BANYAI EXPEDITION

Never saw I faith so high
In the Everlasting Lord:
Courage to believe Him nigh;
Courage to believe His Word.

Faith on soberest reason based,
Faith that with the thinking mind
Life's dark problems long hath faced,
Yet trusts God and human kind.

Rev. C. A. Fox.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BANYAI EXPEDITION

1877-1878

Departure—Pretoria on Proclamation Day—Sir T. Shepstone—Mr. Hofmeyr's Dutch Mission—Wandering in Mashonaland—Adventure at Masonda's—Among the Banyai—The Matabele Raid—Carried Captive to Bulawayo.

THE heading of this chapter brings us to the beginning of what was really the great work of M. Coillard's life. The account here given is taken directly from the journals of M. and Mme. Coillard, and not from the published volume in which he described it in detail.

The chief feature of this achievement was not so much that it was breaking new ground, for others had visited the country though they had not traversed exactly the same route. But these had been solitary wanderers, whereas M. Coillard conducted an expedition, consisting of five families with attendants, for two years through the most unlooked for dangers and difficulties, and brought them safely home with the loss of only three lives, with their harmony unbroken, their zeal unquenched, and their object achieved. This object was to find a mission field for the Basuto Christians themselves.

On April 16, 1877, the party had a hearty send-off

from Leribé. Missionaries, traders, magistrates, all assembled, as well as the natives, Christian and heathen. Only one face was missing, Molapo's. That chief lay sick—it was the beginning of his last illness. Nathanael accompanied them to the border: he longed to go with them, but duty forbade.

Here they parted from the work of their youth. Mme. Coillard turned to her husband as the waggon began to move, and said, "We have weighed anchor: God knows where we shall land. But He knoweth my wanderings, my tears are in His book." No one shared their own presentiments. It seemed to be thought they were beginning a six months' picnic, common enough in those nomadic days, and would soon return.

Thus began this odyssey of two years. The party consisted of M. and Mme. Coillard and their niece, Elise Coillard (a girl of fourteen or fifteen); four evangelists, Azael, Aaron, Andreas, and Asser, with their families; and four leaders and drivers, namely, Fono, Bushman, Eleazar, and Khosana. Altogether there were four women, seven men, five little children, and five young unmarried men, besides the three Coillards, twenty-seven in all.

Eleazar, Khosana, and Bushman were Christians and volunteers, and all three were destined to lay down their lives in opening up the way. But this was an issue which neither they nor any one about them thought of, except the leaders.

Before very long M. Coillard began to realise that the expedition had been undertaken far too light-heartedly, on the strength of the native explorers' assurances. They were able and devoted, but it was impossible they should have the same sense of responsibility as a white man in like circumstances. It became

evident that they had fixed their attention too much on what was outward and visible, the line of route, food supplies, and fountains: and what they did not see, namely, the real ownership of the Banyai country and the real reason why its inhabitants wanted missionaries, had escaped them altogether. In the same way they had enlarged too much on the material benefits of Christianity in their interviews with the Banyai chiefs, and the latter, in their disappointment at not getting what they expected, wreaked their resentment on the whole party in a way that nearly cost them their lives. It is true that the heathen never want missionaries except for material benefits; but men like Moshesh and Lewanika desired enlightenment and civilisation. The Banyai chiefs were on a lower level, and only coveted powder, guns, and blankets.

At first, however, all went well. Every one was full of zeal and good humour. At Pretoria they witnessed the hoisting of the British flag on the Queen's Birthday, amid pouring rain, a *fête* that failed.

JOURNAL OF MME. COILLARD:—

"I said to a young Boer, 'What do you think of that?' pointing to the [British] camp. 'What do I think of it? Nothing. It is only a mouthful before breakfast for us Boers if we chose to turn them out, but we don't choose to chase back the soldiers; we are glad they should turn out Burgers' Government.'"

The scorn felt by the truly patriotic Transvaalers for Mr. Burgers' Government can be understood from the next instalment of Mme. Coillard's journal, telling how they met the gentleman who had actually ordered M. Dieterlen's arrest. He had been head of the Exe-

cutive when Mr. Burgers was away during the war with Seccocoeni in 1875-6. They were cordially received by Sir Theophilus Shepstone (as he had now become), whom they had not seen since leaving Natal in 1868. Mme. Coillard wrote (Journal, May, 1877):—

“We found our dear old friend on the verandah just after lunch, seated with a crowd . . . officers and his staff: he received us most cordially. ‘What *are* you doing here! What *is* your business in Pretoria?’ On his repeating these questions, I said rather archly, ‘May I take the liberty of asking what *you* are doing in Pretoria?’ This . . . caused a hearty laugh.

“ . . . He invited us inside and we spoke of our mission to the Banyai and all the perils attending it: we spoke of the treatment which the expedition had received last year, of their imprisonment, and of their having to pay £16 for their board and expenses; of the new turn of affairs, &c., &c. . . . As we went out, Mr. Shepstone said to Frank, ‘I let you pass because you are not going to take my friend here to the Banyai for good: had it been otherwise, *I* would have put you in prison, only I would not have charged so much for the board!’ . . .

“F. said, ‘Would his Excellency allow our people (*i.e.*, the native helpers) to salute him?’ . . . But the sentry would not allow them to pass the gates. He said, ‘Let me go to them,’ . . . and spoke so kindly to them. We then left, saying, ‘He is not a bit changed: he is still Mr. Shepstone of old.’

“From this very pleasant visit we went to the Market Square; we said that we must see that strange sight, Her Majesty’s regimental band playing for the pleasure of the Boer population of a Saturday. . . . By and by, Mr. Henderson came up, and then another of our friends,

till we had a little group. Among these came Mr. —, the former State Secretary, a renegade Dutch minister. He was very smart on this 19th of May—white kid gloves, a satin felt hat, and spotless broadcloth; everything shone, and his eyeglass gave him a very smart and knowing appearance. He was gay, too, and facetious, for he had just done Her Majesty's Government the honour to accept a place in its midst. F. was introduced to him, and had a long and animated discussion with him about his treatment of our Mission party last year; all this I listened to attentively, and did not lose a word as I chatted with Mr. Henderson. Then Mr. —, turning round, was introduced to me. I am sure he did not hear my name, for he said in a jaunty style, 'Oh, Madam, you are on a visit to Pretoria! You must swear to the Queen before you leave!' I replied, 'I am a subject of the Queen, and so won't find it a hard task to swear to her to-day, especially under the present circumstances.' He laughed and said, 'That's right, you will follow my example; I have gone over this morning to her ranks, and am now in the Council of Mr. Shepstone.' Though I was already aware of the fact, I said, 'I think it is the most advantageous thing you could have done for your own interests, sir; as for ours, it is a guarantee that you will not this year treat our Mission party as you did last year.' A smile passed over those who stood by. Mr. — looked confused, and involuntarily looked from me to Frank, and then only it seemed he knew who I was. I felt so indignant and also such a contempt for the man, that I could say almost anything to him." . . .

A few days later, Mr. — related the whole story to some mutual friends with perfect good humour, adding, "Those French missionaries are one too many for me"

—the overpowering unit being apparently Mme. Coillard herself.

“On Monday we went to town, . . . and bent our steps direct to the Dutch Parsonage. We knew nothing of the minister, not even his name; we asked it on the road, and truly we were directed of the Lord in the matter of this visit. It is impossible to describe the pleasure we derived from the intercourse we had with dear Mr. and Mrs. Bosman or the sweet sympathy which drew us to them. In the afternoon of the same day they called on us, and we loved them still more. . . . Wednesday we spent at Mr. Bosman’s and enjoyed very much indeed. How could I have missed mentioning the great event of Monday evening, which was an invitation to dine at Government House, which F. accepted. . . . From the dinner F. returned at 11 p.m. I saw immediately by his face that he had greatly enjoyed himself. There were forty-two guests, but F. was the honoured one; he sat at Sir T. Shepstone’s right hand, he asked the blessing, and after dinner Sir T. S. talked to him all the evening.”

This invitation to an official banquet for the Queen’s Birthday was not solely a mark of private friendship on the part of Sir T. Shepstone, though that element was not absent. It was deliberately intended to declare the attitude of the new Government to Christian missions and to confer a mark of public honour upon the one that had been publicly insulted the previous year in the same place. Many of the leading Dutch came to express their hearty regret for the action of the late Government, and later events showed the sincerity of these apologies. They left Pretoria overwhelmed with practical tokens of kindness from the Rev. and Mrs.



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AKANAGISOA OF SESHEKE.
Daughter of Queen Mokwae.



MATABELE GIRLS IN BRIDAL ARRAY.
Taken near Mbanji Tank, 1903.

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Bosman. M. Coillard wrote: "They are *in earnest*, and we love them very much."

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"In the Bush veld we met an old Boer, a certain Erasmus: a real patriarch. . . . 'I am *the friend of Seccocoeni*,' he said, 'it is my name among the natives. I do not like the English Government for having taken our country, but I bless it for having got rid of Burgers. . . . Do you know,' he added, 'that he is a spiritist? He does not believe in Jesus Christ, but he believes in spirits. His declaration of war was the most iniquitous thing. Seccocoeni's people had done nothing to him. And what is more, all the Boers, myself included, who were pasturing their cattle in his country, learnt from him first that Burgers had already declared war.' . . . He went a bit of the way with me, after giving Fono a quantity of milk.

"Another Boer . . . accosted Eleazar [the catechist]. 'So you're going to evangelise the Banyai?'

"'Yes, Mynheer.'

"'And do you think they will be converted and believe?'

"'Certainly, as I have believed.'

"'Yes, but they are quite different from you; they are savages, heathen, perfectly heathen.'

"'Mynheer, I was just like them, not one bit better; and yet I am a Christian.'"

As far as the Limpopo, the expedition was loaded with kindness by the many Boers they met, and they were often asked to conduct services, which these people attended with their native servants.

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JOURNAL OF MME. COILLARD:—

“At Marabastadt we found some dear, warm-hearted native Christians: they belong to the flock of M. Hofmeyr. . . . We guessed what M. Hofmeyr must be by seeing them. . . . We arrived late at night, but the people were overjoyed to see us. Some women called us into a house, and after I was seated they sat on the ground, and with beaming eyes one exclaimed, ‘How wonderful is the love of Jesus in the soul! It makes me weep for joy to see you, though I do not know you in the flesh at all.’ She is the wife of the catechist. In the morning she brought me a large fresh ham. On Friday, at midday, we came in sight of the station of Geodgedacht, that of Mr. Hofmeyr of the Dutch Reformed Church. . . . We saw a lovely, gentle-looking person standing at the door; it was Mrs. H. Their house and all its belongings is one of the simplest and most homely I have ever seen, but nobody cares. ‘It is for the Lord.’ The name of Jesus is ever on her lips, and every one she meets is measured by the measure of love they bear to Him who is truly her All. You have no idea how kind people have been to us, . . . they offered us no end of things [till] I firmly refused. If I lived so very far away, I don’t know that I would be so generous.”

From Geodgedacht they made a *détour* to Valdezia, the station of the Swiss Mission, to spend Sunday with their friends, MM. Creux and Berthoud. The Gwambas seemed to be a tribe singularly open to Gospel teaching, for in the two years they had been there several men and women had been converted who were baptized on this occasion. Mr. Hofmeyr lent them some of the best members of his Church, who had volunteered to act as guides.

These happy visits to Geodgedacht and Valdezia ended, the Limpopo or Crocodile River had to be crossed; and then the adventures began. Their direction (for there was no road) lay among rivers and thickets, through which a way had to be cleared with hatchets. Even before they reached Pretoria they had had to part from many things which, as Mme. Coillard said, “*I thought necessary: our folding table and chairs and some cases with all my extra provision of clothes for the winter,*” but now she wrote, “We seem to have nothing of our own, for we don’t know what we may be called from day to day to give up.”

It was the dry season, and often they could find no water; the rivers were bogs, in which the waggons stuck; the country was filled with game seeking the few pools; the lions and jackals came after them and prowled around the camp night after night. Leopards beset and attacked them in broad daylight. The few goats on which the party depended for the children’s milk were stolen by the Makalaka.

MME. COILLARD TO HER FAMILY:—

“We must be ready *to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods* for Christ’s sake, yet it is hard to realise that it is for His sake, indeed, when we see before us those wild naked black figures, who live by plunder, and dread the sight of their fellow creatures. . . . We have suffered very much from the heat and fatigue all these days—I may add also from want of sleep, for we never know what a good night’s rest is. Last night the dogs barked the whole time at a lion and some wolves (jackals). The former began to trouble us long before bedtime; he nearly caught Andrea’s dog, but what he really wanted was an ox: our people, too, were awake all the night firing and urging on the dogs to bark; the Boer hunter

fired seven times. Hitherto we have followed the half-made road which these people traced to find game; to-day (August 9th, Michael's Fountain) we must quit it, and find one for ourselves."

One day M. Coillard walked with his niece to the top of a hill to see how the land lay before them. "But while we were looking at the panorama before us, Aaron said, softly touching my arm, 'Master, a tiger!' [leopard]. There it was, indeed, pricking its ears, then lowering its head, like a cat preparing to spring. 'Let us go,' I said to Elise. 'Why, uncle?' 'I will tell you in a minute. Come.' We descended the hill, to her great regret: she wanted to *see the tiger*. The men rushed up with guns and dogs, but the tiger had missed his stroke and we missed ours."

After crossing the Limpopo River, the country they traversed was exquisitely beautiful: mountainous and well-wooded, shady rivers, and glades full of antelopes; the great candelabra euphorbias crowning the castellated rocks. "But surely, aunt," said Elise, "these parks must be kept up by some one!" The supposed owner of these parks, however, had not provided them with paths, not even with a cattle track.

Although they had Baines' map to direct them in a general way, it was often impossible for the waggons to follow it in detail, and between the Nguanetsi River and the Bohoa Mountain (the highest in those parts) they had nothing but the compass to guide them through dense forest, or prairie grass meeting over their heads. Mme. Coillard wrote: "Frank has had a most dreadful week of it. He is never in the waggon; he is either cutting a way, hatchet in hand, or else mounting hills with Simone, trying to thread the way by which we must pass through these interminable valleys."



Pl. Bulawayo.

SOUTH RHODESIA, CASTELLATED CRAGS, AND CANDELABRA EUPHORBIA.

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All through this journey one figure fills the background, that of Mme. Coillard, providing for every want, foreseeing every emergency. Their direction at one juncture lying through a pathless forest, "we had a new consultation with the Boer hunter and our principal men. Christina took part in it. She has a power of judgment worth ten men." When all were exhausted, after dragging the waggon through a dry river-bed, she it was who produced bottle after bottle of cold tea, a provision she had made at the last good fountain. "Oh!" cried the poor men crowding round her, "you are our mother; you save our lives." Again, she is seen cutting out garments for the catechists' wives to sew, tending their sick children, and the whole time carrying on her niece's education as quietly and almost as thoroughly as if in a Parisian schoolroom; classifying plants and writing copious journals; or surrounded by painted savages armed to the teeth, watching to steal everything they could lay hands upon, and bargaining with her for the food they brought. This was a weary duty, for it was necessary to husband the slender resources the Basuto Churches had provided out of their poverty (as compared with Europeans), and the catechists did not like that at all. When the Banyai said, "See how destitute we are; you have a whole waggon full of goods, and you grudge us a few beads," the Basutos wanted to figure as benefactors and shower upon them whatever they asked, so as to win the way to their hearts.

It required no little generalship to keep every one up to the mark, especially with so many women and children. From the first M. and Mme. Coillard had decided that to avoid expense and misunderstanding, they and their servants would fare alike with the catechists and their families, instead of having separate cooking. Needless to say, they encountered the same difficulties as all other

commissariat officers, from Moses onwards. But if they had no manna, Providences as perfect waited on their needs; and if the murmurers did not suffer the summary judgments that fell on the Israelites, it was that their leaders had been shown "a more excellent way."

One great trouble was the early start to avoid the heat of the day. "It is dreadful to travel with people who hate sleep," said one poor paterfamilias, tumbling up when the bugle sounded long before dawn. The motto of the Expedition had to be translated into reality—"Your bodies a living sacrifice."

M. Coillard went to the root of the matter on one of these first Sundays.

"We considered *the Temptation of the Saviour*, laying special stress on the fact that Satan, taking advantage of our circumstances, always seeks the weakest point. He saw that Jesus was *hungry*; then he takes advantage of our position. Satan dared to attack Jesus, whom he knew to be the Son of God, God Himself, because he knew Jesus had a great work to accomplish, and that made him mad with rage. We are going forth to the conquest of his kingdom, of which he knows the weaknesses and miseries: will he have any more respect to us?"

They soon found that in Banyailand and among the Mashonas there was no supreme chief, as in Basutoland, but a number of petty chiefs, who each dwelt separate on his mountain, at the mercy of the Matabele. These mountains were formed of colossal crags, the soft, sandy soil in which they were originally embedded having been gradually washed away by the rains, leaving huge interstices. Consequently every citadel was a miniature Gibraltar, full of secret passages and hidden rock-chambers, in which the poor people took refuge with

their cattle from their enemies. They were a slavish and cowardly crew. Instead of uniting forces and boldly repelling the Matabele, they preferred each to keep his independence, hiding in these eyries when attacked, whence they maintained a futile defensive warfare. They had old guns that had passed from hand to hand all over Africa till they were useless; they contrived to make their own powder, which was highly explosive, but had no propelling power, partly because, having no lead, they made bullets of iron. The Matabele, before whom they grovelled, raided them pitilessly. The Banyai had not even the courage and skill to hunt game, but dug pits for the antelopes, covered by a few branches, into which they fell and were transfixed on spiked stakes at the bottom. The party narrowly missed falling into one of these.

When once they discovered they need not fear violence from the caravan, their one idea was to make all they could out of it and give nothing in exchange.

The first of the chiefs who had invited them into the country and promised them hospitality was Masonda, whose place they reached on August 31, 1877. It was a long and narrow valley closed in by rocky, wooded hills, not far from the Zimbabwe ruins, a perfect paradise of beauty, and densely peopled. The moment the waggon entered it, though not a creature had previously been visible, it seemed as if every rock and bush had started into life. While the population swarmed inquisitively round them, all armed with axes, knives, and bows and arrows, the chiefs at first sent no greetings, and their reception altogether was so rude and unceremonious that the party did not know what to make of it. They said to themselves, "If only the Churches who sent us could have seen how the Banyai received us!" Towards evening, however, the chief's nephew appeared, a repul-

sive individual, undersized, filthy, one-eyed, disfigured by small-pox, with a band of yellow buttons on his forehead (his insignia of nobility), and a few rags of fur round his waist. He presented an ox, with a polite message from his liege-lord. Mr. Hofmeyr's guides were suspicious. They said, "This chief has a very bad reputation; we advise that the ox should not be slaughtered."

Immediately Masonda received the return present (a handsome blanket), he came to the camp himself. He proved to be above the average of Banyai chiefs: he was full of intelligent questions about the construction of the waggons, and declared he had never had such a treat in his life as the cup of sugared coffee they offered him. After they had promised to visit his fortress next day (Saturday) he left them. Every one was delighted with him; even the guides renounced their doubts, and the "ox of welcome" was killed.

Next day, however, Simone of Geodgedacht again had misgivings, and begged M. Coillard not to go up the mountain; he felt sure it was not safe.

M. Coillard considered it was an act of duty and courtesy to go, and his wife accompanied him. The thought of serious danger seemed to them out of the question. They had spent half their lives among African natives—Basutos, Zulus, Bechuanas, and Korannas—and though they had often had disagreements, never once had they experienced ill-usage or violence. By every South African code the persons of guests and ambassadors were sacred and inviolable, and they anticipated nothing worse than rudeness. This they met with. The chief did not appear. They were received by his sister Katse, a lady whose conscious dignity was independent of outward aid, and who attached herself so persistently to Mme. Coillard that they were all amused. She took her visitor's arm, led her all about, and showed her where to place her feet on the trackless crags.



Ph. Bulawayo.]

A MATABELE WARRIOR. FULL WAR COSTUME.

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Tired of waiting in the burning sun, they at last proposed to go, but they were told "the chief was just coming," and were led into a large cavern full of smoke, humanity, and pots of beer. For the sake of air, Mme. Coillard sat down near the entrance, and it was fortunate she did so. Such a crowd gathered around that the evangelists were frightened. "We are blocked in," they said. M. Coillard at once forced a way out, and they were about to leave, when the one-eyed nephew appeared (still wearing the same diabolical scowl, and very little else) and proposed to do the honours of his "town." Out of politeness M. Coillard consented, and followed his hosts, who were officiously leading his wife by the hand. Suddenly he perceived that they were heading straight for a round, slippery rock overhanging a precipice. In front rose the sharp peaks: beyond—nothing, an abyss! A moment later she would have been flung over it and himself after her. He shouted and sprang forward, but already the Banyai, foiled, had turned and led them down the face of the cliff with the agility of monkeys, requiring them every now and then to stop and admire the glories of their abode. "Masonda," they said, "is very vexed not to see you; he has something in his heart to tell you. He will come himself." Katse refused the piece of stuff Mme. Coillard offered her: "it was unworthy of the attentions she had paid her guest."

Sunday passed quietly. Late in the evening Masonda came and demanded powder and caps: that was what he "had in his heart." M. Coillard explained that this was a mission of *peace*, and that he had no powder to give or sell. He offered instead a beautiful American hatchet. "Let the white man keep his axe and his baggage; powder is what I want." This had to be refused. After dark they suddenly found themselves surrounded in their

camp by armed natives, and the chief, reappearing, demanded a dog. The one shown him was thin, he said, and did not please him. He was offered two puppies, but refused both. "I will come again to-morrow," he said in a menacing tone. "Yes, but remember we start early." "*You won't go before I have seen you!*" he replied.

From their tent they watched the torchlight procession wind up the precipices to the top of the mountain, and were filled with vague apprehensions. This was on Sunday night.

Next day, at dawn, they inspanned. Instantly the whole village ran down to them, the women with food to sell, the men with their spears, knives, battle-axes, and arrows. The chief sat on a rock foaming with rage. "Blankets, powder, a dog," he kept shouting. M. Coillard replied, "The dog is here, and you can take it: I have given you a blanket. As for powder, you will never get any from me, so it is no use asking for it. If you will not have that dog, choose an ox." He chose the best.

The others, which were weak from having been yoked before grazing, drew the waggons slowly through the long gorge, escorted by troops of armed men bent on plunder. Fresh bands continually met and joined them. In the very narrowest place, where it seemed impossible to pass between two walls of rock divided only by a mud-hole, the hindmost waggon stuck. The oxen were unyoked at once. In the midst of the tumult this aroused, Mine. Coillard and her young niece sat down under a tree with their sewing. A young man came behind the tree and began brandishing an axe a few inches from their heads. M. Coillard requested a chief to call his people away from such close quarters. "Why should I?" he replied rudely; "is it not *our* country, *our*

tree, and *our* shade? If you don't like us rear, let these women get out of the way; we won't." The oxen having grazed for several hours, were now brought back.

Seeing the principal waggon still immoveable, the hordes of natives closed in upon them, led by the chief in person. The tumult rose higher and higher every moment. The women were all assembled in another waggon where Mme. Coillard prayed and encouraged them, while the men tried to yoke up, and M. Coillard to ward off the threatened attack by every means short of violence. Mme. Coillard's diary says, "All this time Frank was perfectly calm, and moving about as if nothing particular were happening."

Desperate, the poor Basutos seized their guns and ran to defend their families.

"That exasperated Masonda, and I expected every moment to receive a blow from an axe on my head. If I was aware of the danger, I was aware also of the presence of God, and I felt that any emotion or weakness on my part would prove our perdition.

"Christina could not rest, seeing me thus exposed; she flew to me like an angel with a message. 'Think,' she said, at the worst moment of the struggle, 'that this day is a great day in heaven!'

"I retired to pray for an instant, then ran . . . to stop the pillage which had already begun. At the sight of me these cowards fell back. A tall man, a prophet by trade, and playing the part of court fool, stood at the door of the waggon crying, 'And I, the Son of Molimo (God), I want a suit, and I will have it.' With that he snatched some towels. All this time, Fono, brave boy, sat stoically on the box, while Eleazar and Bushman tried to inspan. Asser and Azael came up, lips white, and guns on shoulder. 'I beg of you, my brothers,' I said, 'put

away your guns. Would you . . . shed the blood of those you have come to teach? I implore you not to forget what you are!’ ‘Yes, sir, but men should die like *men*.’ ‘No, a man should die like a Christian first; like a martyr, if need be. Courage! “Those with us are more than all they that be with them.”’ ”

The first shot fired would have meant a general massacre.

The catechists laid down their arms reluctantly. “The fear or rather the shame of seeing their wives so much braver than themselves overcame them,” says M. Coillard. But they implored him as “their father” to give Masonda a bag of powder, “to save our children’s lives.” He hesitated. They had a small case, just enough for themselves to shoot game: it lay on the ground beside the waggon, for the Banyai had actually got hold of it and pulled it out. Fortunately they did not know its contents, but they were about to ascertain them by breaking the lid with their hatchets, a proceeding which would have saved them all further trouble in destroying the waggon and its occupants. Should he, or should he not consent to this concession? No! To go back upon his word would be a proof of weakness which would only compromise them further.

The three teams had been harnessed to the waggon and the drivers at his orders cried “Trek,” but their trembling voices betrayed too much emotion to impose upon the oxen. Ferocious cries of joy resounded on all sides. The Banyai broke into two bands: one closed round them; the other carried off all the cattle they could seize, seventeen in all. “The night is falling,” they cried, “and you are in our hands. We will have your blood and everything else you possess, and we shall see if your God will deliver you.”

The sun was touching the horizon. If they could not escape before the sudden darkness of the tropics fell, nothing could save them. M. Coillard shouted "Trek": the team, terrified by the yells around them, made a final struggle, and, as if by a miracle, the waggon moved. The Banyai defeated their own ends; for it was their shout of triumph which so frightened the oxen that they struggled out of the hole.

Summoned by Masonda to meet him in the forest, M. Coillard refused, and sent the chief the following message: "Understand that these oxen are not my property, but that of God Whom we serve, and Who has delivered us. Beware of slaughtering them, tend them well; and one day it will not be I who will send for them, but you who will bring them back to me, *every one*."

He uttered these words, as he afterwards said, on an impulse, scarcely knowing why. Three weeks later, Lo Bengula's messengers ordered Masonda, as the vassal of the Matabele chief, to restore them at once (which he did), and not to presume to plunder travellers himself as that was Lo Bengula's exclusive privilege. They were not captured again.

There were still thirty oxen left among the three waggons, and by yoking all to each in turn they managed next morning to cross the river, which formed Masonda's frontier. Then they were out of danger, but the tribesmen had followed them all through a moonless night, and the travellers had seen their camp fires twinkling and heard their clicking tongues discussing the events of the day.

Maliankombe, of Nyanikoë, the next chief they came to, and the second who had invited them, received them better, but still rather suspiciously. Though their provisions were exhausted, nobody brought anything to sell

for some days, but at last the market was opened. It was then they learned that Masonda had formed a regular plot to entrap them, so that his people might kill them and take the plunder in the same way as he had already massacred a hunting party shortly before. "I will entice them," he had said, "but you will be afraid of them," and so it proved. "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon all the inhabitants of the land."

They had left Masonda's place earlier than he expected and, in consequence, all his people had not arrived. That alone had saved them. But why were they not killed, when they were so enormously outnumbered, a dozen unarmed men hampered by women and children? To that question they could give but one answer, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

If Maliankombe did not plunder them, he fleeced them, as did his people. "The cows have given very little milk to-day, but you are rich," was a typical speech.

This man's manners were not equal to Masonda's. Being offered a cup of coffee, he waxed indignant. "A *cup*, indeed, for a great chief like him : a large jugful was the least they could offer him." When they gave him a blanket he said he had an elder brother, Sibi, who was the real chief, and who must have a present too.

"Where is this Sibi," asked M. Coillard, "we have never set eyes on him yet?"

The interpreter got in a rage. "What have you got to do with that chief? Maliankombe is the chief who concerns you. Sibi never comes out; he is simply a chief who eats." For the privilege of looking at Sibi—who, sure enough, was eating at the time—they were expected to pay handsomely in blankets, and so with everything else.

It is in the details of his intercourse with these chiefs

that M. Coillard's tact manifests itself. He stood calmly on his rights, kept them up to their promises, refused to be imposed upon or frightened into anything, yet he always knew how to prevent a rupture by some trifling but opportune speech or gift.

JOURNAL C. C.:—

“We have had crowds of people to sell milk and meal and thlubos: oh, how they squabble and talk and scream about the price! It is quite deafening. I never saw heathen Basutos go on as they do; they don't accept a string of beads without the approbation of about fifty people. . . . A trial from which we suffer daily beyond description is the publicity in which we live from the crowd of people who sit for hours, and often for the whole day, in hopes of selling something, . . . and scream and dispute and argue so noisily that it is impossible to stay in bed, however ill one feels.”

Mme. Coillard had a severe attack of sunstroke, during which she became unconscious. “I reproached myself for the sting of my heart as I opened my eyes once more on the light of this world. I did not till then realise how very unutterably weary I had become, and how little the world and its pleasures found a response any more in my heart. But here I am still below, still fixed to my appointed task, still a prisoner in the body and still an exile from *home*. If that is to be my lot for a season, still I do beg the Lord to restore my bodily health so that I may honestly and faithfully serve Him.”

From the effects of this sunstroke Mme. Coillard never entirely recovered: she suffered terribly from her head to the end of her life.

TO HER RELATIVES :—

“ *September 16, 1877.*

“ One trouble F. has had ever since we came here is how to send to the Matabele chief to let him know that we are here. The Banyai pay tribute to the Matabele, and we cannot live here without their consent; we must also do homage to Lo Bengula. Yesterday forenoon I was lying in the waggon (the thermometer was 92°), I felt quite overcome when I heard a loud voice behind and saw a native leap over the fence which we have had put round our camp to keep our importunate visitors off, who come by hundreds before daybreak and only leave after sunset. I saw in a moment, by the polished ring this man had on the top of his head, that he was none other than a Matabele warrior. He gesticulated and shouted, ‘ Here I am, I have arrived at last. How dare you come here without our consent? Lo Bengula has sent me to claim tribute and to tell you Masonda did well to despoil you, for you have no business here unknown to us.’ F. put him out of our enclosure, and told him if he had any just claims they would be listened to, but there must be no noise. We see that this man has right on his side, but that he tried to frighten us by exaggerating. We think he is one of Lo Bengula’s numerous spies, but we wish to have to do with the chief, not with each one of his subordinates, and we fear that we must ourselves go to Inyati before matters can be arranged.”

This induna proved to have come at the head of sixty warriors. The troop divided into two parts. One part took Asser and Khosana with a handsome present to Inyati to ask Lo Bengula’s permission for the establishment of the mission among the Banyai. The other took Aaron and Eleazar to Masonda’s to demand on Lo Bengula’s part the rest of the cattle and plunder he



A MATABELE WITCH-DOCTOR.

To face p. 248.

had taken. M. Coillard offered to go to Inyati, but it was thought best for him to stay at Nyanikoë, as, if he once left, all hope of the mission's settling there would probably vanish for ever. So they waited for two and a half dreary months. It was an unhealthy place, and very little could be done till they knew the language. Mme. Coillard fell ill, and her husband for over a fortnight was nearly blinded by ophthalmia. However, he worked at various books he was writing for the Basutos—the Psalms in metre, a Church history, and Scripture history, besides keeping copious diaries.

The Banyai, so insolent to the white men, were abject towards the Matabele. At the first word of their approach they had ceased field work for days, only grazed their cattle by night and close to the foot of the mountain, and hid all day in the clefts and caves.

The troop returned safely from Masonda's with the rest of the stolen goods, cattle and all, and with still fuller details of Masonda's plot. Katse and the One-eyed had been instructed to throw "the white man's wife and daughter" over the precipice and himself after them, and then to massacre all their people. "And why did we not do it?" they asked, "then we should not have had all these worries with you Matabele." They permitted themselves this insolence to their masters because the detachment was such a small one. The Matabele themselves were astounded that the whole party had not perished. "If you escaped Masonda it is a miracle," they said. "*Your Jesus is almighty.*"

The Banyai were and are a very industrial people, they had immense tracts of land under cultivation, and a far greater variety of foods (cereals and other) than the Coillards had seen in any native tribe. Intellectually, they were not developed. They had a curious method of counting. They reckoned by tens, with grains of corn,

putting each *ten* aside and beginning again. When three tens were complete (thirty), they said: "The moon is dead, another rises." Then the tens began again, and at the end of three tens, "Two moons are dead, the third rises," and so on. They told M. Coillard that they used to have a day of rest, but the custom of observing it had dropped. He told them the days of the week. "What!" said the chief, "do you work six days and rest the seventh? Then what do you do with the other three days that make up the ten?"

It is odd to find the Banyai and the Terrorists of France at one as to the week of ten days.

M. Coillard had lost no time before getting to work. He dug a large reservoir in a marshy place, where they could bathe, and for the Banyai a good deep fountain. This did not please the people, who accused him of stealing their water. Within a week after the first hut was built, he had organised the school and set the catechists to teach in it, and had made a small vocabulary of the language, to which he added day by day. The interpreter, however, was very little help. "How does one say '*my* house' in Senyai?" The interpreter told him. "Well then, how does one say '*thy* house'?" "Sir, I have no house. I have no wife, no home!" M. Coillard then tried to relate the story of the Prodigal Son. "How does one say '*younger brother*'?" This was a poser. "Masendike and Pafudi, for instance. Masendike is the elder, what is Pafudi?" "Oh, *Mtoko*." "Very well then, the younger son, *Mtoko*, gathered all together, went into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." "How dare you tell such lies about Pafudi? He never did such wicked things in his life!" In spite of these and other obstacles the language was gradually learnt, and M. Coillard was able to teach them to say, in words they really understood, the verse,

“God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son.”

He often discussed it with Maliankombe, who, however, could not take it in. “If God loves us, why does He let us be scourged by the Matabele?” he asked. “Can He deliver us from the Matabele? They are just going to arrive, and they may kill both you and me: are you not afraid of them as we are?”

“Not at all. God is our Father, and He is all-powerful, and He loves us. We were not afraid when we were in Masonda’s hands, and we shall not be afraid in the hands of the Matabele.”

“Can there be any who do not fear the Matabele?” A second regiment of the latter arrived on October 20th. They camped on the mountain and summoned M. Coillard to meet them. He refused to go. “I am at my camp,” he said, “if they have a message for me, let them come to me.” The envoy returned, scarcely daring to report such words; and the chief, Maliankombe, came himself, imploring *his guest and friend* to comply with the summons. “They are our masters, they expect every one to obey them.” M. Coillard replied that the Matabele had to obey their own king, and if he had charged them with a message they were bound to deliver it. In due time the induna presented himself at the waggon. He and his men stood outside the stockade and shouted, “Come out when we tell you, or we will kill your children and treat you worse than Masonda did. We cleave the heads of those who do not respect us.”

Invited inside, he informed them that Lo Bengula required their presence at Inyati. “Indeed, and how am I to know you really come from the chief? Where are my messengers whom I sent with my homage to him?” The induna, after much parley, saw he must justify himself, and said he would wait till Asser and Khosana

were brought back, which was not till the 22nd of November.

Asser made it quite clear that Lo Bengula would be satisfied with nothing short of seeing the whole party. The Matabele chief was so furious at their entering his territories, and especially by a new road, a *back door*, that he had never even received the embassy, nor would he accept their messages and presents. The captives made no further difficulties. Resistance, indeed, would have been hopeless, since 150 warriors had come to fetch them.

The work had to be abandoned, just as the people had come to trust them. There were many regrets, but only one act of disinterested kindness—a big pot of yams sent by an old woman. When M. Coillard wanted to pay her with beads, she said, “No, it is a present I offer to the men of God. I live a long way off and I am old, but the moment I heard that men of God had arrived here my heart rejoiced. The jug is for their water; if they do not like the yams, I have rice and corn, and will bring them instead.” M. Coillard wrote: “Her conduct formed such a strange contrast with that of the vultures around us. . . . Surely God will remember this poor woman, who, in spite of her ignorance, has denied herself to show kindness to His servants.”

The Banyai are now being evangelised by the Dutch Mission of the Cape, as an extension of the work begun by Mr. Hofmeyr and now carried on by his sons.

The mission party had no longer any illusions. They hardly expected to leave Bulawayo alive; and Maliankombe told them that if the Matabele did not murder them on the road they would certainly do so on their arrival. They were prisoners, and they were made to feel it. They had to travel night and day through rivers and forests, over mountains, marshes, and rocks, straight across country, not even by the cattle path.

Their captor pointed to a high mountain covered with huts, and remarked casually, "There is nobody there now; we killed them all." "And why?" "Oh, because they had no ears; they did not give us food when we went to them, so we scaled the crag in the night and slaughtered them all."

They were also told that Lo Bengula had lately lost his favourite wife, a young girl—of course through sorcery. In consequence, the witch-doctor had indicated several villages as the sources of the spell, and all their inhabitants had been put to death—men, women, and children too.

The induna then demanded "presents" from them. M. Coillard refused point blank, saying that he had no right to ask anything from captives at his mercy. Strange to say, this man, who could easily have taken anything he wanted, at once saw the justice of this, and later on grew almost effusive when a small present was offered him.

The heat was such that the water in the barrels was sometimes too hot for their lips to touch, though they were nearly dying of thirst. Once they trekked for eleven and a half hours without one outspan over the rough, roadless ground. As usual in the hot season, there were heavy storms which made the swamps and rivers almost impassable and the bivouacs a misery. To pick a flower, to wash in a stream "in *our* country" was an unpardonable liberty. Knowing that they were technically trespassers, they did not dispute these restraints; but when they were forbidden to write letters or diaries, which were supposed to be the weaving of spells against Lo Bengula, they declined to submit, and their escort looked the other way.

CHAPTER XIV

MATABELELAND

1878

Three Months' Captivity—Lo Bengula's Kraal—*Servus Servorum Dei*
—Expulsion from Bulawayo.

BEFORE halting at the village of the Matabele chief the whole caravan was sprinkled with charmed water by the chief medicine-man to destroy the evil magic they might have brought from the Banyai. At M. Coillard's first interview the chief would hardly speak. He insisted on seeing Mme. Coillard, who consented to visit his camp. Lo Bengula thereupon waxed almost gallant, and escorted her to the shade of his waggon. Then seating himself on his throne (in this case an empty soap-box), he graciously invited her to sit at his feet. But here her husband interfered, "With us, ladies do not sit upon the ground," and Lo Bengula fetched a seat for her himself, and listened with the greatest attention to all she told him of their adventures and purposes. However, it was two and a half months before he could assemble the headmen of his nation to give them a decided answer, and that was a refusal. Mr. Sykes, the missionary (L.M.S.), did all he could to help them, but in vain. All that time they were close prisoners at their camp. This was not because Lo Bengula wished to

insult his captives, but he dared not let them out of his sight, lest his people should kill them; and as he was a nomad, lived in his waggon, and travelled at a moment's notice, whenever he moved they had to move too. On New Year's Day they were trying to cheer their forlorn little party by arranging a dinner and some festivities for the children, when suddenly word was brought that the chief was starting and they must follow; so they had to take their pans off the fire and hastily pack up and *trek*.

Their knowledge of Zulu enabled them to converse freely with him, and from the first the old savage seemed to take the greatest pleasure in their society. He constantly invited them into his court, where, however, they witnessed many painful and disgusting sights. The cruelty of the Matabele was abominable. Lo Bengula never allowed any one to become a Christian. If he showed the least inclination to be friendly with the missionaries of the L.M.S., the suspect was put to death, but ostensibly by accident. The chief was always surrounded by executioners, or, rather, professional assassins, and no one knew who might be their next victim. It was true that he treated white people well; in fact, his court was usually full of traders and prospectors, drinking beer at his expense; but his grievance against the Coillards was that they were associated with Basutos, "who," said his chiefs, "smell of Molapo, the traitor—that unworthy son of Moshesh who sold our kinsman Langalibalele." For this reason their lives were never safe for a moment, and once they were in actual peril. Lo Bengula could not believe they had reached his country through the Transvaal. He understood that Queen Victoria was now sovereign of the Transvaal, and hence she was his next neighbour. How was it, then, she had not sent him a present by them?

"No doubt she would have done so," said an Englishman present, "if she had known of your existence."

"What," he growled angrily, "who could there be that does not know *me*, and the extent of my kingdom?"

Mme. Coillard came to the rescue.

"Difficult as your chieftainship must find it to believe such a thing," she said, "there *are* beings so wretched and benighted as never even to have heard of *you*!" and the situation was saved.

When asked by Lo Bengula to witness a native dance, M. Coillard complied, but did not stay too long for fear he should seem to sanction all that went on. "However" (he wrote), "I think that missionaries should be very particular, and before manifesting their disapprobation distinguish between what is *national* and what is *heathen*. Unfortunately the two characters are seldom separated."

The traders and others were extremely surprised at the way in which the Coillards conformed to native etiquette. "We simply tell the Matabele that we don't understand their customs," said one of the former one day. But by this compliance with ceremony, and "rendering to all their dues," from the chief downwards, they were enabled to maintain their own dignity far better than by ignoring this ceremonial, and also were able to know when they were being properly or improperly treated themselves, which those who ignored native ceremonial often did not. They told Lo Bengula frankly that they regretted their unwilling trespass in his country, and thanked him for recovering their cattle from Masonda.

The ideas which the Matabele had gathered about M. Coillard, partly from Asser and partly from a Boer, were very curious. "He had arrived in Basutoland quite a boy, and had grown up under the tutelage of Moshesh; then, war having broken out, the Boers had driven him away into Natal. Somptseu (Mr. T. Shepstone) had



Ph. Bulawayo.]

A MATABELE DANCER. PEACE.

(He is playing a musical instrument with a gourd attached for resonance.)

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taken care of him, made a man of him, and sent him back to Basutoland married"—a story which would have surprised no one more than Mr. Shepstone himself! Asser in his loyalty evidently thought that Lo Bengula objected to M. Coillard because he was a white man, and therefore sought to give him citizenship as a Mosuto. He was quite right in thinking that Somptseu's was a name to conjure with among all the Zulu races, but wrong in supposing it would be any advantage to the Coillards to pass as Basutos.

Fearing lest the latter should compromise their character and safety by well-intentioned evasions, M. Coillard told them they must allow him, and him alone, to be their spokesman. Thereupon he discovered that in their eyes he was not their leader at all, but only a *lengolo*, an interpreter! This was a *Basuto* mission. The *catechists* were the Banyai missionaries, and if he had only understood that from the first, all this trouble and failure would have been avoided. *Their* leader was one of themselves, a man whom they had invested (deservedly be it said) with a double halo, as a pioneer and martyr, and whose head in consequence had been slightly turned, and they resented M. Coillard's having had his first interview with Lo Bengula *alone*. Little did they realise that if he had not prepared the way for them their first interview would probably have been their last. He called them together, and listened to the outpourings of their "pelaelo" (*back-thoughts*) for two hours.

At the end of it he told them with great gentleness that he was their leader; there must be no mistake whatever about that. He was there to guide them in their first independent venture "as a mother guides the child who is beginning to walk alone, and that they must respect their mother." They took his reply in good part,

and one of them went so far as to say that Lo Bengula had sent such a peremptory message, it was clear that *monare* had not had time to call any of them, so they would overlook the apparent slight. He was quite willing that they should have this ladder to climb down by, and the question was not raised again. He understood very well that the poor men were suffering bitterly from the insolence and rapacity of the Matabele, who stole everything possible from the waggons (in two instances the very hats off their heads as they slept), and from their own mortification and disappointment, as also from the complaints of their wives, who, with one exception, were not equal to themselves in Christian development.

Besides, to their simple minds it was all so clear. Asser and Jonathan had explored among the Banyai, and all had gone well. They next started with M. Dieterlen, and their journey ended in Pretoria gaol. The third time they had brought M. Coillard, and here they were, Lo Bengula's captives. Q.E.D.! "And," added one of them in the bitterness of his soul, "if we had only had properly ordained Basuto pastors, we should not have needed you at all. We only brought you along with us to baptize *our* converts and marry *our* Church members!" M. Coillard's breath was taken away. "What, then," he asked, "is your conception of the pastor's relation to the evangelist?" "The pastor is undoubtedly the *servant* of the evangelist," they all exclaimed in chorus.

This was not "Ethiopianism." The colour question had nothing to do with it, except that the method of reasoning was entirely African. From the first Sunday of the expedition M. Coillard had urged upon them the text, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus . . . who . . . took upon Him the form of a servant." "I am among you as he that serveth." "He that will be greatest among you, let him be servant of

all." They had simply put their own construction upon *servus servorum Dei*, and taken him at his word. Clearly the evangelist was not the servant of the pastor; he had his own responsibility to his Master. Therefore, of course, the pastor must be the servant of the evangelist. The problem is at least as old as Moses and Aaron. Which is the post of honour: ministry within the Church, or testimony outside it? The building or the battle? M. Coillard was not by nature a theologian, and his teaching was not so much systematic as practical, arising naturally out of the application of God's Word to the circumstances of the moment. He saw that the difficulty which now met him arose from a lack of the spirit of Christ in His people, a misconception of Christianity, and he met it by manifesting the spirit in which they were lacking rather than by a doctrinal sermon on their errors which they would have only half understood. He knew that where there is true love to the Saviour, very limited and even erroneous views do not of themselves prevent faithful and successful service. The lesson of his example was not lost upon them, as the immediate sequel showed. A new test arose, and the way in which the Basutos met it afforded a touching proof of their sincerity and devotion.

In their own country they had had two kinds of beer—the strong, which Christians never touch, and the weak, which is rather a food than a drink, and hurts nobody. The Matabele had neither, but something between the two, and the members of the party had been taking it freely. It seemed to do their health good, and was their only luxury. The missionary, Mr. Sykes, was a strong teetotaller, and he begged M. Coillard to put a stop to his people drinking beer, because it was so abused by the Matabele and by many of their white sojourners. He did not feel he could forbid it, but he put the matter

before them, asking them if they were willing to deny themselves rather than be a stumbling-block. They agreed at once to do so, without making any difficulty about it. Nor had they lost courage and faith. One and all said the greatest misfortune they could meet would be to return to Basutoland without making a further effort to find a field. One of the catechists said (at Mr. Thomas's station of Shiloh), "If the diamond mines are portioned out in *claims* it is the same with nations, and we know this country with its numerous tribes form the *claims* of the Saviour."

The real opponent of the Banyai Mission was "Nina," the chief's sister and adviser, "a perfect Fredegonde," says M. Coillard, and a well-known character whom many travellers have described. Always amiable to white people, to the blacks she was cruelty personified.

"One of the tortures in vogue was as follows: The hands were tied behind the back to two very slender sticks which passed up behind the shoulders, and were then tied tightly back and front of the head. Then they were continuously struck with another stick. The stopping of the circulation and the shaking of the nervous system cause such torture and delirium that a man can be made to say anything.

"The pretended doctors or wizards who urge this bloodthirsty king to all these crimes are Matsitsis, who originally came from Basutoland, after having made a long stay in the Cape Colony. They are comparatively civilised, wear clothes, have waggons, make butter (which they sell at the reasonable price of two or three shillings a pound), and keep to themselves. Yet people say 'You must *civilise* these natives before you begin to *Christianise* them.' Here is indeed a proof of it!"

Both in their journals dwell on the dreariness of these three months, "a life in which there is nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to distract." They were not even allowed to sketch, pick flowers, or collect specimens for fear of witchcraft, and had to live the whole time in public at their waggons, surrounded by a thievish crowd, who sat on the back, on the box, on the wheels, continually making insulting remarks, people whom nothing could abash, and who never left them alone for an instant, ill or well.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"Never have we had such bitter experiences as in this country. . . . But I must not let myself go with these stormy thoughts. . . . St. Paul had learnt a great lesson when he said, 'I know how to be *abased*. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' O God, teach me too that divine lesson in Thy school. Preserve me from bitterness, from sharpness, from indifference—from *unbelief*."

Among the very few they met with whom to hold pleasant intercourse was a Boer of French descent, once a Freethinker, or *Liberal*, as they called themselves.

"In his youth he had been an employé of some English Government office ; the Kaffir wars ruined him ; the compensation promised him he only received in the form of a bit of paper (a promissory note, which got wet in the river and he threw it away). The abolition of slavery in 1835 so exasperated him against the English Government that he emigrated . . . and fought in Natal under Pretorius against the Zulus and the English. He fought against Sir Harry Smith at Boomplatz, and was one of the founders of the Transvaal Republic. There

he became the furious rival of P. Kruger. A price (if I mistake not) having been put on his head by the English, . . . he thought himself safer in the Marico districts, where he ruled as a chief. The moment the Transvaal became British territory he sought refuge among the Matabele. Such was the enthusiasm of his *liberalism* that one day he galloped over to give a flogging to an evangelical preacher who had dared to proclaim the Gospel in his district. This preacher was Mr. Cachet, our friend, and the affair took place in 1869, when we passed Potchefstroom on the way to Motito."

[A circumstance alluded to in F. C.'s diary of 1868, not 1869.]

"The V. of to-day is altogether another man. Speaking of his own history he said to me, 'Oh, sir, if I were to write my own biography you would be very sad in reading it, for I was a perfect savage, a pure-blooded Frenchman [*sic*]. . . . But when I think of the goodness of God, how He has delivered me from the bullets of the enemy, from the claws of the lion, from the horn of the buffalo, the foot of the elephant, and, in spite of my blindness and my folly, He has never forsaken me, I ought to bless and praise Him on my knees till the skin is worn off.'

"V. was going to Lo Bengula to ask him to confirm to him the gift he had received of a farm in the country."

"February 18, 1878.

"'Waiting on the Lord!' Now, as Christina remarked yesterday, 'we are waiting on the king.' What a lesson! . . . One would like to work, to sweat, to have hardly time to breathe, then one feels he *is* something, *has done* something . . . feels at least useful, if not necessary, and forgets his true position before God.

But to feel one is nothing and can do absolutely nothing, that the Master has set one aside . . . oh, it is harder to the flesh than might be thought. I do not know if eager and active characters would not rather suffer than be condemned to inaction and waiting. 'Let patience have her perfect work.'"

LO BENGULA'S GOVERNMENT.

"Under the government of Moshesh, a representative system had bound the fragments of broken tribes into a close bundle. At the lekhothla every day the humblest citizen puts in practice the adage '*Mo a khothla ga a gande*' [In the lekhothla any one may make mistakes, *i.e.*, be proved guilty].

"Here the Government is despotic and arbitrary: the chief's word is without appeal. I have not been able to discover any judicial forms. The one who first gets his word in before the King has the most chance to win his cause. The chief forms his opinion from the beginning, and the most peremptory arguments will not sway him. What attention can he pay to the affairs of his country when his time is taken up from morning till night with disputes about a goat or a calf that has died?"

The yearly national assemblies took place in the latter half of February. Fifteen human lives were sacrificed, Lo Bengula acting as High Priest of the nation. This was what they had been kept waiting for. On March 1st he called M. Coillard and the men of his party, together with Mr. Sykes of the L.M.S., to hear the final decision of his nobles as to the Banyai Mission. It was a point-blank refusal. After they had arrived in answer to his summons, Lo Bengula kept them waiting for five hours (11 a.m. to 3 p.m.) in the burning sun, while he fed his ostriches, dogs, and pigeons.

“Then sitting on a rock, his only garment a long strip of yellow calico tied on like a bandolier, and two woollen shirts tied round his waist by the sleeves, half turning his back to us, Lo Bengula asked Mr. Sykes to tell him what had passed at the morning’s conference. . . . At last L. B. asked me what I had to say. I had just begun when he got up and walked away.” . . .

A long and stormy scene ensued. There was no order, the chiefs all shouted at once, covering them with insults, “Where shall we go raiding if the Banyai have missionaries? and as for the Basutos, they smell of Molapo, that treacherous chief who betrayed Langelibalele!” “Where was Langelibalele taken prisoner, hey?” “Sykes, we know you; Moffat brought you here. But these are foundlings—nobody’s children; we have nothing to do with them.” “We hate to see you! There is the road that leads out of our country. Begone!”

M. Coillard sat calmly looking at them. Nevertheless, even he felt shattered by this scene. He had a final private interview with Lo Bengula, and said to him, “If you had sent us away from Banyailand, no one could have said anything. But now you have shown us your face, and treated us kindly and we have eaten your food, to drive us out of your land for a fault that is not ours is a deed no other chief in Africa will understand.” Lo Bengula hung his head. At last he said, “You—you have lived among men. Moshesh was a man. But I—you see I am alone. My chiefs will not let me have your Basutos. If you had been alone, it would have been different.”

“Chief,” was the reply, “I also am a Mosuto. The blow that strikes them, strikes me first.”

Immediately afterwards the party was sent away to Mangwato, Khama’s country, which they reached April



Waiting for the trader.

PANDA-MATENGA.

Ivory and leopard skins
(Royal monopolies).

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27, 1878. That Christian chief with his missionary, Mr. Hepburn, received the poor derelicts with open arms, and every one in the place loaded them with kindness. They needed it, for they had travelled a whole month by forced marches through a burning wilderness, foodless and waterless, with six invalids among them. They had only once been able to buy meat, giraffe's flesh, from a Boer.

Khama strongly advised them to go to the Zambesi, and offered to send an ambassador with them to Robosi, the Barotsi king, now called Lewanika. Mme. Coillard wrote:—

“It cannot be possible that the Lord will long allow these wild, fierce Matabele to continue to be an obstacle to Christianity and civilisation. Surely all these events [referring to some murders of white people, Morgan Thomas, Captain Patterson, and Mr. Sargeant] will but hasten the climax, and with it the day when the iron bars will be broken, and the door into this fortress of heathenism burst open.”

CHAPTER XV

THE ZAMBESI

1878

Khama's Town—Journey to the Zambesi—Victoria Falls—The Barotsi—Memories of Livingstone—Major Serpa Pinto—Deaths in the Desert—A Den of Lions—Poisoners—The Return Journey—Mochache the Prophetess—Home again.

AT Shoshong, the capital of the Mangwato district, the expedition perforce halted. It was a time of year when further travelling was impossible; besides which six of the party were invalided. Thus they were able to rest and consider the situation. M. Coillard's mind and purpose were made up from the beginning: not to return to Basutoland without finding a field for the catechists to evangelise. He felt the moment was a crisis in the history of Central Africa. His reasons were threefold:—

Firstly.—He had not originated the expedition, nor had he offered to undertake it till he was asked. It was a *trust*, and he must fulfil it or stand condemned before his conscience and his Master.

Secondly.—He knew that the Basuto Church had potential power to play a part in Africa's future evangelisation, but if this opportunity were lost there would never be another.

Thirdly.—If this effort failed it would give a handle to every one who said that the natives had no real initiative and zeal in propagating Christianity.

His desire had always been, after seeing the catechists settled in Banyailand, to push on to the Zambesi and visit the Makololo. In Bulawayo he had met several people from those regions. From them he learned that the Makololo had been overthrown ten or twelve years earlier, and that the whole country had since been one prolonged scene of anarchy. "Ours is a land of blood," they said. "Why do you grieve that you cannot go to the Banyai, whose tongue is strange to you, when you know *ours* so well? Why not come to us instead?" The Barotsi and their allied tribes still spoke the language of Basutoland, which their conqueror, Sebitoane, had imposed upon them all as a *lingua franca*. He was confirmed in his desire to visit them by a distinguished traveller, Mr. Frewen, F.R.G.S., who had just come from the Zambesi to Bulawayo. He, however, had not crossed the river; he said that no white man had done so since Dr. Livingstone; except Westbeeck, a trader, the Barotsi allowed no one to enter their country. This they kept in mind, and after consulting with Mr. Hepburn and with Khama, who strongly advised the undertaking, the attempt was decided upon. There was no time to write for counsel or permission; it had to be then or never. Immediately difficulties arose. First, the arrival of the post, which they had not had for months, announced a deficit in their Society, and the news from home filled the Basuto helpers with longings to return. One—indeed one of the best—who had left his family behind, was seized with home-sickness, which among Africans is a real malady. They knew if *one* left, all the others would want to go too, and yet they could not forbid the poor fellow to return to his wife and chil-

dren. M. Coillard put the position before him and said : "Go and pray about it." A few days afterwards he announced he was ready to stay. Then the leader himself fell ill, first with ulcers from head to foot, and then with ague in its worst form. No matter ; the first day he was able for it they started. The wives and children were left at Shoshong, in charge of two catechists, with Bushman (who was sick). The others all set their faces northwards.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"As we talk it over, Christina and myself, we cannot think it is *amour propre* that sends us to the Zambesi. The prospect before us is too prosaic, too severe, too *real*. . . .

"I hear that Dr. Stewart has gone to England to ask for a steam packet for Quilimane. . . . The British Government is preparing to arrange telegraphic communication from the Cape to Tete by way of Mangwato. What giant's strides ! Central Africa opens, thank God . . . How splendid will be the day, which I see already dawning, when all the tribes of Central Africa, all along the Congo and round the Lakes, will know Jesus and sing His praises ! It will be a sight for angels. The sacrifice of a life is a small thing to contribute to hasten that glorious day."

It was certainly not a party of pleasure. The awful experiences of the Helmore and Price expedition in 1859 were fresh in their minds. The danger was now lessened, the road was better known ; but in Africa it is very easy to miss the path even on a known track. Makoatsa, the man whom Khama sent with them, had been chosen because of his rank, and was of no use as a guide. One desert-dweller whom they met, and of whom they asked

the direction, replied: "A flask of powder before I open my mouth!" This they were bound to refuse, since at such a rate of extortion they would soon have none left, so they had to guess the way and lose it, then and many times after. Travelling with exhausted resources exposed them to many difficulties, which a trifling expenditure, had it been possible, would have averted. Their people were faithful and in earnest, but Africans have not the same fortitude as Europeans. Hitherto they had held out well, but now they needed very gentle handling. Often their leader sat up watching the camp all night while they calmly slept. It is not surprising that the wanderings of the Israelites were their constant theme of meditation. They did not meet with exciting adventures, as in Banyailand, but they had not the same lovely country to travel through, only bare, sandy flats, with half-dried salt pans, or the dreary mopani-scrub, which always denotes poor soil. The mopani is a tree not unlike the beech in appearance, with butterfly leaves, casting a very imperfect shade. The land seemed uninhabited, but it all belonged to somebody, as they found out very quickly whenever they wanted to shoot game or to water their oxen. The wandering natives themselves respected each other's hunting grounds.

Mme. Coillard had brought Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* from Mangwato, with which to beguile the journey, and also her niece's lesson-books, which the latter would much have preferred to leave behind! Outside activities were more to her taste, and her adventurous spirit and utter fearlessness were sometimes rather alarming to her elders.

They left Shoshong on June 14th, and met their first Morotsi at Leshoma, on August 1st. The waggons had to be halted at this spot some distance from the river to avoid the tsetse fly. For the same reason they

had often had to travel by night, since this insect, the sting of which kills an ox, is only active by day. At that time all the banks of the Zambesi were infested with it.

Leshoma was infested with another foe. The thickets were full of lions, who often roared around their camp all night. Once they had a dog taken from the gate of their stockade; two nights later the lion came quite inside and killed another which was tethered to the tent where Elise was sleeping. At Deka another lion carried off the ass's foal from under the waggon where they slept; nothing was left of it but one hoof and the tip of its little tail. The poor mother donkey did nothing but bray sorrowfully, and would not move nor graze. A lion hunt was organised, led by M. Coillard, and a Boer killed the beast after an exciting chase.

On their arrival they heard that Sepopa, the first king of the restored Barotsi dynasty, had been put to death for his cruelties eighteen months before. He used to amuse himself by rowing out to one of the large islands of the Zambesi, capturing the children of the villages (left alone while their parents were tending their fields on shore), and throwing them to the crocodiles as we should feed ducks.

Since his death two claimants had been disputing for his throne. Nguana-wina, who had helped Sepopa to overthrow the Makololo, had succeeded him, and been deposed almost at once in favour of Robosi (now Lewanika), who still had the upper hand, but only for the moment. He was building his capital, Lealui, on the Upper River.

A message was sent him through his chiefs at Sesheke, the principal town on the Lower River, to announce the visitors and Khama's ambassador. While waiting for his reply the party visited the Victoria Falls.

Mme. Coillard and her niece were probably the first European ladies to see them.

This excursion, which occupied a fortnight, was one of the brightest spots in their lives. It was made partly with carriers, and partly in the little native *mekorros* (or dug-out canoes) along the exquisite river. Its beauty remains unchanged, but in other respects the banks of the Zambesi are very different now from what they were in those days. Then they were lined by a large population; every island had its villages. They boasted immense herds of game and flocks of wild birds, buffaloes, elephants, and lions, crocodiles and hippopotami. (Livingstone wrote in one of his journals that the antelopes were so abundant he mistook a horned herd for a forest, and M. Coillard himself experienced the same illusion.) The last three are still there in plenty, but the elephants have been almost exterminated, and the rinderpest has swept away the antelopes and buffaloes. The Matabele raids destroyed or drove away the people.

The start was difficult. One obstinate guide said, "But, master, you know man's king is his heart, and my king doesn't want me to go to the Mosi-Oa-tunia ["Thundering Smoke," the native name for Victoria Falls], so what can I do?"

Of course, there were the usual mischances, one of which was rather terrible. Quite suddenly, in returning to Leshoma, they came upon the half-gnawed skull and bones of a man's body. He had been killed by a lion a few days before.

Their great delight was in the natives. The Barotsi, who are known to possess the most perfect manners, could not do enough to show their welcome to the white visitors, bringing them little offerings of honey, milk, fish, fruit, and other dainties, with pretty deprecating

speeches and much bowing and clapping of hands. All these courtesies had to be paid for, and paid dearly later on, but at the moment there was nothing to cloud their delight. They had found what they sought—a vast population speaking the same tongue as their own people, understanding every word they said, and ready to receive them, as it seemed, with open arms. Both they and the Basutos felt perfectly at home. The latter, as kindred of the Makololo, were treated with such respect that their leader feared it would turn their heads. M. Coillard at once went a preaching tour along the banks and islands.

MEMORIES OF LIVINGSTONE.

“ZAMBESI, *August 13, 1878.*

“A voyage on the Zambesi from village to village. This has been one of the finest days of our journey. Never had I expected to have the joy of a tour among the isles of the Zambesi, preaching and singing . . . in Sesuto to people who understand and speak it like their own tongue! My only regret was that my poor C. was not with me, sharing my joy. But I had left her at the post of duty; she is always to be found there and always equal to it.”

He had only to call himself *moruti* (missionary), and at once he was welcomed in the name of Livingstone. The impression left by that great man was truly wonderful, and he was already becoming a miraculous figure.

“The chief Mokoro . . . declared it was *monare ngaka* (the missionary doctor) who had killed Sebitoane, and but for him the latter would be living still! Sebitoane wanted to ride on horseback; Livingstone opposed this.



VICTORIA FALLS.
From the Palm Forest, North Bank.



VICTORIA FALLS.
Looking through the gorge from the North Bank.

‘You are full of human blood’ (*i.e.*, a man who has shed blood), he said. ‘You will die.’ Sebitoane insisted, had a fall, and died of the consequences. Of course, Livingstone had bewitched him.”

In reality, Sebitoane had died of pneumonia, so Dr. Livingstone said in his *Travels on the Zambesi*. Many years later M. Coillard obtained some further light upon this fixed idea of Sebitoane’s death by witchcraft. As the story really belongs to this part of the history, it is given below. It will be remembered that this chief left Basutoland at the head of a force early in the nineteenth century, and slowly fought his way to the Zambesi. His method with his foes was not to exterminate them as did the Matabele, but to absorb them. Once conquered, he incorporated them into his army with their families, and showed them the greatest kindness. He invited some Matabele warriors to a parley on one of the islands of the Zambesi; the latter probably expected to form an alliance with him against the Barotsi. Instead, his followers stole the canoes in the night, thus trapping the Matabele, whom they massacred. The Barotsi, who preferred strategy to valour, begged him to rule over them and protect them from the continual ravages of the Matabele, and he consented.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“ December 24, 1900.

“As I was told that Katusi was here, I went to see him. He is Litia’s father-in-law. . . . He talked about old times; he had known Livingstone when the latter had just escaped from the claws of the lion and had his arm broken.* He told me a curious fact. When Sebitoane attacked Sechele’s village [Bechuanaland], Livingstone

* In 1844. See *Life of Dr. Moffat* (T. Fisher Unwin), pp. 168, 216.

was there on an evangelising tour; he had come from Kuruman, where he was still residing. One morning, hearing a noise and an unaccountable agitation, he hastily left his hut. The village was invested by the Makololos [the name given by the Barotsi to Sebitoane's adherents]. Livingstone, who had a sjambok in his hand, felt so indignant at the pillage that was going on that, seeing a man crawling out of one of Sechele's huts, he brought down several blows on his back which made the blood start and raised weals. It was Sebitoane himself. He stood up, seized Livingstone by the hair, and threw him down. The people ran up, and the assegais were about to pierce him, but Sebitoane interposed. 'Let him go, he is a stranger, a white man,' and looking straight at him he said, 'You have courage, you are a brave man. Never before has any one dared to strike me.' Livingstone understood whom he had attacked.

" 'You are strong,' he said, and peace was made, once feelings had cooled down. Livingstone gave £3 as an *amende honorable* to Sebitoane, and Sebitoane on his part presented him with five oxen. When later on they met at the Zambesi [seven years later], they laughed and joked together over this incident. 'You are strong,' said Livingstone to S., 'to have taken me by the hair and throw me down.' And Sebitoane showed him the scar he bore on his back, and said, 'And you are a famous warrior to attack Sebitoane all alone, who has conquered so many tribes. Look at this mark! You are the only one who has ever beaten me.'

"I wonder, though, if his people did not bear a grudge against Livingstone, for when Sebitoane died of pleurisy some days after meeting Monare Livingstone at Sesheke, they accused the latter of causing his death."

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“ *September 20, 1884.*

“Livingstone !* It is interesting to find his traces here. His passage left the impression of a supernatural apparition, and the stories they tell of him now have naturally a legendary character. There was everything to strike the imagination of the natives. He was the first white man they had ever seen. They say he was fine and tall (I never saw him myself). He spoke the Makololo tongue. He was the best hunter ever known. ‘Are you hungry?’ he would ask the first comer. ‘Yes.’ ‘What would you like—a buffalo quarter?’ Livingstone would shoulder his gun, and instantly knock down a buffalo grazing at an incredible distance, give up the meat to him who had asked it, and pass on. Did he travel by canoe? ‘If you are hungry,’ he would say to his paddlers, ‘well, tell me when we pass a village.’ He would then buy pots of curded milk, beer, &c.; his people ate their fill, and the rest was left for those who had sold it. Did he want a fat ox? When it was brought he would ask, ‘What do you think, my friends, is that what we want?’ ‘Yes, *ngaka* (doctor).’ He took his gun and despatched it. ‘Now, what do you want for the beast?’ The bargain ended and the price paid, he would take the piece he chose, and leave the rest, with the skin, to the proprietor.

“He was particularly friendly to old men. He would call them and talk to them, asking all sorts of questions, and send them away with presents. If he saw cattle-herds or girls at work, he gathered them round him, and sent them away always with presents. Thus he opened a way for himself, even among the tribes that seemed most hostile. Sometimes on seeing him they would rush

* Introduced here as completing the subject of Livingstone’s traces at the Zambesi.

on him with threats that terrified his companions. He kept silence, let the thunder roll by, and once it had ceased, he talked, chatted, distributed packets of beads and bits of stuff; and the people, full of enthusiasm, would go home and bring out bread, curds, beer; and Livingstone went on. He astonished people with his marvels, and nothing could be quainter than their descriptions of the magic lanterns, Bengal fires, and Roman candles he showed off on great occasions. 'He lighted gunpowder on a man's hand by means of a burning-glass. He brought up all the nations of the earth, and made them pass under the eyes of the Zambesians through a little hole,' and what not? The admiration, the astonishment of these poor people knew no limits. What is certain is that Livingstone preached more by his pure life and his unbounded devotion than by his words. The old people who travelled with him always end by saying, 'Ngaka (the doctor), ah! he was not a man like any other, he was a god!' What a beautiful testimony! what footsteps to leave behind! Gathering up all the stories of this extraordinary man, I conclude that he was energetic, playful, yet full of dignity, generous, upright, and sincere."

Livingstone's denunciations of the natives' cruelty to the Helmore and Price expedition were still fresh in their memories (see pp. 179-80).

"September 2, 1878.

"Morantsiane said, 'Sekeletu ill-treated the missionaries, and the Makololo would not receive them, and where are they now? . . . Sepopa, seizing the power, put his brothers to death and exterminated their children and slaves, and now where is he? Nguana-wina laid his impious hand on Sepopa, and now where is he?'"

JOURNAL F. C. (1878 *continued*):—

“It was Mpororo, the successor of Sekeletu, who alienated the Barotsi from the Makololo power and caused them to revolt against him. Sebitoane had never *conquered* the Barotsi, but these, being reduced by famine on an island where they had taken refuge, had begged him to become their king and feed them. Their true king, Sepopa, was too proud to submit, and went away to the Mbua, where he became chief after killing their own, who had plotted against him. After the Makololo had been massacred, the Barotsi invited Sepopa back, and he consented. But he made himself unpopular at once by refusing to let them come near him, ‘for fear of stifling him,’ he said. As they had regarded their Makololo chiefs as fathers rather than despots they were alienated. The day of the first *pitso* he presented each of the chiefs with an ox for his people, and then had them massacred in cold blood by his personal followers. Their people withdrew silently with the oxen stained by the blood of their chiefs; the meat stuck in their throats. Then Sepopa swept out all the Makololos; killed the men and made slaves of the girls. He also put to death all the Barotsi whose power he dreaded. Nguana-wina revolted against him, he [Sepopa] was shot [not fatally], and died miserably on an island.

“Nguana-wina, a young man, then tried to kill off all the old men and important people of the previous generation; hence civil war.”

Some of the chiefs of Sesheke were revenue officers, who came down once a year to collect ivory, which was (and is still) the king’s monopoly, and to sell it to the traders. One of these, Mokumba, was a fine type of the noble savage.

"He *gives* but he does not beg. Showing a fine railway rug given him by the trader he says, 'This is not for me, it is for the king. I shall present it to him. If he accepts it and gives it to me, I shall put it on in the midst of the court before every one, so that no one shall believe that I bought it with the king's ivory.'"

This was because the smuggling of ivory was very common. Natives offered to sell it to M. Coillard for powder.

The Barotsi had great reverence for tombs and for the dead. The visitors saw ivory tusks stuck in the grave of a princess; the head of a hippopotamus in that of a hunter, a simple knobkerry in those of private individuals, and all were equally respected. At the death of a chief, his wives and slaves in succession would throw themselves to the crocodiles to accompany him to the other world.

What charmed the Barotsi above all was that the *moruti* had brought his wife. Her praises filled the country: she could talk their language; she was so accessible; she liked the people to come and talk to her.

(His ink being spilt, this part of the diary was written with Worcester sauce !)

No sooner had they returned to camp, however, than complications arose. There were a good many traders at Leshoma, buying ivory and skins from the interior, and they did not give a reassuring account of the country. "The people were all poisoners." Everything was decided, not on its merits, but by the poison ordeal. That was the cause, they said, of the Helmore and Price disaster. The draught (called *moati*) had been given to fowls, they all died; then to dogs, they all died; and finally to an ox, which was offered to the party as "the ox of welcome." They all ate of it, and all died but two, Mr. Helmore first, which convinced the Makololo that he was the arch-sorcerer. "They will poison *you*," added

the friendly traders; and on one occasion M. Coillard was certainly poisoned, but possibly it was accidental. Some of the Zambesi fish are deadly eating, and he had had one for supper. All these warnings and the perils that surrounded them made the promises of God a very real thing, and he records with delight how they read on August 19th—

“ ‘All the shields of the earth belong unto God ’ * (the Moravian text for the day). That is a good word in a time when Satan has let loose the dogs of war to arrest the progress of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ and to shut our door into Barotsiland.”

It appeared that Robosi (Lewanika) was engaged at the moment in a violent conflict for the throne with his cousin Nguana-wina, and that was why his reply tarried. There was another reason: his witch-doctors were administering poison (*moati*) to chickens; some died and some did not, hence they could not make up their minds whether to let the party enter the country or not. But this the latter did not learn till years afterwards.

As soon as they returned from the Falls, M. Coillard started for Sesheke with Eleazar and Fono to await the king's reply, leaving Mme. Coillard and Elise at Leshoma, where a few huts had been put up. On September 6th he returned without having received the expected word and stricken down with fever. For eight days he hung between life and death. Meanwhile two of the boys had fallen ill; indeed, every one was laid up more or less except Mme. Coillard and Eleazar. Khosana took a turn for the worse just as his master took a turn for the better. The latter rose from his bed to prescribe for him, but in

* Psal. xlvii. 9.

vain; he suddenly collapsed and died, a great sorrow to all.

Eleazar now insisted on returning to Sesheke, that there might be some one to receive the king's answer when it came. The good, faithful man remained there till on October 19th came Robosi's message, which obliged M. Coillard to start at once for Sesheke.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“LESHOMA, *October 19, 1878.*

“News at last. The king of Barotsiland will not allow me to enter his country because it is unhealthy! *Quoi-qu'il en soit, mon âme se repose en Dieu.*

“SESHEKE, *October 25th.*

“I arrived here at dusk. MM. Bradshaw (an ornithologist, travelling on the Zambesi) and Walsh received me with friendliness, but in a state of great excitement. ‘Oh, M. Coillard, why were you not here sooner? A moment ago we were between life and death.’ . . . The boatmen who had brought Major Serpa Pinto from Barotsiland and his carriers, who had all been paid, had come in a body to dispute their wages. The quarrel was so acute that it nearly ended tragically. The night put an end to these noisy hostilities, and Mokumba retired after seizing all Major Serpa Pinto's baggage. The Major was the only one who kept a little calm.

“Major Serpa Pinto had travelled with two explorers and 400 armed men from Benguella. He arrived in Barotsiland alone with 150, who all deserted at Robosi's, frightened at his plan; the country had such a bad reputation. He was left with two or three personal servants, ill and delirious. Robosi took all his baggage under pretext of taking care of it, but would not give it up, and thought he had acted nobly in presenting him with two elephant's tusks. . . . Next morning the mal-



MOKWAE, THE QUEEN, 1885.



KING LEWANIKA AS A WARRIOR.

Drawn by Fr. Christol from a photograph by F. Coillard.

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contents all crossed with the Major's luggage. After a long discussion I was able to bring them to reason."

Major Serpa Pinto was sent to Leshoma to be nursed back to life by Mme. Coillard. M. Coillard sent another message to the king, and remained at Sesheke to await the reply, and to tend the faithful Eleazar.

Unfortunately he found that the huts containing all the provisions, medicines, presents, &c., which he had left in charge of the local chiefs in readiness for the voyage he hoped to make to the capital, had been burnt down. Nothing was saved. However, he received in due time a more encouraging message from the capital.

"November 2nd.

"'I waited patiently for the Lord. He inclined unto me and heard my cry.' Robosi, the king, complains that the Sesheke chiefs send him an important message by a slave. Now that he knows *who* the *ngaka* [doctor, their title for Livingstone] is, he salutes him very much, *very much*, and is happy to hear of his arrival. But he has only just come to the throne and has no house, so he can receive no one just now. 'But,' he says, 'if you wish to leave the country before the rainy season, go in peace, but return in winter—April that is—and for good.'"

Meanwhile Mme. Coillard was having an anxious time alone. She wrote from Leshoma (October 29, 1878):—

"On Monday night Major Serpa Pinto was delirious, and I had to sit with him for a long time, but at half-past three he fell into a troubled sleep. My heart is very full, and I feel that the cares and anxieties I have to bear here are overwhelming. . . . I tremble to ask how you are. I pray constantly to God to bring you back in

safety and health. The thermometer has been at 115° these days ; we are not able to do much more than try to bear with patience this state of things. I very much fear you will say that this letter is worthy of Job's wife, but alas ! to whom can I speak of all these *real* and *material* troubles if not to you ? I send some white beads with this letter in the hope that you may be able to buy a sego or two or corn or beans. Don't think hardly of me, darling, because I write all this ; I really do not know what to do : . . . indeed, I think no duties at Sesheke can bear comparison to those which claim your presence here.

“ November 6, 1878.

“ I am in very great distress about you . . . for I know that your food must be done, and I cannot send any, for the boat in which these people came was capsized yesterday, and the same might happen again. Do . . . if it be possible, get Eleazar into the boat ; we can bear trouble so ill when we are parted thus. He might be better, too, by a change of air ; you know every one says so. Fono has been very ill ; he is the only one I have now here. Oh, I feel as if I could not contain myself in this sea of trouble. I hope the people of Sesheke won't come here, for it is only to get cloth, and there is none to be had, and no more beads at Wall's. Major Serpa Pinto can't get even a string to buy corn with, so you must be very careful of what you have. I have bought a little Kaffir corn this week, but at famine prices. Here the *Mabele* is now £3 10s. [per sack].”

The most tender and constant care could not save Eleazar, and he died on November 5th, just after the message had come from Lewanika consenting to the founding of the mission. “ Do you regret having come ? ” M. Coillard asked him sorrowfully. “ Oh

no!" he replied; "I do not belong to myself; it is to the Lord I belong; it is His business, not mine. My tomb will be a 'tebeletso' (a sign of taking possession). I am only grieved for you and 'our mother,' who will be so sorry."

Now that permission to return later had been received there was nothing to be done but to depart from this den of lions, which they did on November 13th, leaving their two graves behind them. Major Serpa Pinto, who had greatly attached himself to them, accompanied them as far as Deka.

The return journey was slow but safe; the rains had filled the desert pools, and the heat tried them less.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"RIVER SUA, *December 17, 1878.*

"At our approach some of the children of the desert (Masaroas) took flight and hid in the forest. They feared we were Matabele. But after observing us a long time they took courage and ventured to approach our camp. 'These are English people,' they said, 'and the English never hurt anybody.' This idea, which does honour to the English character, is met with everywhere in Central Africa, even among the rebel Kaffir tribes."

At Shoshong, which they reached on January 1st, they heard that Bushman, their cattleherd, had never recovered from the illness which had obliged him to stay behind. He was a faithful and devoted Christian. He came as a volunteer to tend the cattle, saying he was too ignorant and clumsy for anything else. To tend three teams night and day, wet and fine, through such a journey, was no small task, but he never complained, and never once asked for help. Every day of his illness he

had himself carried to prayers, until one day when they came to fetch him he said, "I pray no more, I praise," and died the same day.

The people of Mangwato were experiencing daily panics, and were all in arms against threatened raids of the Matabele, who, however, never came after all.

After two months' rest and waiting for instructions from Basutoland, the journey homewards was renewed.

One thing is particularly striking in the history of both M. and Mme. Coillard, namely, their desire to "show the kindness of God" to *all* they met, white or black. Thus they were on the friendliest terms with most of the white men wherever they went, although very few were in any real sympathy with their purposes.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"Those who are attracted here by commerce or hunting give us humbling lessons. . . . Do they complain? They never think of such a thing. Should we servants of God be less devoted? . . .

"Oh, how a servant of Christ ought to study to make himself approved of God and man, and not by any inconsiderate conduct to put any obstacle in the way of the Cross to which he would lead souls! A missionary more than any other individual in the world ought to be prudent in his judgments, prudent in his words, to respect *the man* wherever he finds him, whether under a black skin or a white skin, decorated with a title or an aureole of power and riches; so ought he to respect the man, the image (faint, alas!) of Divinity, even when he finds him fallen into the mire of vice and misery. That is what Jesus did. He was the *Friend* of publicans and sinners, and He was not ashamed to sit at table with them, and I do not know that He preached long sermons to them, and made them tremble by depicting the horrors

of hell; it was for the hypocrites and Pharisees He reserved that. To these sinners and publicans He spoke by His kindness, His acts of mercy, and thus He won their hearts and prepared them for the gentle sound of the Gospel. There is a certain tact lacking in many a Christian of our days. . . .

“The missionary must be hospitable. Hospitality is one of the charms of African life. But woe to the servant of Christ who is not hospitable *in the sense of the Gospel* and *in the spirit of the Gospel*. We have received strange characters in our own house, some who were outlaws and others who were expiating their crimes in shackles. Under our roof we never took any extraordinary precautions. We endeavoured to make all our guests feel, whether they were governors or adventurers, that they were welcome, and that for a reasonable time our home was their home, and never have we had cause to regret it. Only the minister of Christ must lay himself out to do good, to raise, and in some way set afloat again this outcast, against whom society pitilessly casts stones.”

It was a great happiness to them to have been of use to the chivalrous Serpa Pinto, who accompanied them to Deka. Here their ways parted, he going on to the Victoria Falls and Pretoria.

The Portuguese explorer records in the story of his travels the impression made upon his mind by “this new type of humanity,” and “the superhuman tranquillity of his courage,” of which quality he had better opportunities of judging than most people. What chiefly amazed him was M. Coillard’s travelling without having recourse to arms, “with nothing but a switch in his hand, scarcely strong enough to make a way through the obstructing grass.” As a matter of fact, experience

has shown that this is the only right and possible method in Africa, but it was not the method of the Portuguese.

"At times," he said (in his book of Travels), "M. Coillard produced the most extraordinary effect on me: there was something in him that surpassed my intelligence. One day he was relating one of the most agitating incidents of his journey, and concluded, 'We were within an ace of destruction.' 'But,' I replied, 'you had arms, an escort—ten devoted followers resolute in your defence!' He shook his head and said, 'I could only have saved myself by shedding blood, and never would I kill a man to save my own life, or even lives dear to me.' These words revealed to me a human type quite new to me, and which I am incapable of understanding, though I admire it with all my heart."

M. Coillard, however, would never allow himself to be called "brave" or "heroic." "I have always hated adventures," he once said, "and I am certainly quite *blasé* now in that respect." To him they were so many obstacles interposed between himself and his object. Moral courage he had in the highest degree; not a man on earth could intimidate him; and he would face any risks without appearing to notice them. But just as an earthly commander can only promise victory if his plan of campaign is carried out by all concerned, so he believed that the Divine promises were indissolubly bound up with the Divine plan: and he dreaded lest, by departing from the one he should forfeit the other. Thus every crisis was to him a spiritual crisis: preceded by the apprehensions and followed by the depressions to which his vivid imagination and highly-strung temperament exposed him, though he was perfectly cool while the emergency lasted. The consciousness of this made it distressing to him to hear friends with more good will than good taste vaunt him as a hero in public assemblies.

While in Europe a friend read to him one day the description just received of Mr. Rhodes' famous interview

with the Matabele chiefs which brought the war to a close. "How extraordinarily courageous!" was his comment; "I do admire a man who can do such a heroic thing; *I* could not." "But you have done the same sort of thing over and over again," exclaimed his companion. "Not at all. We never *courted* danger; if we encountered it, we knew we were doing God's work, and could count on His promises, and so it required no courage at all." "But it was not just sitting still and letting angels take care of you; you had to keep your head and *act*." He replied, "All we did was simply each time the only thing possible to do in the circumstances." After a moment he added, "No! what was committed to us required no heroism, or I should certainly not have been the man for it. People do not know the apprehensions, the inward trembling, that *I* know. . . . *She* was the heroine, if you like—she never knew fear."

This estimate of himself was characteristic, but it was mistaken. What he lacked was self-confidence. He hated, almost dreaded, having to assert himself. As to his being deficient in courage, the idea is grotesque.

Just as they were leaving Shoshong the post reached them. Of course their correspondents did not know in what sorrowful circumstances their letters would arrive; and these were the last drop in their cup. All the letters, whether from Paris or Basutoland, Committees or private friends, expressed strong disapproval of the journey to the Zambesi, and displeasure at its having been undertaken. As for a mission there, it was out of the question.

JOURNAL F.C.:—

"So here I am, returning from an expedition which is disapproved, with heavy expenses, unsatisfactory results, and leaving two [three] tombs behind me. *Quoiqu'il en*

soit, mon âme se repose en Dieu. All that saddens me, but does not make me in the least regret the journey.

“Some accused me of having pressed on to the Zambesi out of pride, self-will, and vainglory. Mr. X. thinks we ought not to have sent any message to Lo Bengula, nor responded to the summons, but to have let ourselves all be massacred by the Banyai. Mr. A. said it was extremely imprudent to have gone at such a season. Imprudent! Of course! How very imprudent is the soldier who stands sentry night after night, exposing himself to cold, rain, dew, and sickness. The Saviour has said, ‘He that loveth his life shall lose it.’ ‘ON HIS MAJESTY’S SERVICE.’ He keeps the souls of His beloved! And when He wants me no longer, He will put me aside, but He will not reject me. He will receive me to glory. Who shall fear? . . .

“Every one may judge of our expedition as he thinks fit. I am none the less convinced that the Lord in the secrets of Providence has some end in view. Two years of journeys and efforts and prayers cannot be in vain. Only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God.”

Only one letter received by this momentous mail brought the least encouragement to him—it was one addressed by the Rev. W. G. Lawes, of the L.M.S., New Guinea, to Mme. Coillard, who had gone out with him and his wife in the *John Williams* (1860).

“PORT MORESBY, *September 18, 1877.*

“I remember you perfectly as you were then, and have sometimes been helped and strengthened by the remembrance of your strong faith. . . . Our work on Savage Island was very delightful. ‘All work for Christ is that,’ you will say, and so indeed it is, but it had in it that which human nature rejoices in—a large measure of success and prosperity. It was my happiness to baptize upwards of one thousand converts, to train a band of young men who are now at work as pastors on their own island, and as pioneers on this and other



NALOLO, UPPER ZAMBESI. QUTEN MORWAE LEAVING CHURCH IN HER STATE COACH.

heathen [islands], and, above all, to translate into their language the whole of the New Testament and part of the Old. . . . *I felt sorry to leave the work on Savage Island, but the call to harder work, more self-denying work, is an honour from the Master's hands. Does He not in this way deal with His servants? Is not the reward of service in His Kingdom more service, harder service, and (measured by human standards) less successful service?* We deal just so with our children, and we ought not to repine when our Father calls us from some loved, congenial work to something more arduous and difficult."

These words at such a time came to them—to M. Coillard especially—as a message straight from God. It was not the only time that a letter, apparently quite accidental, opportunely shed light upon his path, and showed him, as he himself would say, how real is the Communion of Saints, and what a myth is the supposed rivalry of sects and societies, when each other's experiences, successes, and even apparent failures teach such lessons of faith and obedience in God's service.

The criticisms levelled at the proposed Zambesi Mission had not been altogether negative. Several advised that an effort should be made to place the Basuto catechists in a certain unappropriated corner of the Zoutpansberg, the residence and sanctuary of the prophetess or pythoness Mochache (or Mejadji), and accordingly he went thither. He left his wife and niece at Valdezia, where they had found the whole of the two missionary families laid down by sickness, each with a new-born baby. Mme. Coillard took up the nursing, while her niece devoted herself to the children. All recovered except Mme. Berthoud, a beautiful and devoted woman, whom they had the sad privilege of laying in the grave.

The prophetess Mochache (or Mejadji) is a mysterious personage, living in a cave, whence she utters oracles. None are allowed to approach her except the priests, who perform rites under her direction. She is credited with

the gift of immortality. At any rate she is always there, and always a woman, but always invisible. "She" is still in existence, and her utterances are perhaps destined to have a greater influence on South African history and the future of the native races than most people realise. M. Coillard's account of his visit to this sibyl is too long to quote in detail. She energetically refused to receive Christian missionaries. "I have my god and I am his priestess. I do not want you or your God. Besides, your week has only seven days, mine has eight, so how could we ever get on together? If I allowed you to come here either you would be made a prisoner or you would ruin my authority."

Evidently that door was effectually shut, but the Conference of the L.M.S. in South Africa warmly invited them to place the Basuto catechists at Seleka on the borders of Bechuanaland. This was accordingly done, after which the expedition pursued its way home, through the Transvaal.

It was a very critical time in South Africa (1879). The Zulu War and the awful slaughter of over eight hundred British troops at Isandlwana by the Zulus had stirred up all the kindred tribes. No one will need reminding that it was also a moment of intense excitement in the Transvaal, and of this M. Coillard's journals hold many interesting records. The natives of the Zoutpansberg were in arms against the Government, and among them the party had several adventures and narrow escapes from the attacks and menaces of the chief Malaboch and one Thateli. But it was the news from Zululand which affected them most painfully, and especially the death of the Prince Imperial, whom M. Coillard had so often seen in Paris, driving as a little infant on his nurse's knee, amid the greetings of the people.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“ WONDERFONTEIN, *May* 23, 1879.

“ I do not know Sir Bartle Frere personally, but he must be as amiable as he is a skilful politician. He makes friends everywhere. At Wonderfontein I was admiring on the table one of the finest Dutch Bibles I have ever seen : a book as big as a man could carry, and all illustrated. On turning it over at the place where the genealogy of these good people is set forth, I found also two beautiful photographs of Sir Bartle Frere and his staff. “ ‘ Bartle ’ gave them to me himself with his own hand,’ said the old lady with a ray of pride, ‘ and he also sent me this workbox. He is a fine man, Frere ; he slept in this very room, &c.’ ”

The returning wanderers met with a cordial welcome in every town they passed through. Every one wanted to hear about the prospects offered by the newly visited lands. At Pretoria the Rev. Mr. Bosman received them into his house, and organised a lecture, at which M. Coillard described his travels, in the very hall where his native companions had appeared as prisoners three years before. At Potchefstroom they addressed the first missionary meeting ever held in the town (June 1, 1879).

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“ KIMBERLEY, *June*, 1879.

“ On Monday evening I gave a lecture at the Wesleyan Church, under the presidency of the Administrator, Colonel [now Sir C.] Warren. . . . Mr. Calvert [the organiser] did not feel free to ask for a collection. . . . Having extraordinary expenses for repair of waggons, we had made it a special subject of prayer. The Colonel was the only one who remembered us, and sent £5 specially for repairing the waggon. Mr. C. also sent us £2 10s.”

Mme. Coillard wrote from Leribé (August 31, 1879):—

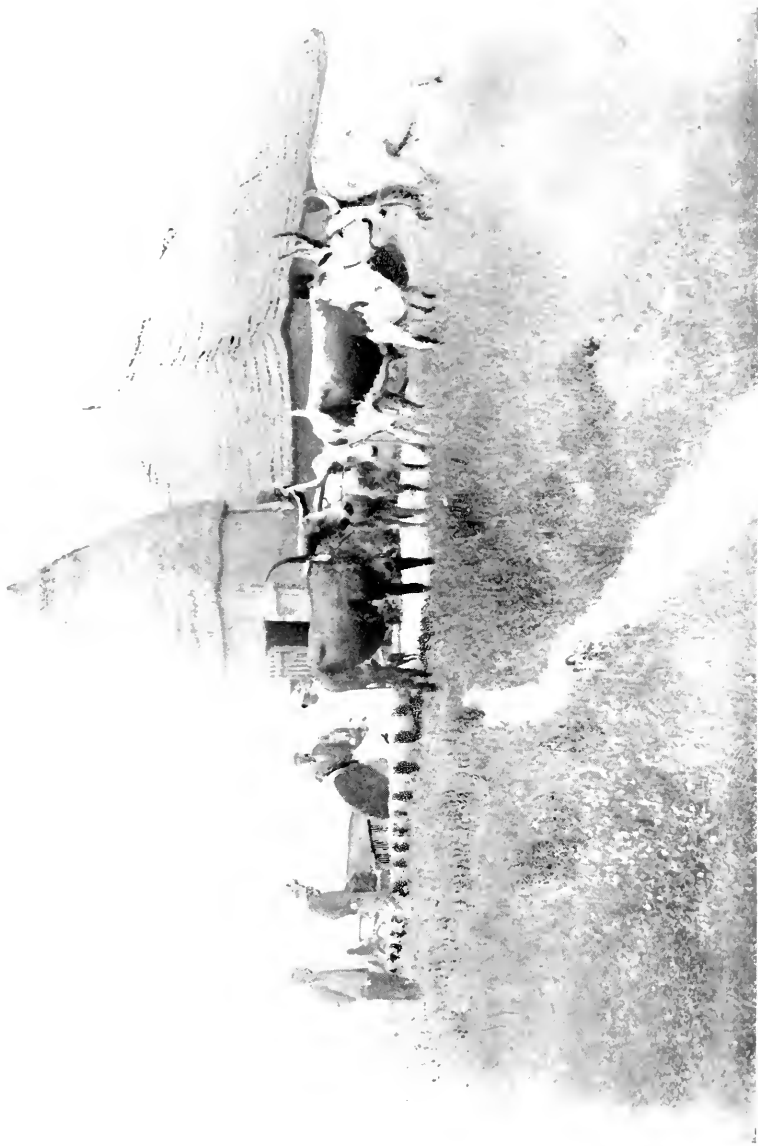
“We have had a most hearty welcome from all our friends in Basutoland, white and black, high and low—all have cordially rejoiced in our return.

“As for our beloved home, it is more lovely and attractive to us than ever, especially at this season of spring, when the garden is all ablaze with peach and almond blossom. Every one admires this station, the church, the house and garden. All the members of the Anglican Mission came to see us.”

The first Sunday M. Coillard preached on the Return of the Spies from Canaan.

In their last meeting together the catechists prayed that “to them might be given eyes that looked backwards, that the windows of their secret closet might be always open towards the regions whither they were returning.” M. Coillard’s journal of November 12, 1879, records “Deficit wiped out. Excellent spirit of giving for the [new] mission among the Leribé Churches.”

As far as he himself was concerned, the mission to the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi was absolutely determined upon. He felt convinced that God was calling the Basuto Christians to evangelise in a country where their own language, their own Bible, and their own books would all be available from the first. Mme. Coillard had not as yet an independent conviction on the subject (though afterwards she had it as strongly as himself), but she was more than willing, as always, to act upon his. On December 7th they left Leribé for their long-delayed furlough in Europe.



NALOLO, UPPER ZAMBESI. QUEEN MORWAE LEAVING CHURCH IN HER EVERYDAY CONVEYANCE. A CANOE DRAGGITY
OVER THE FIELDS BY OXEN.

CHAPTER XVI

IN EUROPE

1880-1882

Campaign on the Continent—Opposition to the Barotsi Mission—The policy of faith—"Quelque chose de palpitant!"—Sympathy in England, Scotland, and elsewhere—"Portugal embraces you!"—Dr. Moffat.

ON March 9, 1880, M. and Mme. Coillard reached Paris, and then began, instead of a rest, a campaign in many respects harder than their African experiences. They themselves were convinced that Divine Providence called them, as well as the Basuto Church, to evangelise the Zambesi tribes.

The Paris Committee, however, did not see its way to assume fresh responsibilities, but finally gave its moral support to the undertaking and agreed to receive contributions for a special fund which the Coillards must raise themselves for the expedition and for the subsequent support of its European members. The Basuto catechists were to be maintained by their own countrymen. This arrangement is still in force. The Barotsi Mission has never received one penny from the General Funds of the Paris Society; all has been raised personally by M. Coillard or by his supporters. This was a new experience for him, and at his age it was a hard one. His very sensitive nature shrank from the necessity; he

could not endure to be known as a beggar or collector. It seemed to him to be putting the work of God in a false position. The principles upon which the China Inland Mission had been launched by Hudson Taylor had sunk deeply into his mind—the “policy of faith.” At first he had strongly disapproved them, but now they seemed to be revealed to him as those on which he was to act. He would not plead for *his* mission, as if for some romantic charity; he presented the claims of Christ the King, to whom God said, “I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for Thy possession”; he urged the last command of our Lord, “Preach the Gospel to every creature.” He believed that to disregard of this command the deadness of Protestantism was largely due. Like Gideon, he asked for a sign, some large gift to show him if he were right in persisting in the new task. Almost immediately £1,000 was given, and the example thus set was followed by others. From that time a real spiritual transformation throughout the Continental Churches has everywhere accompanied the awakening of missionary zeal. The small body of French Protestants who, in 1880, thought the Basuto Mission too great a burden, now supports workers and schools in seven fields, including Madagascar; and, while Swiss Christians contribute largely to the Barotsi Mission, the Basle and Lausanne Societies have received an impetus from his broad advocacy of missions, first in 1880–2 and again in 1896–8. It has been the same in the Waldensian Valleys. “What would our Reformed Churches have become without M. Coillard and without missions?” said an elderly French Christian to the writer in 1901. “Nothing but a tomb!”

Among the numerous young men and women who have joined these missions within the last few years a large proportion—in France the majority—have declared

that they owed their first inclinations to hearing and seeing M. and Mme. Coillard in their childhood; and perhaps this inspiration of young hearts may prove to have been their greatest achievement.

It could not be done without hard work. Both were worn out in mind and body, yet the only rest they had was during five weeks spent in Scotland with Mme. Coillard's relatives. Their journals record that all the rest of the time they were travelling and addressing public and private meetings two or three times a day, and seldom staying more than one or two nights in any one place. Every one wanted to see them, but very few wanted to help their work. France was only just recovering from the effects of the Franco-Prussian War, hence money was badly needed for many good objects at home. So while they were everywhere lionised, invitations calling them to address religious and scientific assemblies in every part of the country, and while their achievements were lauded as "a glory to France and to French Protestantism," in many quarters they were given to understand that the idea of further enterprise was quixotic and even wrong.

This attitude was most painful to them. At a large evening party a lady approached M. Coillard with clasped hands. "Oh, monsieur, racontez-nous quelque chose de *palpitant*!" (Tell us something exciting!).

"Madame," he replied sternly, "permit me to say that *that* is not what I am in Europe for."

All was not empty applause, however. They made dear and faithful friends in France, Switzerland, Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, and the Waldensian Valleys, as well as in Alsace. The zeal of Major Malan opened many doors to them. In Glasgow Mr. Richard Hunter, Mr. Ewing, of the African Lakes Company, and Mr. John Stephen, of Largs, who were among the first to

encourage them, have never failed the Barotsi Mission; and the same may be said of the late Mrs. Emily Hart in London. But for these and other friends the work on the Zambesi would not exist to-day.

M. Coillard was presented with the membership *honoris causâ* of the leading Geographical Societies on the Continent—Marseilles, Lyons, Brussels, Paris, and others. The last-named adjudged him a medal. The Royal Geographical Society of London never had the opportunity of offering him any distinction, for, though it several times requested an address from him, other duties always interfered with his accepting the invitation. He was also presented to the King of the Belgians by the latter's special request, and records in his journal the profound and philanthropic interest of King Leopold in the Zambesi regions, which, however, were not destined to fall beneath his sway.

While they were thus wandering through Europe their path often crossed that of Major Serpa Pinto, who was being fêted in other circles. He cherished a touching admiration for them, which he wanted every one else to share, and they were both amused and embarrassed by his persistent efforts to drag them into a public notice which they were very far from desiring. One day M. Coillard was desired to attend at the Portuguese Embassy to receive the Sovereign's thanks for saving the life of so valuable a public servant. Himself a very small man, he had to wait a long time in an apartment of overpowering size. At length the door opened to admit the explorer and the ambassador. The latter was a colossal personage, sword-girt, star-blazoned, and stiff with gold lace.

"M. Coillard, who saved my life at the Zambesi," announced the Major in his most dramatic manner.

The huge ambassador made one bound across the floor,

seized him in his arms, and exclaimed, "Portugal embraces you!" M. Coillard, nearly suffocated, found it difficult to preserve the gravity appropriate to such an honour.

One thing that gave them much pleasure was meeting their venerable friend, Dr. Moffat, once more, at the house of Mme. Coillard's brother. The present writer (promoted from the schoolroom to dine on so memorable an occasion) well remembers the tall, magnificent veteran with his patriarchal beard and his dark, brilliant eyes. He was upright and full of fire, despite his eighty-five years. They afterwards visited him in his own home at Leigh.*

On May 12, 1882, they sailed for South Africa once more, in the *Grantully Castle*.

* See *Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat* (T. Fisher Unwin), p. 276.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GUN-WAR

1880-1885

The Gun-War—General Gordon—In the midst of Alarms—Settlement of Basutoland.

ON their return to Basutoland in August, 1882, a grave and deep anxiety awaited them, in the disastrous Disarmament War. In every part of the country the flourishing work they had left in 1879 was broken up: and until peace was restored, it was impossible for them to start for the Zambesi.

This anxiety had overhung their whole furlough. Soon after the return to Leribé in August, 1879, the Cape Parliament had passed an Act to disarm all natives within its jurisdiction, because of the excitement caused among all the Bantu tribes of South Africa by the massacre at Isandlwana by the Zulus. The Prime Minister, Mr. (now Sir J.) Gordon Sprigg, had summoned a *pitso* of the whole Basuto tribe in October of the same year, at which he informed them that they must give up not only their guns but their assegais and all other arms in return for full compensation; and also that the hut-tax was to be raised, in order that the Government might have more money to spend on schools, roads, and other improvements.

The chiefs readily agreed to the raising of the hut-tax, but the other proposal they considered a breach of faith, and they said so plainly at the *pitso*. First, because when, in 1868, they had been offered their choice of depending from the Cape Government or from that of Natal, they had decided against the latter because it disarmed its natives, whereas the former did not. Secondly, because they had been induced to leave their homes in large numbers and go to work on Government railways or in the diamond mines, by the promises held out to them of earning guns. (It will be remembered that previously they had not been able to buy arms or ammunition at all.) Thirdly, because this very Government had called upon them, only a few months before, to use these same guns in bringing to book a disorderly chief, Morosi.

“As for the guns,” said Tsita Mofoka, “they belong to the Queen, only they are in the hands of us who are her soldiers and her servants.” So also said Nathanael Makotoko; and Tsekolo Moshesh added: “We knew that by coming to the Queen’s Government we should have full liberty. And now, what would become of our great confidence in the justice of the Queen’s Government if now we are to be disarmed, not because we have done any evil, but just because our colour is black? The trust that Moshesh had in the Queen! He died trusting her: he use to say that the Queen was the Sun of the World.”

Tsekolo Moshesh again said: “My opinion is that the doubling of the hut-tax is no burden and will tend to the progress of the country. . . . With all due respect, I wish to say that if the Government thinks that by taking away a few rotten guns it will prevent war, I do not agree with it. The real remedy is to take away all the causes of dissatisfaction that are likely to produce war.”*

* See *Report of Pitso* (British Museum).

Another one pleaded, "Our guns are to us like the little things children care for; we do not take them violently away, but when they grow older they cease to care for them, and when our people grow wiser and more educated they will not care for their guns. Wait till then." "It would be better to leave the knife with them and let them cut themselves, than to draw another knife and cut them with it."

To all these arguments Mr. Sprigg replied "that it was having guns, and not grievances, that made the Zulus fight the English, and made the French fight the Germans, and that the Government was taking the knife away gently by talking to the people that day and listening to their words, but that the policy would be carried out."

The Basutos then presented a petition, which took a little time, and thus the storm did not burst till after the Coillards had left for Europe. The petition was refused, and the magistrates received orders to carry out the decree. They did so, loyally, at the peril of their lives.

Sir Bartle Frere's biographer says (p. 383): "The Basuto chief Letsie obeyed the Proclamation and was followed by the industrious, semi-civilised, and progressive elements of the tribe."* In other words, by those who were most fully under missionary influence. Molapo, with all his faults, was one of these, as was Letsie, and in obedience to their lead, hundreds of natives brought in their guns. But history repeated itself. Just as thirty years before the headstrong sons of Moshesh (then including Molapo himself) had drawn down on the English power the defeat of Viervoëts, so now did the

* The same writer also says that it was the influence of the French missionaries which prevented the decree from being successfully carried out. It is difficult to reconcile this statement either with his own, above quoted, or with the facts of the case.

younger and less responsible chiefs raise the standard of rebellion. These were, Lerothodi,* Masupha (who was old enough to know better) and Joel; all reactionaries, promoters of heathenism, ceaseless opponents of Christianity.

None the less were the missionaries blamed; and that by both sides. The Basutos called them traitors, because they counselled obedience. The authorities accused them of fomenting rebellion, because they had endeavoured to prevent what they knew would lead to disaster, just as in the siege of Samaria the King of Syria and the King of Israel both blamed Elisha the prophet for all the misfortunes of the war.

Unfortunately, just at the critical moment in 1880, Molapo died. Thus the loyal party lost its most powerful leader, and immediately the greater part of the tribe rallied to the rebels. From that moment the struggle, though it did not begin there, raged principally in the northern regions of Leribé and Thlotsi, and the chief protagonists were Jonathan and Joel, who were half-brothers, the sons of Molapo. Every one knew that they were deadly enemies, and only awaited an opportunity to fly at each others' throats. That opportunity was provided by their father's death. The eldest son of his legitimate wife (Lydia Mamousa) was a homicidal maniac, and consequently Jonathan, her second son, had been named Molapo's heir. Joel, however, the son of the second wife, was the elder, and therefore felt himself aggrieved. It was the Nemesis of polygamy.

* In latter years Lerothodi changed his attitude both toward the Government and the Missions, and supported both, though he never professed conversion. The writer was present at an interview M. Coillard had with him in 1903, where the aged chief shed tears recalling this epoch of his life, when he had turned against the Gospel, and saying his time for accepting it had gone by.

Both are still living and ruling. Joel, the firstfruits of his father's apostasy, has invariably ranged himself on the side of heathenism and against the powers that be.

Jonathan, on the other hand, has always been a loyalist. He had been more or less under M. Coillard's influence from childhood, having been brought up in his own house for some years. Less rather than more, it is true; for Molapo was desperately afraid lest he should become a Christian, and succeeded in counteracting any such tendency. He inherited much of his father's capacity and insight; no doubt, too, his mother had helped to mould him. He has consistently preferred to be on the side of progress, law, and order, and if that was to his own interest, so much the better for him and every one else concerned. At this time it was not to his immediate interest to be loyal. Four-fifths of the Basutos rallied to Joel, attacked his own force and defeated it. This was in December, 1850.

Canon Widdicombe says (*Fourteen Years in Basutoland*):—

“The victorious rebels, having wiped out the chief obstacle to their progress, now carried everything before them throughout the entire district. There was still a small body of loyal natives left outside Thlotsi (the British Camp). These were the people of Manamasoane,* the French Protestant Mission, about six miles to the north of our own. Most of them were Christians, the fruits of the devoted labours of M. Coillard in years gone by. . . . These loyal Christians were under the command of Nathanael Makotoko, whose name is already familiar to the reader, and who proved himself to be in every way worthy of their confidence. Nathanael and his

* The Coillards' Station.

people, both Christian and heathen, were devotedly attached to the house of Molapo, and they resolved, happen what would, to remain faithful to Jonathan as his son and heir. They were now speedily marked out for destruction, more especially as their village was quite undefended, for it was situated close to the church at the French Protestant Station. Their village was burnt, everything they possessed taken from them, and they themselves compelled to take refuge with us at the Camp (Thlotsi)".

Fighting went on between the British and the loyalists on one side against the rebels on the other, till in 1881 peace was patched up between the Cape Government and the Basutos, with this result: The Cape had sunk £4,000,000, had lost many lives, had alienated the whole tribe, and had nothing to show for it. The Basutos retained their arms. Far, far worse from the missionary point of view was the ruin of the country. Schools and villages were destroyed and congregations scattered. Discipline and police patrol being at an end, the unprincipled adventurers who abound on every frontier had brought in "Cape smoke" (brandy) wholesale; and the Basutos, Christians as well as heathen, had learnt to drink it. The young men on whom rested the future hopes of the Church had many of them been drawn by perverted patriotism into the rebel armies. Others who were fighting on the loyalist side threw themselves none the less into the heathen practices, the war-dances, and "doctoring" that invariably rouse their worst passions. Nor were they any better than their opponents as regards drinking and other vices, which, sad to say, they learnt from some of their white comrades. Some of Nathanael's own children were among those thus led astray.

It was in another form just what had happened after

the battle of Viervoëts. Then it was the chiefs who had reverted to heathenism; now it was the people who did so, coupling it with civilised evils. And, irony of ironies, in both cases the originators of all this trouble were men of the highest character and gifts, and possessing unusual sympathy with dark races and insight into native problems, as well as great experience.

When the soldiers of the Government were withdrawn not a finger was raised to help the loyalists or compensate them for their losses, while Joel and Jonathan fought to a finish. Typhoid fever raged, from the number of dead bodies, horses and men, lying unburied all around. Canon Widdicombe says: "Small parties of Christians, headed by Nathanael Makotoko, would go out from time to time to give them sepulture." Poor Nathanael! doubtless memory went back to his own sorrow over his first wife's dishonoured burial.

Much as he disliked meddling with public affairs, it was impossible for M. Coillard to stand entirely aloof in these circumstances; for, on the one hand, his views were sought (though not acted upon) by those in power; and on the other, his colleagues and Committee urged both him and his friend, Mabile (then in Europe), to make efforts on behalf of the Basutos, not that they might keep their guns (that was outside their province), but that their national existence might not be blotted out nor their land taken from them, and that the wholesale demoralisation then going on might be arrested. Mme. Coillard wrote:—

“SEVENOAKS, *March 20, 1882.*

“We are overwhelmed by the news which reaches us from Basutoland. In fact, that is what has brought us back here to England [from France]; the Committee has pressed us to hasten our return, and to come here to see



QUEEN MOKUWAE OF NALOLO AT HOME.

what could be done among Members of Parliament who interest themselves in the Colonial question. Alas! there is very little hope left of saving the sick nation and the country of our poor Basutos.

“My dear husband has spent the whole day in town running after this one and that one, and seeing how a deputation would be received. It costs him much to give himself up to these preoccupations, for they are not to his taste, and it is only the desperate condition of our poor ‘children’ that urges him to it, for he needs rest more than I can tell you.”

In all this, however, M. Mabile took the initiative, and if the French deputation did have any share in saving the Basuto nation, it was chiefly due to him.

M. and Mme. Coillard arrived at Leribé in August, 1882, during a truce. It was a sad moment. The village was a heap of ashes, the mission compound a waste. A few of their flock came to greet them, led by Nathanael, now grey and worn, but affectionate as ever. The whole of their own small property, cattle, corn, fruit-trees, had been pillaged. The congregation was scattered to the winds, and many of the leading Christians had been killed or had taken to drink. A month later, in September, the district was visited by General Gordon, whom the Cape Government had invited to come and persuade the still refractory trio—Joel, Lerothodi, and Masupha—to give in. He succeeded at first. Only Masupha still held out, and obstinately refused to accept either magistrates or police in his district. The sequel, which is well known, is told in the following letters of Madame Coillard:—

TO HER SISTER:—

“LERIBÉ, *September 22, 1882.*

“Yesterday F. went to meet the celebrated Pacha Gor-

don, who has at last arrived. They had a long conversation at the Camp. In the evening he came to dinner, accompanied by Mr. Orpen and Mr. Sauer; they stayed till nine o'clock. The country is in a most alarming state, and we are on the eve of . . . a civil war.

“LERIBÉ, *October 5, 1882.*

“On Tuesday . . . Frank and I went to Thlotsi Heights, the Magistracy, or the Camp, as it is now called. We saw Mr. Griffith and Mr. Underhill, who are come for the Indemnification Commission. The former used to be Head Magistrate at Maseru. All these people, and many more whom we saw, were in a great state of excitement about what had just occurred, namely, the sudden and precipitate departure of General Gordon.

“I told you that he had come to this country on a mission of *peace*, and was going about trying all he could to restore confidence in the native mind. One of his hardest tasks was to get at the ear of Masupha, who lived at Thaba Bossio in a state of open rebellion. He went there on leaving us last week, and while in a most interesting conversation with this chief, in which he had succeeded beyond his expectations, he received a letter from Messrs. X. and Y., requesting him to quit immediately, as they were coming with an armed force to compel the chief to submit.

“General Gordon handed the letter there and then to the chief, who laughed and said, ‘This only confirms what I say, that it is the white people who try to force us to rebel.’

“General Gordon was in a fury; he went off, *but straight for the Colony*, and would not even stop at Morija while his mules were being fed; he walked on, on foot in front, and would speak to no one belonging to the Government, though they went three times to try to have an interview.

On the road he met some native police, and he shook his fist in their faces and marched on his way! . . . In the meantime discontent and suspense and discomfort reign on every hand among our poor people, who do not know where to turn to find their friends or their foes. General Gordon is a very eccentric man, but a very upright one and a thorough Christian, so no wonder he cannot get on with people who scarcely ever speak the truth. We think he will return again with full powers from the Colonial Government to act as he sees best."

Unfortunately this hope was not realised, and things were soon worse than ever. Mme. Coillard is here referring to some in authority, whose names are omitted from this record. Colonel Griffith and Major Bell, who knew the people, were overruled. Ten months later (August 12, 1883), she was constrained to write: "Oh, I don't wonder that General Gordon fled in disgust: so would any truthful and right-minded man."

As for Masupha, he sometimes spoke to this effect: That he knew a Christian when he saw him, because he had once been one himself! and doubtless it was to this insight that Gordon owed his life, since to the native mind his visit as an ambassador of peace with (apparently) an armed force at his heels was sheer treachery.

As soon as General Gordon left, the war between Jonathan and Joel began again and raged for months, chiefly round the Government camp at Thlotsi and round Leribé station.

MME. COILLARD TO HER FAMILY:—

"LERIBÉ, *May 8, 1883.*

"How shall I tell you the distressing circumstances in which this past week has been spent . . . to the whole loyal section of the Basutos? On Sunday, the 29th [April], . . .

just as F. was finishing his sermon the church door opened and a native policeman stood fixedly gazing at F. He immediately knew that something was wrong. . . . Joel was quite near at hand . . . burning all before him. You would have had a pang at your heart to see how the women made haste to run to the Camp, . . . they fled for their lives. Soon all was still around us, for all the men rode armed off to the Camp. . . . We could not sleep all that night, and next morning we woke up to see Molapo's whole village in a blaze. . . . What a spectacle! . . . Then we perceived that there was a patrol on the top of our own mountain, looking down and watching every movement. We were in the greatest anxiety, and remained so till Friday the 4th, when these wild, fierce brigands descended upon us. They pillaged and stormed and tore clothes off the backs of the poor women who were near us. . . . As for us who had such a quantity of our dear people's things in the house, we were in the very greatest dread, for had they got access to our hiding places and found native things they would have pillaged our property too. However, beloved Frank was able to master them, and to reason and even to prevent them burning the huts which have begun to appear round us . . . to replace the ruins of our former village. Oh, what a day that Friday was! They came back four times; until the evening we had no respite. Then when it was dark we got out all our poor people's blankets, which we had hidden in our hen-house and in the kitchen, and we buried them in a hole in the garden. They were there four days, and then we were so afraid of their being injured that we dug them up again in the dark and carried them back. It would be impossible for me to tell you all the dreadful things which these savages who followed Joel have done; some of them are too dreadful even to write, and yet they are

quite true. . . . It was on Monday that we had a little respite, for much to our surprise we saw all these hundreds of Basutos file along the road, returning to the stronghold of their chief Joel, and on inquiring the cause we learnt that they had misunderstandings among themselves. Joel was in great wrath against one of his subordinate chiefs called Matela, the latter having refused to enter into Joel's plan to burn the standing corn of all the natives who are loyal to the Government, namely, of Jonathan's men. Our kitchen has been full of people for the last fortnight, and we have claims of every description—food, clothing, medicine, advice, &c. ; poor things, they are really like hunted sheep and have no one to turn to for help.

“*May 11th.*

“ Things go from bad to worse, and they really seem to threaten complete ruin. Except the Camp [the magistracy at Thlotsi] we don't know of a single village existing in the whole of this immense district represented by 35,000 souls; all have been burnt either by Joel's or by Jonathan's followers. There is a dear young woman, Berenice, a member of our Church, who has been bed-ridden for many months; well, they wanted to tear the blankets from her and to burn the hut, and M. Gautier and M. Jeanmairet had to watch in turns for a whole day to prevent them carrying out their plan.”

Old men were murdered and children mutilated in the very garden of the mission house where they had fled for refuge. Berenice was Nathanael's daughter, hence, no doubt, the enmity shown to her by the rebel army. The burning of his father's house by Joel was an act of unparalleled atrocity in the eyes of the Basutos; it was insulting his *manes*. The maltreatment of non-combatants, too, and the burning of corn were something

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quite new in Basuto warfare, and a proof of their utter demoralisation since the strong hand of Moshesh had been withdrawn from them.

No wonder it was said, "How can people go to the Zambesi when there is still so much to do in Basutoland?" Notwithstanding this, the greater the opposition round them, the stronger waxed the conviction that the Barotsi must be reached then or never. At last the £5,000 needed for the expedition had been secured, and it started on January 2, 1884, but in most depressing circumstances.

The catechists were still ready to return to the Zambesi, but it was difficult to arouse even the slightest interest in what the Basutos had loudly called *their own mission* a few years earlier—difficult to find hired servants willing to brave the desert journey in place of the eager volunteers of a few years back. The long delay had chilled enthusiasm both in France and in Africa, with the usual results, and M. Coillard was constrained to write, "A missionary enterprise is not like a balloon, launched into the air amid admiring crowds and then left to take its chance."

"But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through days of gloom fulfilled."

The Rev. and Mrs. Weitzcker, the first missionaries ever sent out by the Waldensian Church, replaced them at Leribé and restored the scattered flock.

On November 29, 1884, a *pitso* of all the chiefs joyfully accepted the offer of the Cape Colony that they should be governed as a Crown colony under Imperial control. Jonathan and Joel had each his own district assigned to him. Sir Marshall Clarke was appointed Resident. Since then affairs have gradually righted themselves. The country has been administered on the lines coun-

selling by General Gordon, though disregarded at the time. Basutoland is now the most prosperous, loyal, and orderly of African Protectorates, and the Government fully acknowledges that this is due in great measure to the work of the missions there.

One-tenth of the inhabitants are either Christians or under Christian instruction in the schools of the French or of the Anglican Churches. They are the most industrious of the natives, and export one sack of corn per head of the population, or five sacks per family every year. The country pays the whole cost of its administration, with a large surplus for education and public works. The only serious problem it presents is that of Naboth's Vineyard. God grant that nothing may shake the peace and confidence of this happy nation.

SUMMING UP OF THE WORK IN 1906.—The 22 stations of Basutoland have now 194 out-stations and 203 schools, 9 native pastors, 18 European missionaries directing them, 10 European teachers or directors of normal and other schools, 253 native teachers and 187 evangelists or catechists labouring in the different out-stations. There are 15,774 Church members, 7,057 catechumens preparing for membership, in all 22,831 converts, and 11,673 scholars in the schools. These Church members contribute towards the general expenses of the work in Basutoland an annual sum of about £4,000.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SECOND EXPEDITION

1884-1886

Arrival at the Zambesi—Mr. Waddell—Khama—Civil war and anarchy—The Sesheke Mission Station founded—Visit to the Usurper—Lewanika returns to power—Second visit to the capital—Westbeeche—Sefula station founded.

THE expedition which left Leribé for the Zambesi on January 2, 1884, consisted of M. and Mme. Coillard, their niece, Elise Coillard, M. Jeanmairet (a young Swiss missionary), two artisans, and two Basuto catechists, Isaiah and Levi, with their families. At Seleka's, which they reached a month or two later, they were rejoined by the two evangelists, Aaron and Andreas, whom they had left there on the return journey from the first expedition, so that altogether they brought four Basutos with their families to the new mission field. These were of the greatest value, and M. Coillard several times expressed the opinion that it was their presence more than anything else which inspired the Barotsi with confidence in the mission, just as it had inspired their traditional foes, the Matabele, with mistrust. All the leading chiefs wished to have Basuto catechists placed with them.

One of the two lay-helpers above mentioned was Mr.



MR. WADDELL TEACHING CARPENTRY.

Waddell, a young Scotch cabinet-maker, who stayed with them for ten years, and rendered inestimable service. A terrible and incurable disease common on the Zambesi forced him to return home crippled and blind for life. Though he never fully learnt the language he preached by his deeds more than many have done by their words—taught the boys sent him by the king to use their hands and tools, helped to build and plan the dwellings of the missionaries, and when the time came, their churches. Though he was devoted to them both, especially to Mme. Coillard, that motive alone would never have taken him to the mission field, a step he never regretted, in spite of all it was to cost him. “Yes, knowing all it was to mean, I would do it again to-morrow if need be,” he said once in his broad Scotch, “and count it a privilege.”

The journey to Leshoma occupied eight months. Apart from the usual difficulties of crossing rivers and swamps it was free from adventure, only inexpressibly tedious. The year’s crops had been poor, scarcity prevailed, and food supplies were everywhere at famine prices; the smallpox, which was raging in the Transvaal, imposed a lengthy quarantine before leaving its borders; the rains came on too early, and made the country impassable. Seventeen of their oxen died, and their own two horses, besides four others whom the Basuto chiefs were sending as a present to Khama. Two of the Basuto children also died on the way, a still greater loss.

At Pretoria they found the Government of the Republic again in power. The immense quantity of barter goods they had had to take with them, “the cumbrous purse of the Zambesi,” was charged with a transit duty of £100. Two good friends came to their help, the Rev. Mr. Bosman and the late General Joubert, and through their influence the waggons were allowed to pass duty

free. Mr. Bosman also organised a *missionary meeting*, the first *avowed* one ever held in Pretoria, at which General Joubert, then Vice-President, took the chair. All the Government officials were present, and some of them took part very warmly in the proceedings and afterwards showed them hospitality (as did the Anglican Bishop, Dr. Bousfield, and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bourke). Much was said about *political* missionaries who stirred up strife between white and black, and *evangelical* missionaries who were peacemakers, and the staff of the present expedition and its leader in particular were unanimously classed with the latter.

Arrived at Khama's place, Mangwato, they found a special messenger had arrived there from the king Robosi (now called Lewanika), bearing letters from him, written by Mr. F. S. Arnot, the missionary explorer (now of the Garenganze Mission), who had been living for some months at the Barotsi capital, but who was just about to leave it on account of his health. In these letters Lewanika asked Khama to give him a black dog and one of his daughters in marriage (the last request was not granted). He also said that the Jesuits had been with him trying to establish a mission in the neighbourhood, but that for various reasons, "they were not after his heart nor after the heart of his people." "The one we are looking for," he said, "is M. Coillard, and I ask you, as a favour, to help him that he may come here as quickly as possible." This request Khama loyally complied with.

If there is one man living to whom Barotsiland owes both the Gospel and a good government, that man is the chief Khama. He it was who persuaded Lewanika to receive the missionaries; he it was who advised him to seek British protection for his country. When, in 1891, Lewanika's principal councillors demurred at this, wanted

to tear up the treaty made in 1890, and threatened to depose him "if he became the servant of rulers," again it was Khama who sent a special embassy to address the National Assembly, warning the rebellious that Lewanika was his friend and ally, and that to go back upon their given word was not the part of *men*.

Mr. F. S. Arnot's record of the circumstances confirms this view of Khama's influence. It is a curious picture which he gives: the African despot, with his alliance and the future of his country trembling between two fates just at the providential moment.

"Lewanika seemed at this time to be in a very unsettled state of mind; he had many enemies in his own country and some powerful rivals. My coming did not satisfy him, for I could not teach his people to make guns and powder, and it seemed a mockery to bring 'mere words' to a man who needed 'strong friends.' Sepopo, his uncle, had been killed by an uprising among the Barotsi: Nguana-wina, his cousin and predecessor, had also succumbed to the spear of an assassin. Lo Bengula, the king of the Matabele, had sent to Lewanika offers of friendship, with presents of shields and spears, if he would join him in opposing the steady advance of the white man from the South. Lewanika was greatly delighted with the shields, and inclined to accept Lo Bengula's advances, but I advised him strongly to seek rather the friendship of Khama, the Christian chief. So a letter was sent to him, in which the king asked for Khama's daughter and a black dog, as proof of friendship. Khama replied by sending a horse instead of his daughter, giving Lewanika to understand, at the same time, that he must join with him—not against the white man, but against the white man's *drink*, if he wished to be Khama's friend."

It is the more remarkable that Lewanika should have made overtures to Khama, rather than have accepted the proffered alliance of Lo Bengula, since the former was a chief of not nearly the same standing as the latter. It was almost as if the Austrian Emperor, rejecting the offered alliance of England or of Germany, should approach a Balkan prince and accept his advice,

However, shortly after this letter had been despatched, Lewanika's subjects had rebelled against him on account of his ruthless government, had driven him away from his capital and set up a king of their own, Akufuna, a mere boy, and Lewanika had taken refuge with the chief Libebe, on the Chobe River.

At Panda-matenga, then the chief trading station on the route to the Zambesi, they found Mr. Westbeeche, the well-known trader, still installed. He was the only white man since Livingstone who had been allowed to visit Barotsiland unmolested. Lewanika allowed no one to pass the frontiers. Serpa Pinto, Holub, and others, had all tried and had all been robbed, maltreated, and obliged to retire. They had published accounts of their travels, in which they could not find words to express the treacherous, degraded, and bloodthirsty character of the tribes inhabiting the regions of the Upper Zambesi. Westbeeche owed his safety to the fact that when the Ma-Mbunda witch-doctors tested chickens with the *moati* poison to see if he should be permitted to advance, none of them died. Hence the Barotsi decided that his presence would be an advantage to the country, and granted him citizenship. Westbeeche was pleased at the advent of missionaries, and he was particularly anxious himself to introduce M. Coillard to Lewanika. Indeed, he afterwards rendered them great service in this way.

The actual situation was one which the experience of their previous visit could not have led them to foresee. Civil war raged on the north side of the Zambesi, while the people on the south side were continually threatened by the Matabele. For the moment further advance was impossible.

The Jesuits, who had retired from Lealui, were also established at Panda-matenga, and with remarkable

magnanimity showered kindnesses upon those who were destined to replace them. Leshoma, the former halting place, was reached on July 26, 1884, the same date as six years previously. As the deadly tsetse fly had removed from some of its haunts, they were able to fix their camp much nearer the Zambesi, only ten miles from its banks, on the top of a little hill instead of in the forest. Thus they were less exposed to danger from lions and other wild beasts.

F. C. TO MRS. HART :—

“ LESHOMA, *December 2, 1884.*

“ X. and Waddell, those good men, who are hitherto one of the greatest blessings God could grant us, were putting up a little cottage of two rooms for us. We were both sitting in the moonlight, Mrs. C. and I, and talking, when I perceived in her some emotion betrayed. ‘ Why are you sad, chérie ? ’ ‘ Don’t mind it, but I have seen so many houses like this one, since I am in Africa, and we have been emptied of them all.’ ”

Here they had to stay and endure thirteen months of the dreariest suspense, during which their lives and property were never safe for a moment. What Mme. Coillard wrote at the time of their first visit was even more true now in time of war.

“ We are far from enjoying the *peace of the desert* of which people so often speak. Ours has been *the peace of Jesus* in the midst of all our tribulations.”

Indeed, *the peace of the desert*, for such an expedition as this was, generally means the maximum of isolation with the minimum of privacy, the combination of loneliness with never-alone-ness. No one who has never

camped or who has only camped for a few days' amusement, can realise the utter misery to people no longer young of living month after month in a stuffy waggon and a tent open to all winds, scorched by day and frozen by night (there was often hoar frost and sometimes ice!); or imprisoned by incessant rain; often feeling too ill to move, but obliged to rise, to attend to marketing and cooking and cleaning; to eat coarse and distasteful food and drink stagnant water, when the daintiest dishes could hardly tempt the appetite of a fever convalescent; overrun by rats, mice, lizards, frogs, snakes, and loathsome insects of every description; and with all that, exposed to daily peril from wild beasts and wilder men. All pioneers have had to face these experiences more or less. The difficulty is not to bear it *once* in a way, but to continue week after week, every day and all day. Courage and temper alike wear thin. The missionary longs to cast it all aside—that was not what he came for—to wrangle about a few beads, to take thought for his daily bread. People whose meals come up automatically three times a day can afford to have a soul above food. In Africa, one finds it bulk appallingly in the mental horizon, and the constant obtrusion of physical wretchedness upon one's consciousness exercises a most withering and materialising effect upon the soul. It is then that the word means something: "Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, for your Father knoweth ye have need of these things," and what would otherwise be a misery and a degradation becomes, as Mme. Coillard wrote, a daily reminder of His love.

The question of transport and supplies was, and remained, a most complicated one, and terribly costly.

As nothing else could be done, they made the most of their actual surroundings. Mr. Waddell and the

catechists built some huts ; Elise started a school for the children of the latter and of the half-caste hunters, who formed quite a community there ; M. Jeanmairet went about preaching and teaching ; while M. Coillard crossed the Zambesi and pressed on at once to Sesheke, the chief town of the Lower River, to await the canoes and messengers the king was sending to bring him to the capital, Lealui. It was not until after incessant delays and disappointments he learnt that Robosi (Lewanika) had been defeated and driven into exile ; and he could not start for the capital till December. There on January 8, 1885, he was officially received by the new king, Akufuna.

The National Assembly welcomed him cordially.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“LEALUI, *January* 11, 1885.

“They were very attentive while I developed the theme of ‘Peace on Earth.’ ‘People who bring *peace*,’ said Natamoyo, ‘who would not receive them with open arms?’

“Mathaha said: ‘You are welcome, servants of God, you who bring us rain and slumber, peace and abundance. The nation is weary ; it sighs for peace. Here it is : we place it before you ; save it.’”

M. Coillard’s comment many years later was, “If we cannot save nations, at least let us save souls.” He was privileged to bring salvation to both.

Akufuna was merely the puppet of the revolutionists, and his reign proved short. Ten months after (October, 1885), Robosi (Lewanika) returned to power, and the rebels were put to death.

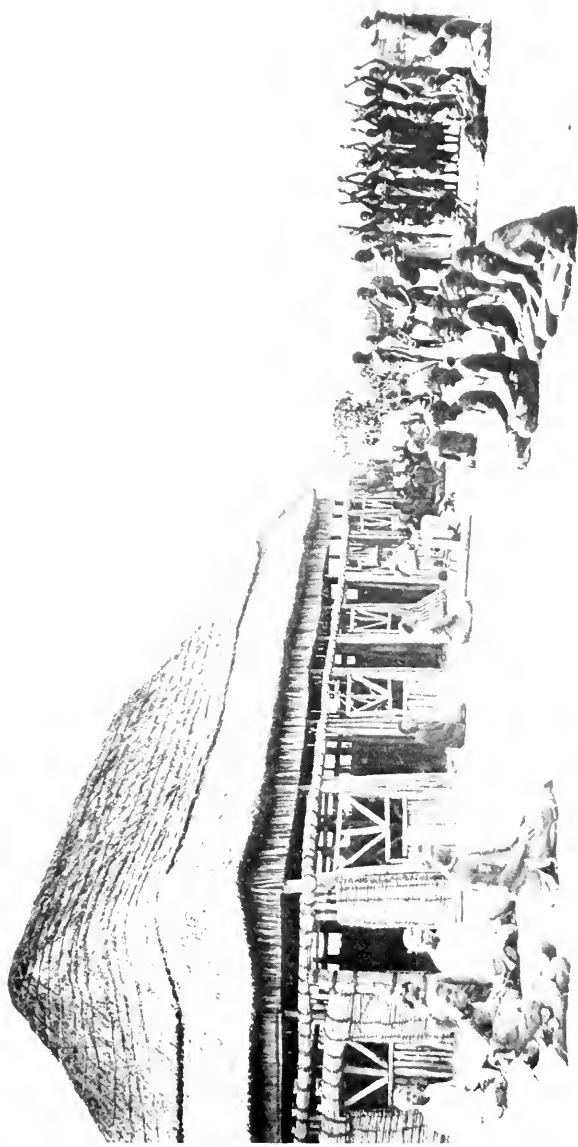
Before this took place, the mission party had crossed the Zambesi and camped at the ford of Kazungula, on

August 24, 1885. It was one step further into this fortress of paganism—a memorable date. A month later (September 24th), the first station was formally opened at Sesheke under M. Jeanmairé's charge, and in November he was married to Elise Coillard.

If Leshoma was a den of lions, Sesheke was a den of robbers. The very first night after they had crossed the river, some fugitive women rushed into the camp and implored Mme. Coillard, who was alone for the moment, to save them, as the king's people had arrived to execute their men folk, and they expected to be killed too. As they had not even put their fence up, they had no shelter to offer the poor creatures, and before dawn these had all been massacred.

Another time shortly afterwards M. Coillard saw a group whose lives had been spared, and who had been distributed amongst the murderers of their husbands and sons. "They look very sad," he remarked to the chief Ratau. Every one burst out laughing. "Sad! Who ever heard of a woman feeling anything? The woman is man's property." But even so, her owners did not protect her.

It was the same with slaves. In a normal, even heathen society, it is to a master's interest to see that those who serve him are well cared for. Our Saviour said, "How much is a man better than a sheep?" but on the Zambesi it was not so. "A man is worth an ox," is still a proverb there: and at that moment the former was a much less remunerative possession than the latter. If (as often happened) the witch-doctor demanded "an ox, a goat, or a man," in order to make rain, the man's was frequently the cheaper life of the three. It was easy to replace him, so many chiefs were always being killed and their human chattels redistributed. Then there were the witch-burnings. M. Coillard wrote (on June



KING LEWANKA BEFORE HIS COURT HOUSE, APPOINTING CHIEFS TO GOVERNMENT POSTS.

22, 1885), "In our neighbourhood, quite lately, no less than six men have been burned to death." It was the easiest thing in the world to accuse anybody of sorcery (*i.e.*, working ill to his neighbour); and without even waiting to apply the poison ordeal, if he had no friends the accused would often be hurried to the stake.

Complete anarchy reigned. The chiefs derived all their authority from the king, and when there was no king they had no authority: every man did what seemed right in his own eyes. Drinking went on from morning till night, and all night long. After 9 a.m. it was rare to find anybody sober. The drunken chiefs, spears and clubs in hand, would force their way into the mission huts and refuse to go. While the masters drank, the slaves ate—whatever they could find to steal—a sheep, chickens, oxen, nothing came amiss to them. A man would be invited to a feast and be murdered by his host for the sake of a goat or a few beads. The missionaries were plundered at every turn. Even the traders (always excepting Westbeeche) were demoralised by the state of affairs, and one of them told Mme. Coillard quite frankly that they intended to take all the ivory they could secure, to hunt elephants (a royal appanage) and to take possession of all the granaries they found. Another asked them to buy a little slave boy from a Portuguese *mambari*—his note lies before the writer. The offer was refused—on principle, though it was very hard to resist the little fellow's pleading eyes.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

"Nevertheless it is something if, as they assure us, our presence here prevents the two parties (for and against Lewanika) from coming to blows and killing each other. The station is neutral ground, a City of Refuge.

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When the chiefs of two parties meet, it is not to the village nor to their own houses they go: they prefer to stop just here and make shelters for the night. To see them sitting together and taking snuff you would think them the most intimate friends. But as soon as darkness succeeds to twilight they take their arms and flee.

“One would think the very wild beasts knew we were unprotected. Crocodiles swarm in the river-bend, they attack everything. Our pigs fell victims to them long ago, and our dogs too. Now the hyænas prey savagely upon our goats. And if it were only wild beasts! . . . The thieves. . . . In the night they force the best locks and the strongest padlocks. Did they not even take one of our tents to make *setsibas* (kilts)? And to whom should we complain? Who would do us justice?”

Yet Mme. Coillard wrote to a friend, “We have never been so happy in mission work as now.”

JOURNAL F.C. :—

“June 11, 1885.

“Gordon has fallen at Khartoum, and two days afterwards the expedition sent to his rescue arrived on the spot! It seems to us that we have lost a personal friend. Oh *la politique*, how cruel it is, and what evil Gladstone’s Government does everywhere, in this country too.”

“July, 1885.

“It is said that Khama and his tribe have been received as British subjects, thus the British Protectorate reaches the Zambesi.”

MME. COILLARD TO HER SISTER :—

“LESHOMA, July 15, 1885.

“How wonderful is the great blessing which Mr. Hudson

Taylor has been the means of bringing to so many young men and to China! If we had only his great and simple faith, we too might see such times for the Zambesi. . . . I have not yet seen any natives so callous and so utterly indifferent to anything outside their world. Their whole souls are absorbed in selling their produce and getting as much as possible. They never inquire where we come from or what we want to do at the Zambesi; they are despairingly non-inquisitive. One day after the preaching a man came and said, 'Have not I listened well? Give me a handkerchief.' And another day, when they made such a great noise that F. could not hear himself speak, he suspended the meeting, and they were so alarmed, and the chief came and said, 'I know God is angry because we did not listen: which of us is He going to kill to-night?' "

JOURNAL F. C.:—

"October 22, 1885.

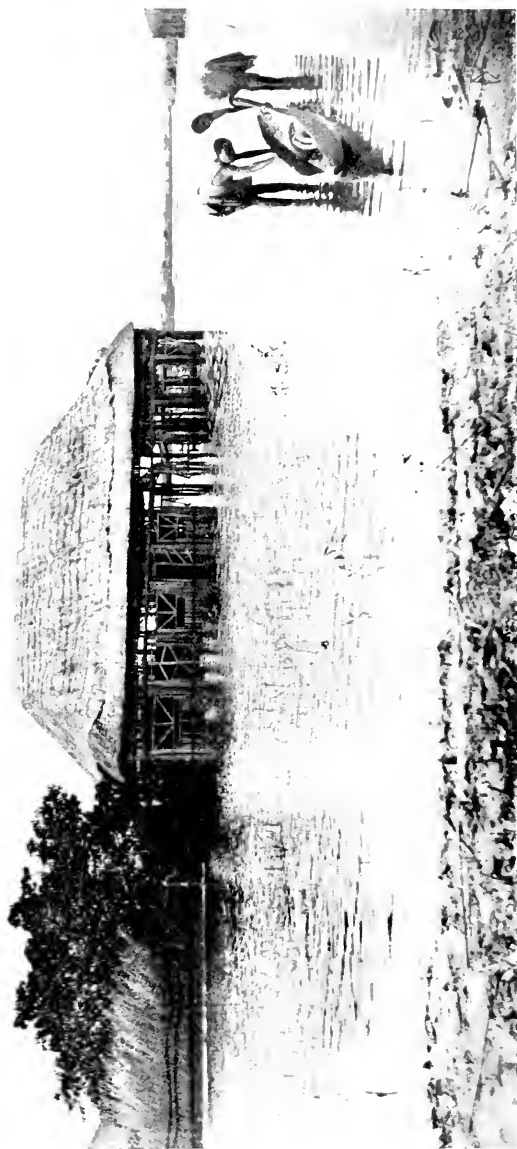
"What humbles me is to see men like those Cambridge students, MM. Stanley Smith, Studd, &c., who have gone to China, and who everywhere, on board ship, at Aden, in Australia, have brought souls to the knowledge of the Saviour. They are *in earnest*: they are men full of the faith and of the Holy Ghost. I who may not have much longer to live, oh, if only the Lord would baptize me anew with His Holy Spirit!"

The news of the counter-revolution reached them on the very day Elise was married, November 4, 1885. Lewanika had returned from exile, rallied his partisans, and had re-entered his capital after a hand-to-hand fight, which lasted a whole day, victory inclining now to one side, now to the other. Just as the usurper's troops seemed to be prevailing, a caravan of *mambaris* (Portu-

guese dealers) arrived, and threw themselves into the conflict on the side of the lawful king. (Major Gibbons says also a Scotch trader, Mr. Macdonald.) With their aid, Lewanika conquered, and in return for their help, he granted to the *mambaris* special trading privileges, which they still enjoy in his country. The horizon seemed to be clearing. Lewanika's sister and co-ruler, the Mokwae (queen) of Nalolo (who had already had nine husbands, none of whom, it was said, died natural deaths), expressed herself ready to marry Morantsiane, the leader of the opposing party, and thus to effect an alliance between the two factions.

Chiefs came from the capital nominally to escort M. Coillard there. In reality it was a plot. These chiefs hid their followers in the woods, and during the night of December 26-27th, fell on Morantsiane's village and massacred men, women, and children in revenge for the atrocities his relative Mathaha, the chief revolutionist, had committed on Lewanika's family and supporters. Every one fled, even the Coillard's personal servants, and they wrote: "We do not know when these massacres will stop, nor what will come out of this chaos. Living among such people, whose feet are so swift to shed blood, we feel our dependence upon God." . . .

The Coillards enjoyed one advantage which very few pioneer missionaries have possessed: namely, a thorough knowledge of the language, acquired beforehand, and not that only, but also of the people's mind and ways of thought. But for this, which averted so many misunderstandings, it is probable they would have shared the fate of the Helmore and Price expedition in 1859. The presence of the Basuto catechists was also a great help. The esteem with which the Barotsi had regarded their Makololo protectors was transferred to them, and they took up from the first a certain position of influence



THE COURT HOUSE. FLOOD TIME.



and authority which rather overawed the Barotsi. The Basutos expressed a supreme contempt for the Zambesians' want of dignity in public life and of decency in private life, and thus made the latter feel slightly ashamed of themselves, whereas if the white man criticised them they simply said, "You have your customs, we have ours." Another thing which gave M. Coillard prestige was an extraordinary good fortune in shooting—extraordinary for him, that is, since through a defect of eyesight he was not always a first-rate marksman. (Major Serpa Pinto, however, says he was.)

"LESHOMA, *January 3, 1886.*

"I had a good day's sport. As we were coming down we happened to kill a bird. My boatmen noted it silently. Coming back, at the first shot, I knocked down a goose, a duck, and two other birds, and my people looked at each other in surprise. Later on, with one charge, I brought down fifteen ibis, of which we picked up ten. 'Oh,' cried my Zambesians, 'that is a gun that knows how to aim.' Later on, I had the same good luck. Then my boys turned and said, 'But you are a *setsoni* [sportsman], and Sachika told us that a man of the *lingolo* [*i.e.*, a reading man] can't shoot!' Thus my reputation is henceforth made. . . . I was surprised myself to have enjoyed the day, so true it is that there is nothing like success."

Lewanika soon sent another urgent message to M. Coillard to visit him, but this was easier said than done. At the capital his will was law; at Sesheke, three hundred miles away, it was not so. Immediately they had heard of their sovereign's restoration, the chiefs of

the Lower River had broken into two parties, the one loyal, the other rebellious, each determined to get the upper hand, but both afraid to declare themselves openly because they did not know the strength of the opposing party. On one point only they were agreed: neither their lives nor those of their slaves were safe, either at the capital or on the way thither; and consequently nothing would induce them to supply the canoes and paddlers, without which the missionary could not travel. After five months' waiting, tired of continual delay and excuses, he quietly arranged to start on foot with two or three donkeys, and informed the chiefs he was going to Lealui alone. They were thunderstruck; knowing how angry Lewanika would be at their neglect of his orders and of his guest.

“‘You don't understand the *baruti*,’* said one of them, as M. Coillard and M. Jeanmairet left the assembly. ‘If you do not go and humble yourself at once, they will blow their brains out. It is the fashion in their country; it is a way they have of consoling themselves!’ This was why Mosala followed me, smooth as a glove, and quite surprised, I imagine, to find my head still on my shoulders. [This was related by Josefa, a Griqua hunter, who had stayed in the lekhothla when M. Coillard left it.] He addressed Jeanmairet, ‘I have honey for you, and two skins for the old missionary. He must not go on foot; no, he is old, he shall have my own *mekorro* (canoe).’ Two canoes with paddlers were placed at my disposal and I gave in, not wishing to seem as if moved by pique.”

At last, on March 6th (1886), he started. It was a terrible ordeal to leave his wife and niece a second time,

* Missionaries, *singular* moruti.

in such a land of cut-throats, even though they had M. Jeanmairat, the catechists, and the ever-faithful Waddell to protect them. The risk for himself also was very great, as he had to travel alone by canoe with the chief who had carried out the massacres at Sesheke, and who, for aught he knew to the contrary, might have received orders to drown him on the way up river. However, he reached the capital in safety. Probably he was protected by the reputation of *ngaka* (doctor or magician), which he had inherited from Livingstone in these regions. It is a distinction which gives a man more authority than anything else in the eyes of the Barotsi. He had won this reputation partly by his grey beard and venerable appearance, partly from the air of silent mastery inspired by his overwhelming sense of Divine direction.

He reached Lealui in perfect safety, and on March 23, 1886, he was formally presented to the king Lewanika and by him to the assembled chiefs at the lekhothla. Mr. Westbeeche was present by his own wish to act as sponsor, M. Coillard could not refuse his kind offices, and he always remained the loyal friend of the mission. The name of Westbeeche must never be forgotten as one of those who first inspired the Barotsi with confidence in white men and in the English.

King Lewanika received him graciously, but only placed a filthy and dilapidated hut at his disposal. "How do you like your quarters?" he asked next day. "I think that Lewanika is a great king, but that he does not know how to receive a guest," was the reply. "Oh, have they put you into a bad hut? I must see about that," said the king, with much concern. Of course he had only been taking his visitor's measure. Few people since then have had to complain of his hospitality.

The Gospel was preached to a large assembly on the

following Sunday, in the king's presence, and the Ten Commandments were read, paraphrased to make them understood.

"I felt specially upheld, and thrilled with emotion, when for the first time I exalted my Saviour in the presence of these poor Barotsi. I never felt His presence more. I spoke as I wish I could always speak. In this deadly climate, why should not God display His power in a special manner? My dear wife and I have particularly asked it of Him."

This discourse, though doubtless it went up as incense to heaven, seemed to have but little effect so far as earth was concerned, and indeed even now after twenty years, very, very few Barotsi have heeded it. The real beginning of the *visible* work at the Zambesi was a conversation between M. Coillard and Lewanika a day or two later. The latter, though he had returned to his own, was poor and destitute; all his property had been destroyed except his carved arm-chair or throne, he had no garments to wear, though the Barotsi for many years past had adopted the practice of clothing from the West Coast traders; of his flourishing town hardly a single hut remained. "Tell me how to govern my kingdom?" he entreated. The reply was—

"Take the secret spear from under your cloak and throw it away; renounce vengeance once for all; attach your people to yourself by making their welfare your first object; put a stop to theft; give them justice, quiet sleep, and food to eat."

"What are the riches of a kingdom?" asked Lewanika. "The wealth of mine is ivory, and soon there will be none left. What shall we do then?"

M. Coillard pointed out that the country was rich in



See p. 430.

LEAULT. KING LEWANIKA'S RETURN, 1902.

Prince Lilia on his left (foreground), Gambella on the right.

To face p. 328.

resources and the people industrious and clever: he had only to encourage the chiefs to till the ground and make it productive. "Above all," he added, "accept the Gospel for yourself and your people." Lewanika then asked if Queen Victoria were a Christian; and also cross-questioned him about Khama, whom he wished to resemble, and who was his personal friend.

It will be observed that in all this counsel, except at the end, there was nothing distinctively Christian. M. Coillard had simply laid down the principles on which Moshesh had made Basutoland prosperous and conciliated his enemies, before he had ever seen a missionary. Of his own accord Moshesh had seen the impolicy of vengeance and had done good to those that hated him. Those rebellious subjects who were cannibals, at first from necessity but afterwards from choice, he had not punished, but had lent them cattle herds instead and seed corn, bidding them live on the milk till their crops were grown. Thus cannibalism died out. To a horde of Matabele invaders he sent cattle, saying, "I suppose you attack me because you are hungry; eat and depart." They did so, and never returned. This is a very important point to notice, because it shows the much lower level at which work among the Barotsi had to begin. It has taken all the twenty years that have elapsed since this advice was given to bring the Barotsi up to the social level at which the Basutos lived when mission work began among them, now seventy-three years ago. Indeed, the Barotsi are still far below them in all the social virtues except in sobriety. This must never be forgotten in criticising the slow progress of Christianity on the Zambesi. The Barotsi, apart from a few individuals, had not a vestige of such moral conceptions as fair play, justice, fidelity, and kindness, with which the Basutos seemed endowed by nature,

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though they did not always act upon them. The Basutos had no slaves: in Barotsiland all were slaves, and were only emancipated in 1906 under strong external pressure. They had the vices of slaves, which it is needless to particularise, and also their virtues,—politeness, subservience, and industry. The impression created on the mind is that the Basutos were really a primitive race on the upward path, while the Barotsi were a nation already in decay.

The time for its rebirth had arrived, but the process even now is only begun.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

“*April 5, 1886.*

“Long talk with the king at his house. I feel more and more drawn to him. He is intelligent, somewhat childlike in intimate intercourse, and none the worse for that. When I said we should know each other better by and by, he looked steadily at me and said, ‘You speak for yourself, Moruti: but when I once saw you that was enough, I gave myself to you, *ka phetho* (to the end): it is my nature.’ . . . A man I pray for every day, how could I keep from loving him!”

MME. COILLARD TO HER SISTER:—

“SESHEKE, ZAMBESI, *April 28, 1886.*

“F. received a warm welcome [from Mokwae, the queen]. What amused [him] was her exclamation as he sat in her court: ‘Oh, what lovely eyes you have, and you look straight at the people when you speak to them, not like Mr. S., who never likes to look at one.’

. . . [After touching on the atrocities daily witnessed] Lewanika says he will kill all those of his enemies who are on the earth, and prevent their children in-

habiting it, even those who are unborn. Frank thinks that there will surely be persecutions in this land by and bye from what he has seen of the chief, but if we have ourselves great faith, perhaps by that time the king may have believed in God and given up all his cruel practices. Why not?"

Lewanika begged his missionary at once to choose a site for the station and to "bring our Mother to it as soon as possible." After so warm a welcome, there could be no hesitation in acting upon this. The site was chosen at Sefula, a hill about four hours' journey from the capital. In the existing state of things it would have been impossible to inhabit the native town, and this was the nearest suitable spot. When M. Coillard returned to his base at Sesheke, however, he found that Mme. Coillard could not leave her niece alone at Sesheke as soon as she had hoped; he therefore took Waddell and another helper back to the Barotsi Valley to prepare a dwelling for her. His former journey to the capital had been made by river and canoe. This one was made by waggon; it can hardly be said by *land*, for the whole country to be crossed was traversed by innumerable watercourses, through which they had to force the waggons, already worn out with the journey and the destructive climate, as best they could, avoiding the tsetse fly, which would have destroyed the oxen. Of course there was no road: they had to clear it themselves. At the Njoko River everything was upset, many necessaries were lost, all their salt and sugar destroyed, and countless other things ruined. It was their first experience of this, but by no means their last: in fact there never will be a *last* until the country is supplied with railways and bridges. Once past the Falls things are exactly as difficult to-day as they were then, and

on M. Coillard's final journey to the capital in 1904 he had more losses of this kind than ever before.

It was not till December 15, 1886, that Mme. Coillard could leave Sesheke with her husband, who had returned to fetch her. They had that year celebrated their silver wedding, and they called this journey—the first they had made alone for many years—their second honeymoon. Although it was the rainy season, it was made without accident, as such a journey should be! They were full of hope and joy at the realisation of their dreams, yet not without apprehensions too. At the first council they attended they learnt that these apprehensions were not unfounded. There was a party strongly opposed to their coming, and that party was headed by Narubutu, the Nestor of the nation, the preserver of ancient customs, and Lewanika's staunchest follower.

The problem to be solved was this: Were the newcomers magicians or sorcerers? For the sorcerer is the one who works ill to his neighbours by spells; the magician, or *ngaka*, is the one who finds him out by the practice of stronger spells. Obviously the distinction was an important one; just as obviously it was very difficult to draw; in fact, the decision depended almost entirely upon the point of view. The Ma-Mbunda tribe, who were the recognised magicians, combined the functions of doctors, detectives, and divines. All unauthorised practitioners were consequently impostors, sorcerers, *baloi*, and ought at once to be burnt alive.

M. Coillard did not know all this at the time, but he took the straightforward course, which, as usual, proved to be the safe one, and declared he was neither a magician nor a sorcerer, but a *teacher* and a *messenger of God*. The chiefs were sceptical. There had just been a total eclipse of the sun, followed by destructive storms, and

who but they could have caused this great miracle which had made the sun to rot and spoilt all the crops? Fortunately, though he possessed the Nautical Almanac, he had quite overlooked this, and so had not predicted it; hence he was able to establish his innocence of such a crime against humanity and to disclaim the smallest power of working miracles. In that case they wondered what possible use could he be to them? Liomba, a chief who had visited Khama's town, came to the rescue, and eloquently set forth the advantages he had witnessed, which were only to be enjoyed by a people that had missionaries. "They are the fathers of the nation," he exclaimed. "Let us greet them as Barotsi and as benefactors. Let us help them, let us give them our children, but let us begin by listening ourselves to their teaching. It is to us, chiefs, that all our tribes look."

Liomba carried the audience with him. The assembly thanked the king for the boon he was bestowing, and assured the missionary and his wife of their welcome. The Barotsi Mission was founded.

Until the sojourn of Mr. Arnot and of the Jesuits, so far as known, no white man except Major Serpa Pinto and Mr. Westbeeck had visited Lealui since Dr. Livingstone's visit to Sebitoane in 1851. Naliele was then the capital. He had called loudly for missionaries to evangelise this region; the only response—the Helmore and Price expedition—had been a failure. Just before his death in 1873 he wrote to Mr. Gordon-Bennett from Central Africa:—

"Having now been some six years out of the world, . . . the dark scenes of the slave trade had a depressing influence. The power of the Prince of Darkness seemed enormous. It was only with a heavy heart I said, 'Thy Kingdom come.' In one point of view the evils that brood over this beautiful country are insuperable. When I dropped among the Makololo [*i.e.*, on the Upper Zambesi, Barotsi-

land] and others in the Central Region I saw a fair prospect for the regeneration of Africa. More could have been done in the Makololo country than was done by St. Patrick in Ireland, but I did not know that I was surrounded by the Portuguese slave trade, a blight like a curse from heaven, that proved a barrier to all improvement. Now I am not so hopeful. I don't know how the wrong will become right, but the great and loving Father of all knows, and He will do it according to His infinite wisdom."

Now, in this month of January, 1887, the hour had come to begin the work of deliverance.



THE ROYAL MUSICIANS, UPPER ZAMBESI.

PART IV

BAROTSILAND, UPPER ZAMBESI

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong.

(Of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

And these . . . having obtained a good report through faith, RECEIVED NOT THE PROMISE; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.—*Hebrews* xi. 33–40.

CHAPTER XIX

CHARACTER OF THE BAROTSI

Character of the Barotsi—Magic—Traditions—The Chieftainesses—
Craftsmanship—Constitution—Religion—Funeral Rites—The
Future Life—Marriage.

THE people among whom they were now called to labour differed totally from those they had hitherto known. M. Coillard wrote: "I confess that I am sometimes stupefied when I see the aspect under which the Barotsi display human nature. Hitherto I have witnessed nothing like it. The Zambesians have nothing in common with the Bechuana, but a basis of superstition, a black skin, and a dialect of their language."

Does the character of a country determine that of its inhabitants? The question is a large one. Certainly the difference between the Basutos and the Barotsi suggests it.

Basutoland is a mountainous country, a tableland built on a foundation of solid rock with a rich soil on the surface. The people are stolid, intelligent, brave, and strong-willed, possessing great powers of resistance and initiative, many social virtues, and a definite (however imperfect) morality.

Barotsiland is a swamp. The surface, of fairly fertile sand, covers a subsoil so undermined by the infiltration

of the rivers which lose themselves in it, that in many parts it will not bear the weight of a brick house. And it is precisely in these swampy places that the Barotsi like to live. "They are crocodiles," as their king said of them. Their character was analogous: smooth and amiable on the surface, it seemed to have no solid basis; a bottomless quagmire, into which lives and efforts have been freely poured out, for long, as it seemed, in vain. Now after twenty years, when it was hoped to see a church arising, the foundations are scarcely laid. And yet under Christian training such beautiful and admirable characters have emerged from this corruption, that it is impossible to lose heart, or to doubt the future of a race with such latent possibilities.

These immense territories, nearly as vast in area as the German Empire,* stretching on both sides of the Zambesi, were inhabited by at least twenty tribes, all subject to the sway of the Barotsi king. The social fabric, though rent by anarchy at that time, was very compact and elaborate. It was a feudal system, indistinguishable from slavery. Each man depended from some other, and in turn had some one dependent upon him, down to the lowest. Those not free-born could not call anything their own, not even their wives and children, who were constantly taken from them and given to others. Not till this last year of grace was this system abolished and the slaves set free (July 16, 1906). A distinction must be drawn between the Barotsi tribe and the Barotsi nation. The nation included at that time about twenty different tribes, of which the Barotsi, or Marotsi, was paramount. Its members were all free-born; all were chiefs of various degrees, and the executive was entirely in their hands. Other tribes had other specialities, *e.g.*,

* Reduced by Arbitration Decree, 1905, to 181,947 sq. m., Germany 208,947 sq. m.

the Matolela were experts in iron-work, the Masubia in river craft, the Ma-Mbundas (who were not slaves, but subjects) in medicine and occult rites. But all existed for the benefit of the Barotsi. They held the monopoly of all privileges and all possessions.

Religion is more developed among the Barotsi than among most African tribes. This is another reason why Christianity has progressed slowly. They had a complicated system, of which the king was high-priest by virtue of his office. Close to his court was a grove, surrounded by stretched cords, in which he celebrated secret rites on his own behalf and on that of his people. These consist chiefly in offering oblations to Nyambé, the Supreme God, symbolised by the sun ; and sacrifices at the tombs of his royal ancestors to propitiate their spirits, and to receive their oracular counsels given through a priestly medium.

As already said, the Barotsi revered a *ngaka*, the possessor of magical powers, more than any other person. Military prowess did not seem to impress them nearly so much. They have little courage or soldierly instinct, though no doubt this could be developed by discipline and necessity. The fact still remains. The Matabele had to be crushed by force of arms before they could even begin to emerge from barbarism ; they probably understood no other form of superiority. The Barotsi, on the contrary, appreciated the powers of the white man from the first, and conquest, had it been necessary, would possibly not have produced anything like the same effect as the display of skill and wisdom.

Their first king and traditional hero was not a War-Lord but a *ngaka* (doctor) and a Master-Craftsman. He overcame his enemies not by force but by outwitting them. Perhaps in this fact lies the secret of all their racial defects and qualities. As already said (p. 277), they

have never apparently been a conquered people, but that has been due, not to their own courage and independence as in the case of the Basutos, but to their remarkable shrewdness in profiting by those qualities in others. Threatened by the Matabele in the first half of the century, they implored the protection of Sebitoane and his Makololo warriors, and became his servants; and when the Makololo yoke became too oppressive, they freed themselves by means of conspiracy and assassination. Finding themselves again hemmed in by enemies (not only the Matabele, but the unauthorised slave-raiders from the north and west), whom they had not the resources to repel, now that they had killed off all the Makololo, their rulers sought protection, this time from the British. It is in the arts of peace they excel, not in the arts of war. They are an extremely industrial people. In every kind of handicraft they outstrip all other South African tribes. They are also passionately fond of clothing, which they adopted quite independently of European influence. During the revolution of 1883-5 their garments had been lost or destroyed, and the first thing all the royal ladies wanted Mme. Coillard to do was to make them new ones. "Before the war," said the Queen Mokwae, Lewanika's sister and co-ruler, "I had a most beautiful hat of grey felt lined with green and trimmed with red. And all the king's wives had them just the same; and when we were wearing them over the handkerchiefs we tied round our heads, with our long dresses and our boots, really we looked just like men!"

This being the case, it is rather singular that they have never got beyond the most rudimentary attempts at spinning or weaving. In fact, they are firmly convinced that the white man materialises cloth by magic from the sea or the rivers. "Cannot you see for yourself," said one to a magistrate at Victoria Falls, pointing to the

fleecy foam of the descending waters, and the rainbow spanning the spray, "that is the stuff you weave the white cloth of, and there is the striped blanket making itself before your eyes." Hence, though bark, grass, and other fibres abound in the country, they never now make anything better than cord and netting out of them. Perhaps this is why they have never invented a costume for themselves. Some day we may learn what is the effect on a race of contact with a higher civilisation when it has never gone through the discipline of a spinning and weaving age.

The Barotsi had hardly any tools besides knives and hoes, but when they saw the implements used by the missionaries they tried to copy them, and succeeded admirably in making nails and shovels, which they had never seen before. The Barotsi royal family possesses this gift of craftsmanship in the highest degree. King Lewanika can construct anything from a house to an ivory carved hairpin, and is an adept in basket work. Every year he reconstructs a wonderful state barge, the Nalikuanda, and launches it when the flood rises, with some new figurehead to excite the wonders of his people. It is manned entirely by chiefs. His sister, Queen Mokwae, among other accomplishments, has proved herself an adept in what we should call "poker-painting."

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"Thursday, November 18, 1886.

"Queen Mokwae, pointing with her finger to the doorpost, 'Do you see him there?' she said. 'It is Mathaha!' [the chief of the revolution, who had just been put to death]. And, indeed, I saw, burnt with red-hot irons in the wood, in quite the Egyptian style, the portrait of a human being holding his chin in his right hand, which, it appears, was a favourite habit of Mathaha's.

‘Look at him well!’ she shrieked, imitating his attitude. Is it a charm, or simply to glut her insatiable vengeance?”

Mokwae’s daughter, Akanagisoa, inherits her mother’s talent of portraiture, and once painted a series of likenesses in coloured earths on the walls of her hut, just like the Egyptian paintings in the National Gallery. It cannot be said, however, that the pursuit of Art has in any way softened her manners or made them less ferocious.

The chiefs have their own arts, such as net-making, sewing, and basket-work. Their wives make pottery and mats, while the women of the humbler classes do all the agricultural work and plastering of the huts: they do not sew; this is a masculine prerogative. It was the hunter’s privilege to dress and stitch the skins of the animals he chased and to embroider a garment for his bride. Nowadays they make a European dress. The Prince Litia used to be his own tailor, and he made his wife’s wedding dress, bright pink chintz with a broad yellow border.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

THE BAROTSI.

“This country in Serotsi is called Loanga Manye. The first king was Mboho of Ikaturamoa. He sprang from the union of Nyambé [the Supreme Deity] with a Morotsi woman named Buya Moamboa. He was of a pacific nature, and did not know what war was. He was more than anything else a *ngaka* (doctor). In his praisewords he was called ‘Mboho nguana serundu’ [? Son of the drums]. He adopted the drums which beat all night at the king’s door and escort him to the lekthothla. . . .

“Mboho being attacked by the Ma-Nkoyas, and being as he was an indifferent warrior, prepared a medicine. It was the bark of a tree which, being stripped, gives a red powder (? camwood). He mixed this powder with corn and some other mysterious medicaments, and then called

for volunteers among his people to go and scatter it all over the path of their enemies. Every one refused, seized with terror, not because of the enemy, but because of the medicine itself. 'For,' they said, 'if it has the power of annihilating our enemies, why should it not kill us too?' Only one person, a woman, had the courage to come forward. She took the formidable medicine, and went bravely towards the enemy's camp, scattered it all over the paths, and cast the remainder to the wind in the direction of the Ma-Nkoyas, to such good purpose that the next day they were all dead and the Barotsi delivered.

"The king then said to this woman, 'To-day you are a man; you shall sit in the lekhothla as a man, and among your descendants there shall always be a *n'kosi mosali* (woman-chief) to take your place.' As a matter of fact, thenceforth she did sit in the lekhothla like a man. She took her place among the *likomboas* (persona adherents) of the king, and when she expressed her opinion she came, knelt near the king, clapped her hands [the equivalent of our Court curtsy], said her say, and returned to her place. And this position of *n'kosi mosali* in her race was kept up until the time of the Makololo. Old Narubutu is descended from this noble ancestress, and the position which his daughter Mahoana occupies is an effort to rehabilitate this family and this dignity which Mboho conferred."

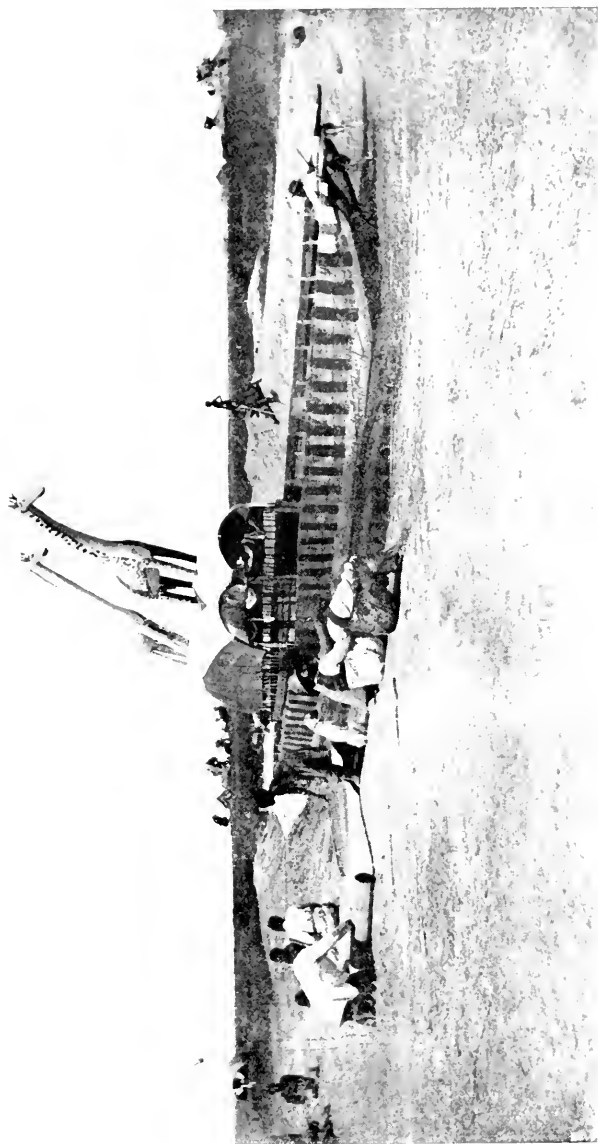
The name of Narubutu is a corruption of Ma-Roberta (mother of Robert), the native name of Dr. Livingstone's wife, whom this chief met at the Zambesi in 1862, and whose name he adopted out of compliment to her husband.

Broadly speaking, the National Council at the lekhothla consisted of two parties, viz., the king and his *likomboas*, or personal staff, who always voted for his measures, and the other great chiefs, who, in practice, if not in theory,

formed a permanent Opposition, representing the interests of the nation. Both sides looked to the Ma-Mbundas (doctors) for guidance and bid for their support. The head of the executive was the Gambella, or prime minister. The king was supposed to be an autocrat, but two persons had the right of veto on all his actions and decisions, namely, his sister, the Mokwae (or failing a sister, his mother or some female cousin, nominated for the office, intended to be that of moderating his severity), and the Natamoyo, or Minister of Mercy, "who," says M. Coillard, "is always the king's maternal uncle. In polygamous states the maternal uncle is always a guardian; and as the children grow older he exercises a sort of control over their actions."

A representative of the king (if possible a member of his family) was stationed with each of the vassal tribes as prefect, to keep order and to see that the proper tribute in ivory, slaves, &c., was duly handed over to the revenue officers, who visited them every year to take their dues, to appoint them such tasks as skin-dressing and basket-work for the king, and to distribute in return the king's bounty—garments, guns, and so forth. The king was also supposed to take a wife from each of these subject tribes, and their position at Court was that of diplomatic agents. When the king wanted to know what was going on anywhere he sent a wife home to visit her family, and made much of her when she came back. Thus he found out all he wanted to know. It was his sisters, not his wives, who represented royalty on the social side, directed his household, educated his children in the duties of their station, and exercised hospitality. Chief of these was the Mokwae of Nalolo, who was always addressed by masculine titles, "Taü-tona" (*Lion*, not *Lioness*).

The same order of ideas as to masculine and feminine



THE SALIKUANDA.

Ready to be launched when the flood comes up.

functions pervaded their religion, as will be seen from what follows. All these conceptions were quite different from anything the missionaries had hitherto encountered, and the problem to be faced was how to find a common starting-point in presenting Christianity to them.

JOURNAL F. C.:—

WORSHIP.

“From what I can learn, there are no tribes in South Africa among whom the religious sentiment is so developed as among those of the Zambesi. Among the Masubia [the boatmen tribe] they are even more pronounced. . . . This god (called Nyambé by the Barotsi, Reza by the Masubia, Chabombe by the Batokas) lives somewhere above, not on the earth nor under it. He is always present, sees everything, hears everything. Before a hunting expedition, as also after a dream, or during an illness, they offer him a sacrifice of water, and some other things, spears, garments, beads, &c., but always water which is drawn quite fresh. It is put in a bowl on a mound of earth, and at the moment the sun rises, all fall on their knees, clap hands and cry ‘*Shangwe! Shangwe! Loché*’; the Masubia ‘*Marioso, Marioso*,’ and the Batoka ‘*Yo-sho! Yo-sho!*’ Then follows a prayer suited to the circumstances: sickness, hunting, or rain. That day they do not work. All deny that they pray to the sun: it is not the sun that is adored (*shangwe*), but he is the herald who announces that Nyambé comes out of his chamber, and is consequently accessible. The idea of watching for the sunrise is to be the first to present their petitions to this dreaded sovereign. In the evening, thanksgivings are offered in the same way, but the face is turned to the sunset. Nyambé retires to his chamber, and then they entreat Bina-Chabombi

(otherwise Mota Reza), who as his wife is supposed to have great influence over him, to present their petitions to this Sovereign Lord of the World. The heaven of the Zambesians is thus in the unknown regions whence the sun issues every morning and where he vanishes every night. There also go the spirits of the dead. The Masubia and Batoka are distinguished from all the other South African tribes by the respect they show to the dead. When a man dies they carefully perform his toilette; wash the body, dress his hair, put on his finest ornaments and his best clothes; he is borne respectfully to his resting-place, a long hollow, he is laid tenderly down in the position of one asleep, his head leaning on his two hands, and looking towards the sunrise, if a man; if a woman, towards the sunset. Then they place in the grave the ornaments which they think precious, cover the corpse with a mat and the mat with earth. On the tomb, if it is a chief, they plant elephant's tusks; if it is a hunter, the skeleton or skull of the animal he followed most frequently, *e.g.*, an elephant or hippopotamus; if it is a man who worked in wood or iron, specimens of his craft; but in any case the *sepora* (the stool) of the deceased, his wooden bowl, her mat for a woman, his pipe for a man: all things which are indispensable for going to Nyambé's place. They also pour out frequent drink-offerings of beer, milk, and honey on the tomb, according to the measure of their love for the departed.

"In general, no one dares address himself directly to Nyambé unless the *litaola* ordain it; otherwise it is by an intermediary that he approaches him. Besides the goddess Mokata (or Mota) Reza, there are the chiefs, who at the Court of Nyambé are charged with this duty, whatever may have been their character in this world, and however badly their subjects may have treated them

in consequence. Thus they pray to Sepopa, the unfortunate Sepopa who died of hunger and his wounds on a desert island of the river.

“The first days of a hunting party are carefully and religiously observed. After the usual offering and united prayer prostrate before the rising sun and around a bowl of water, no one would dream of hunting or doing anything else. The same ceremony is observed at sunset, and then, strong in the conviction that Nyambé has heard his prayer, the Zambesian takes his spear and his darts, and goes hopefully to seek what Nyambé has set apart for him. He never fails to find some antelope. After having killed it, he carefully collects the *blood* in a bowl, and presents it in the evening as a thankoffering. With the sacrifices ordained by the divining bones in case of illness (generally a sheep), the *blood* is always offered to Nyambé. Nyambé is the creator of everything. He planted the forests, hollowed out the rivers, and put, here the crocodile, hippopotamus, and fishes; there the elephants, antelopes, and lions. He made man of the *earth*, say the Masubia, but when he made the black people of this country he was tired; and, despising his own work, he gave these unfortunate creatures the assegai to destroy each other with. As for the white people, he made them the *borena* (lords), and lavished his blessings on them. The variety of nationalities they explain by Nyambé’s polygamy, which he practised on a scale worthy of himself. Every nation took the character of its mother, a being of Nyambé’s fantastical creation. Everybody goes to Nyambé at death except the *baloi* (sorcerers), who are burned (on earth), and who are destined to wander eternally in a frightful and waterless desert. Like the French, the Barotsi have shown in certain cases how much value they attach to royalty. That does not prevent their surrounding it

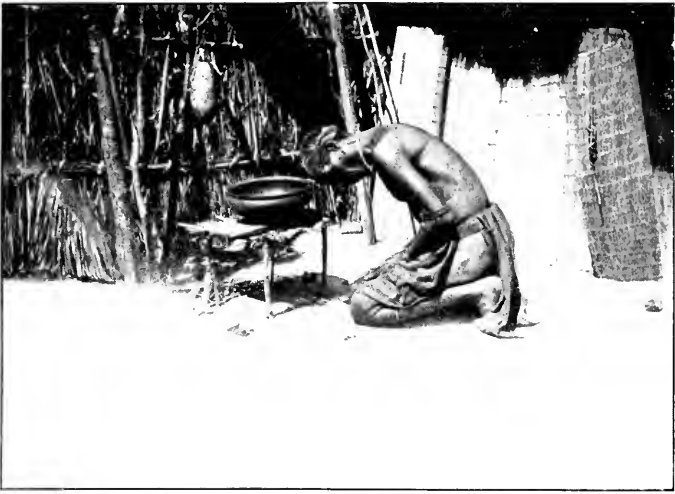
with religious respect. The king is Nyambé's servant, and among his privileged faculties is that of being able to dazzle his enemies and to make himself invisible. It is thus that Robosi's (Lewanika's) flight is explained, and his safety, which he owed to his own coolness, and the skill with which he availed himself of the prestige which in the eyes of the common herd surrounded his person.

"Strange that with such clear ideas there should be such an appalling morality. . . . One dares not look into the abyss of corruption in which these people grovel."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

"October 15, 1885.

"To divert our minds from political matters and to turn the interminable visits of my unemployed friends the chiefs to useful account, I proposed to them that we should make a net. This is the privileged work of the chiefs, and in no way beneath the dignity of a king. . . . While making my net with the chiefs we had a most interesting conversation about Nyambé. . . . The dead go to Nyambé, taking the name of *ifu*, *i.e.*, the manes or ancestral spirits. They are judged *beforehand* by Nyambé. The moment any one [*i.e.*, any arrival in the spirit-world] is announced to him, Nyambé gives his orders. If the person is worthy, the servants of Nyambé point out to him a little path, very narrow, which leads to himself. Here the new arrival will possess vast herds and whole tribes of slaves—their ideal of happiness. If, on the contrary, it is one unworthy of Nyambé's favours, a broad and much-beaten road is pointed out to him, which gradually effaces itself more and more, and ends in a frightful desert, where the poor wretch wanders till he dies of hunger and thirst."



Ph. T. Burnier.

A ZAMBESIAN OFFERING HOMAGE TO NYAMBÉ WITH A BOWL OF WATER.



ZAMBESI CHIEFS MAKING A NET OF BARK FIBRES.

[To face p. 318.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

“ *Sunday, July 31, 1887.*

“(Canoe journey.) I read and commented on several passages bearing on the Resurrection. They listened to me; but . . . I should like to know the cause of the incessant laughter, against which our most serious efforts break in vain. . . . I asked a certain Narubutu, who had drunk the *lebila* (magic potion) of a lion, what he will do when, transformed into a lion, he is killed by those living. ‘I shall become another lion, and when that one is killed, again a lion, and so on for ever; the *sebuku* of man never dies, never, never!’

“There is immortality clearly established. But what a dismal eternity, to fall from the dignity of man and become an animal! lion, elephant, leopard, buffalo, serpent, bird, ape, but never again a *man*, even one inferior to his first estate. ‘No,’ said Narubutu, in a serious tone, as if my question had surprised him, ‘there is no *lebila* that can make another living man out of a dead one.’ He opened his eyes very wide when I told him that God wishes the dead to become beings superior even to His angels; perfect creatures. What beauties in the Gospel!

“According to Narubutu, who talks intelligently, when any one dies, *his soul* goes towards the gods, his body dissolves, and from the worms that consume it is born the lion, serpent, leopard, according to the medicine the deceased has swallowed [a decoction, M. Coillard says elsewhere, made of the worms from the dead body of whatever animal he has chosen to be in a future life], and even any animal; as many animals as there are different medicines. The soul incarnates itself in these animals only occasionally, and only in order to visit its living relatives, and get from them food, clothing, darts, according to the interpretation of his wishes given by the divining bones.

MARRIAGE.

"A girl is usually asked in marriage from her childhood. When she is older her husband takes her to his house. . . . The most curious thing is the first interview of husband and wife. There is often such a difference of age between them that the young girl, a mere child, is naturally timid. They are shut up together in a hut, seated on the same mat, and between them is a bowl full of water, the edges of which are garnished with white beads; above, or rather beside it, is an axe. The bowl of water is a mirror, in which they can see each other without looking in each other's faces. But how is the ice to be broken? . . . 'Give me a pinch of snuff,' says the husband. The girl bridles and turns away. 'Come, give me a pinch; where is your snuff-box?' The girl shyly produces her snuff-box, taps it, and presents the tobacco to her husband in the palm of her hand. That is the regular beginning of things."

This, it must be said, is the only gleam of romance in the tragedy of a Zambesian woman's life. Marriage was not regarded as a permanent institution; children were not desired. Infanticide was universally practised. Those who survived were considered as belonging not to their parents, but to the State as personified in the king, who could, and (till lately) did, take them away whenever he liked, to be his slaves or those of others. Consequently few cared to have the trouble and sorrow of bringing them up. 'There are no unhappy couples here,' wrote M. Coillard; 'they part.' . . . 'Is this really the ideal which theorists of both sexes who consider themselves the great lights of the nineteenth century and the champions of humanity dare to propose to our old ultra-civilised Europe? What progress!'"

CHAPTER XX

THE BAROTSILAND MISSION

1887-1891

First experiences—Witchcraft—Boycotting—Brigandage—Commerce—The ordeal—Raiding the Mashikulumbwe—First reforms—The Slave-trade forbidden—Narubutu—Discomfiture of witch-doctors—Introduction of wheat and bananas—Protection of cattle—Conversion of the heir-apparent—Death of Mme. Coillard.

THE expedition had now ended; the Mission had been begun, with two stations, the Jeanmairiets' at Sesheke (Lower River), the Coillards' at Sefula, three hundred miles further north. It is impossible, and would be needless to relate in detail, the story of the next seventeen years of labour, as it has been so fully told in M. Coillard's own book, *On the Threshold of Central Africa* (Hodder & Stoughton). For the first six years it was an hourly struggle even to keep a footing in the country at all. Their lives were in hourly danger. The chiefs at Sesheke once plotted to seize M. Jeanmairiet and M. L. Jalla, who had joined him there, to tie them up and throw them to the crocodiles, and then run away with their wives and children. Why did they not do it? They themselves could not tell.

Traders and travellers had been there—intrepid men, all of them—but it must never be forgotten that mis-

sionaries are exposed to a peril which traders and travellers do not know. The purpose for which they are there—namely, to win the people to a new faith and a better life—rouses up all the opposition of which human nature is capable. Settlers, who need not interfere with their ways, do not excite this resentment. Then, too, there is what M. Coillard often referred to—the hostility of the ghostly Enemy: the “prince of this world,” so intense, so unrelenting, so consciously felt, that he said nothing was lacking but the visible sight of him. “How *can* people doubt the personality of Satan?” he wrote more than once. There is one effectual way to be convinced of an enemy’s existence, however invisible, namely, to invade the territories he holds. The conviction that upheld them throughout was that they had come to wrest these territories from the usurper in Christ’s name. “*He must reign.*”

“What gives us *our* strength is the bulk of the army of Christ which is behind, and upholds us. . . . For them, as for ourselves, the evangelisation of the heathen world in the place where it is carried on, is certainly not a tissue of strange customs and adventures as thrilling as a romance; it is a desperate struggle with the Prince of Darkness, and with everything his rage can stir up in the shape of obstacles, vexations, opposition, and hatred, whether by circumstances or by the hand of man. It is a serious task. Oh, it should mean a life of consecration and faith!”

His private journals reveal difficulties far greater than anything he has published could convey. These did not arise altogether from the king’s character or treatment. The blood-thirstiness attributed to him by such travellers as Dr. Holub and Major Serpa Pinto was in reality foreign to his nature: his deeds of slaughter were



THE NALIKUANDA.
Musician in the foreground playing wooden harmonica.



THE NALIKUANDA.
(Another year.)

[To face p. 352]

natural in a savage ruler. Undoubtedly there was a moment in his life when he lost self-control in the pursuit of vengeance, and this led to the revolution that drove him into exile. But many Most Christian Kings have done the like, of whom it could not always be said, as it truly can of him, that they repented and forsook their errors, and honoured their rebukers. From the moment Lewanika realised, through his missionary's plain speaking, that his barbarities were both unjust and impolitic, he laid them aside.

No; the greatest of these difficulties arose from the tyranny of the *borena* (governing classes), and its natural result, viz., the degradation of the people, and their servile condition, giving rise to a depravity unparalleled elsewhere. Thought and independent action being stifled, they were mere automatons in work, mere animals in life. What troubled M. Coillard then, and to the end, was the impossibility of reaching the lowest slaves with the Gospel. They could not believe anything offered to their masters could be for them too. Moreover, this aristocracy wanted to keep for itself the monopoly of everything good. However much he might repudiate such an idea, they would not believe that the missionary possessed no magic. When he first arrived, if storms or raids befel the chiefs at Sesheke, they could not forgive him for not warning them. "Surely you read all that beforehand in your Book. We know it tells no lies!" If he assured them he was as ignorant as they were of the future, they would say, "Ah, we understand; you are keeping all that wisdom for our master, the king"; or they would offer him smuggled ivory by night if he would only gratify them with some inside information. So rooted is this idea in the native mind that even a Christian chief in Bechuanaland, in conversation with M. Coillard, had interpreted "The secret of the Lord is with them that

fear Him, and He will show them His covenant," in the same way. The result of this spirit of monopoly was that for many years the Zambesi missionaries were hardly missionaries to the *people*, however much they wished and tried to be. It was only the chiefs and their children who were at all accessible, and the position of M. Coillard and his colleagues somewhat resembled that of those Indian missionaries at the courts of native princes a hundred years ago, through whose great personal influence the latter became wise and benevolent rulers, without Christianity spreading among their people to any appreciable extent.

Another great difficulty of Barotsiland was, and always has been, evangelisation in the villages. "In Basutoland you spring to the saddle and gallop where you will. Here you can neither reach them in canoes, because there is not enough water, nor on foot because of the peat-bogs, unless you divest yourself of all your clothes, which is not always practicable." M. Coillard's method was to ride along the edge of the plain where the ground begins to rise; but even then he had many misadventures through his horse getting stuck in the swamps; and when that faithful servant died, as most horses do die at the Zambesi, he had either to trudge on foot or wait for the flood.

To win the confidence of the king and chiefs it would have seemed desirable, above all things, to avoid the least friction. This was impossible when all the resources of supply and transport were owned by them, and the new-comers, with their small means, had to be in daily conflict with them to procure the very means of existence—food, water, building material, labourers, canoes or oxen for transport. The *borena* not only refused to supply these things except at their own exorbitant prices, but they expected the missionaries to buy from them (again at

their own prices) everything they themselves had no further use for. If the bargain was refused, nothing could be obtained. Perhaps even they would be boycotted for weeks together, till they were at the point of starvation; this happened several times.

The African, even the Morotsi, is not without a sense of equity. The chieftain's traditional headdress is an ostrich feather. This, with its straight, aspiring shaft, its perfectly balanced plumelets, and its supposed unsullied purity, is the native symbol of Justice. The difficulty lies in its application, especially to the commerce of everyday, because society, being founded on monopoly, not on competition, the whole basis of property and its transfer is quite different from ours. The native has no idea of fixed values. Everything depends on the relationship of the buyer and seller. He either demands a thing as a right from an inferior or as a favour from a superior; or he may ask a present from an equal, bestowing in return something he can do without. As regards white men, the official may demand; the trader is entitled to exchange; but the missionary clearly ought to give him everything he wants, for is he not his father and the father of the nation? However, this daily business intercourse forms a part, and not the least important part, of a missionary's work in a savage land. It brings him into simple and true relations with the people, in which he can be a minister of righteousness as well as a preacher of Glad Tidings. The preaching is doubtless the chief thing, but no one need hear it, still less obey: the object-lessons of a holy life and of a Christian family are priceless, but no one can be forced to follow any example, however good. The advantage of buying and selling and of employing labour, *e.g.*, in house-building and gardening, is that if one party to the bargain is inflexibly just, and at the same time refuses to be imposed upon, the

other is forced to acquire the habit of honesty, and learns by degrees the lesson that "*A false weight is abomination to the Lord.*"

So in his very first transaction, getting a hut built at Leshoma, M. Coillard told all the workmen what cloth he should pay each man, and showed it, afterwards fulfilling his promise exactly. All complained, but Mme. Coillard brought out some beads to smooth things over, and said she would give a few to all who had not murmured. Of course none of them had! "*Who could* when they received such gifts from their father and mother? Their hearts were *white*." Alas! in the language of the Zambesi, their hearts were much more often *yellow* (*i.e.*, covetous). It is the besetting sin of the Barotsi—the vice which, unfortunately, civilisation, apart from Christianity, only aggravates.

No one could realise more clearly than both M. and Mme. Coillard how necessary it is to improve the outward condition of the natives. The discipline it involves both trains their hands and develops their minds, if only it can be carried out, not by appealing to motives of self-interest and cupidity, but on the apostolic principle:—

"Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good *that he may have to give to him that needeth.*"—Eph. iv. 28.

Still, people who have renounced everything for the service of the Gospel and found their own spiritual life not hindered but helped thereby, can hardly be expected to teach their disciples to multiply material needs for their own sake. Industry, skill, decent housing and clothing are on another footing. To begin with, then, they hoped that the sight of their own modest dwelling would give the Barotsi the idea of something better than the kennels they inhabited. So indeed it did, and one of



THE PORTALS OF THE MAFTULO.
The King's residence during the flood.



those who had helped them to build it put up a neat little house of his own in the same style. But orders came from the king that he must pull it down again and not presume to be better housed than others of his own station. So when the smallpox broke out in its most virulent form, and M. Coillard, having got vaccine from a cow, wanted to inoculate the people, the royal family must first be treated, and nobody else must take it from the cow, *that* was the prerogative of royalty. Each degree of the social scale must wait to be vaccinated from the one above it. Unfortunately the epidemic took no account of precedence, and many deaths and much blindness were the result of delay.

Everything broke upon that rock of *privilege*. It was the same with the school which they opened on March 4, 1887, seven weeks after their arrival. Only the children of the royal family and principal chiefs came. The little slaves who accompanied them were simply to wait upon them. The Princess Mpololoa, aged twelve, required three such attendants, one to lean against as a cushion, one to hand her slate, pencil, or book, the third to present her back as a writing-desk! The young princes were simply brigands. No fees were paid for their board, the king merely remarking that the people living round the station were bound to maintain his sons and daughters, whose attendants accordingly requisitioned, in other words stole, everything needed for their charges. Naturally the neighbourhood was quickly deserted, and as there was no other produce left, it was their host's flock, store-house, and garden that were raided to feed the royal pupils and their suites. Besides reading and writing, singing, Scripture, and general ideas by means of pictures and stories, they were all taught sewing, and the boys the use of tools by Waddell; but, with few exceptions, they never stayed long enough to learn much

during the first few years. It was a dreadful crime to try and teach them household tasks: those were for slaves. Once the king's son, Litia, hearing sand was wanted for the schoolhouse floors, led his schoolfellows out to collect it and then to scatter it. Directly they heard of this the parents sent canoes by their servants to fetch all the children away by night, without the formality of notice to the missionaries. None had the least idea of decency or discipline; and their little persons were so sacred that it was death to touch them. A servant carrying a bundle of reeds accidentally brushed the eye of a small child running round the house. She was Lewanika's daughter, and the author of such sacrilege was dead in half an hour.

Soon after the school was opened came the annual flood, which lasts four months. The people of the plain then forsake their villages and go to the low hills, fringing the Barotsi Valley, which apparently was once a lake. At its height, all the antelopes and other wild beasts betake themselves for refuge to the islands which stand above the waters; and every year the king organised a grand battue, to hunt them. The islets were surrounded by canoes, and the wretched animals, unable to escape, were massacred in thousands after the king had thrown the first spear. The people looked to this season to provide themselves with skins for the coming winter and plenty of meat. This year (1887) the flood was slight, the antelopes escaped over the plain, the people returned to their homes hungry and disappointed. Of course it was witchcraft. All the chiefs, from the Prime Minister downwards, submitted to the ordeal of boiling water, or rather their wives and slaves did so for them as proxies. Strange to say, no one was scalded. There was no one else to accuse but the new-comers, and many of the people would have been delighted to see them burnt as

sorcerers. Directly M. Coillard heard of this he went straight to the capital, and the next day, being Sunday, May 22nd, he preached to the whole lekhothla from the text, "Thou shalt not kill."

JOURNAL F.C. :—

"However much I shrank from the task, I had to denounce the atrocity of a superstition which so lightly sacrificed so many human lives. I felt the full importance of the occasion, and the grandeur of the ministry committed to me. Oh, how tremblingly I had gone to Lealui! How I besought my Master for fidelity, for strength, and the power of a burning love! The people, astonished, said, 'Ah yes, indeed.' The king hung his head and said to the Prime Minister, 'The words of the Moruti have sunk into my heart.' The councillors came to me in private to beg me to repeat them to him, and he himself asked me to say them all again to his ministers. They made me all sorts of fine promises—no more ordeals, no more poison, no more burning at the stake. But let us not deceive ourselves: it is not at the first blast that one can overthrow or even shake the walls of superstition."

Nevertheless, unlikely as it then appeared, the walls were shaken. One man was murdered with shocking barbarity a few weeks later, but this was the *last* occasion on which any person was put to death at the capital for sorcery, although Mme. Coillard, writing at that very date, could say (May 27, 1887): "Oh, the quantities of people that have been burnt as witches and wizards since we came here! It is almost a daily occurrence."

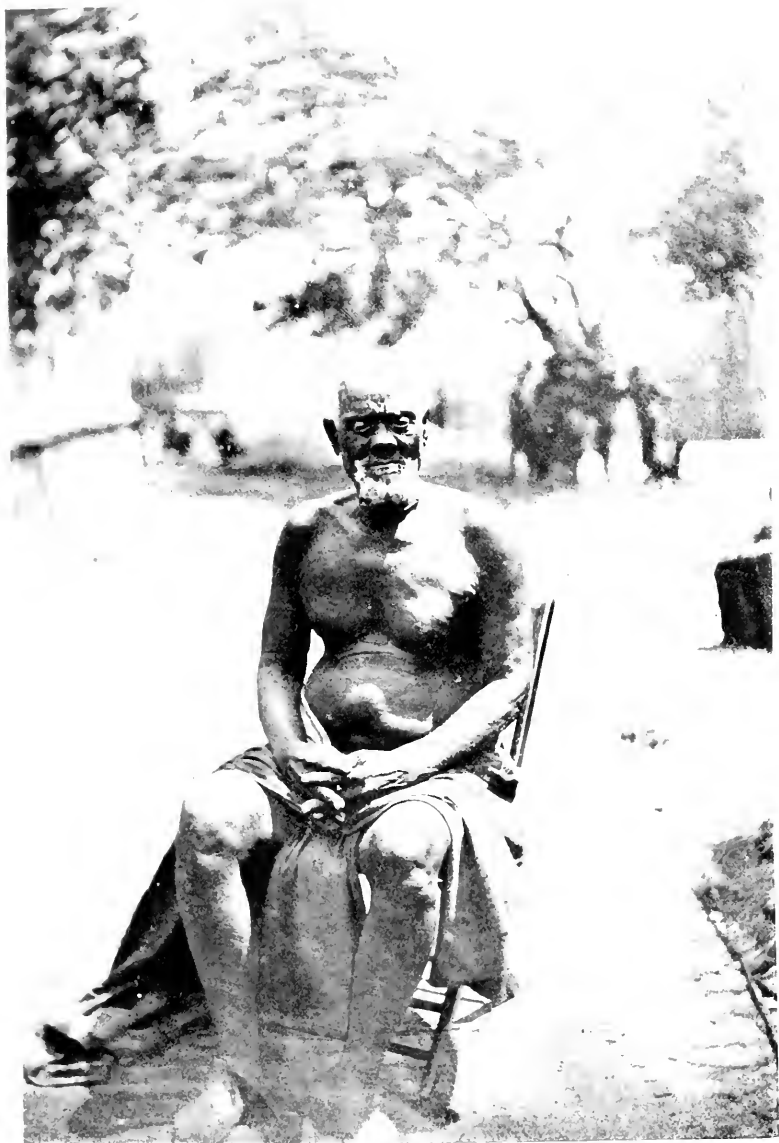
The Barotsi were not bloodthirsty in the strict sense of the word. They had a horror of shedding or seeing blood, and even of red garments or beads which reminded them

of it, and which therefore they regarded as unlucky. Poisoning, strangling, and burning were their weapons. Sorcery (working ill to their neighbours) was the only crime in the calendar: a most elastic term, which simply reduced itself in practice to unpopularity. A man who had no friends, as already said, could be hurried off to the stake on a simple accusation. He had one chance for his life. If he could run and clasp the knees of the Nata-moyo, or Minister of Mercy, the moment the accusation was launched in the lekhothla, he could at least demand trial by ordeal before being lynched.

MME. COILLARD TO MRS. HART:—

“The day we arrived we saw a case judged. A headsmen came to complain that when he had gone home to his village and distributed skins to be tanned and brayed for the king, one of the men had refused to accept his share of the work, and had struggled with the king’s messenger and bitten his hand. The king said he must be beaten, and before any one could rise to execute Lewanika’s order, the culprit, as fleet as a hare, fled to lay hold on the poles of the courtyard of Katoka. If he had succeeded, no one could have touched him there, for the king’s sisters are *Saviours*, and their houses places of refuge. But he did not, for several men, seeing his intention, interrupted him, and then, like a stag at bay, he ran and threw himself at the feet of one of the king’s ministers who is also a Deliverer [the Natamoyo]. I assure you it was a moving sight, and one which brought such well-known scriptures forcibly to our minds.”

From the first the missionaries claimed and obtained the right of sanctuary for their stations. “I also am a Natamoyo,” said M. Coillard, when a hunted man flung himself at his feet. His crime was that when the king



THE CHIEF NARUBUTU.

To face p. 360.

had proposed to apply for the Queen's protectorate, he supported the proposal, which stung the pride of his brother chiefs. (This forms the subject of a later chapter.) He was careful, however, to show that he did not wish to defeat the ends of justice, but only to save the lives of accused persons till they could be properly tried. Criminals had till then been tortured, bound to a rack and laid in the burning sun, or on an ant-heap, smeared with honey, to be devoured alive. These and other tortures were abolished through his representations, but it was easier to get such things banished from the lekhothla than to teach the chiefs how a trial should be conducted by means of witnesses confronting the accused. This was a very tame substitute for the exciting process of "smelling-out" as conducted by the witch-doctors, and long after the ordeal had been put out of court the latter held their position unassailed, only that "sorcerers," instead of being burnt, were to be banished to a village of their own. As M. Coillard remarked, the subjects of these accusations were generally cantankerous persons, ill to live with; and this idea, which Lewanika had the honour of originating, seems capable of extension.

Another village was destined for thieves, and a third for those who troubled the peace of families, such as it was. The king was in earnest, but he moved too fast for his chiefs, who contested every reform to the utmost.

Narubutu, the old blind councillor, was the great preserver of traditions till his death two years ago, since which time he has been venerated as a god (*Molimo*). He was the head of the reactionary party, and it was due to him that the Ma-Mbundas kept their public influence so long. At last the heathen party openly measured strength with the progressives. Lewanika sent a hasty message to tell his missionary that the Prime Minister had actually led a

deputation to him that morning to announce that the divining bones had denounced him, their king. "So, if I am cruel, do not be surprised."

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"In the large, rectangular shed of the lekhothla . . . six or seven old Ma-Mbundas, squatting on some skins, were convulsively shaking baskets filled with every conceivable object, bits of human skeletons, bones of strange animals, spines and scales of fish, rare shells, curious seeds, the hairs of wild beasts, &c. These wizards were absorbed in the study of each combination, muttering cabalistic formulas, whilst their acolytes, ranged in a circle round them, made a frightful clatter with their rattles, bells, and tom-toms. The people, packed like herrings, looked on with craning necks, staring eyes, and mouths agape. And all this . . . under the very eyes of the king, whom they thus accuse of the nation's misfortunes. Shortly afterwards, the king's messenger had assembled the crowd, given his message, and finished by crying, 'Seize them.' Every one threw themselves on the wretched Ma-Mbundas, and fought for the pleasure of throttling them, when a second messenger arrived, who ordered the release of the miserable men, and warned them to have more respect for the Throne in future. The Ma-Mbundas had already profited by the moment's confusion to escape."

This was in December, 1892. The witch-doctors, thus publicly discredited, never regained their former footing in the lekhothla. Their trade is now forbidden by the British Administration [Decree of 1904], but of course they still practise in private, especially in sickness. This is the stronghold of heathenism, and though the Paris Mission possesses two medical men, so far it

remains impregnable. Perhaps this will be the next stage of victory.

To obtain the conviction of real criminals was an end only less important than the security of the innocent. No man's life was safe; any chief who had a grudge against him could have him assassinated, and even if he were denounced, he got off scot free, perhaps by paying an ox into court, perhaps without. The same year that witnessed the last "smelling-out" in the lekhothla also saw justice executed on a murderer in high places.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"October 25, 1892.

"A young man and his mother had been accused of sorcery and brought to the lekhothla. After long discussions, the king declared he would have no more of these cases of sorcery. . . . The young man had succeeded his father as village chief: his uncle, who thought he himself should have succeeded to the dignity, had made the accusation. The charge being dismissed, the uncle waylaid the nephew by a pond, throttled him, and with the help of a brother, drowned him.

"As soon as the thing was known, the guilty parties were brought in. Lewanika was in a terrible state of excitement. He ordered the chiefs to judge the case, and asked my advice. The chiefs were divided in counsel. Some said they ought to confiscate all the murderer's possessions, but to leave him his life; others that he should be drowned in the same way as he had drowned his nephew. To the first he replied, 'Yes, that is all right for the present case, but when you have to do with someone who has nothing whatever, what will you do?'

"To my mind, the case was aggravated by the fact that the king had already given his judgment, and that these murderers had taken no notice of it. It is an excessively

serious thing that the king should not have the power to save an innocent man. . . . I thought of our Christians, who would certainly be accused in the same way, *i.e.*, of sorcery. And while pressing the king to make an example, I also suggested to deprive him of everything and spare his life.

"The whole day the wretched man and his accomplice were writhing in the fierce sunshine of the public place, cruelly throttled. In the evening, one was untied, the other was taken to the fatal pool, where he was executed. On the way he saw me and called to me: 'They are going to kill me, *Moruti*; oh, save me!' His curses and entreaties still ring in my ears. But what could I do?"

Though M. Coillard believed firmly that the governor "beareth not the sword in vain," it was very hard indeed for him to refrain from interference. But this one execution saved many lives. Indeed, since then hardly any case of deliberate murder has been known to occur within Lewanika's jurisdiction, except of children, which, alas! although stringently forbidden for years past, still goes on to some extent, and is difficult to detect. The real cause of it lay in slavery, which existed in a peculiarly odious form. Every year the finest boys and girls were taken from every village and brought to the capital, nominally to learn their duties, in reality to be distributed as slaves at the king's pleasure. Few ever saw their homes again. Consequently, parents had no interest in preserving their children's lives. When asked questions about them they invariably replied they had none; "wiping out their traces," they called it. "Why do you all pretend you have no children?" M. Coillard asked confidentially one day. "Because the king's men would take them away if we did not hide them." A check was put upon this blood-tax as soon as the British Administration

entered the country, and with the abolition of slavery in 1906 the sense of parental responsibility will probably develop. But though slavery was the chief cause, it was not the only one. Superstition had much to answer for. Of twins, one was always killed, if not both; any child who cut its upper teeth first, and any baby born before its predecessor could walk; and the murder of some little creature otherwise precious was the only accepted means of averting many forms of supposed ill-luck. One such child, whose parents had hidden him in the forest to save his life, was seized by the neighbours and thrown to the crocodiles as soon as he grew big enough to run about and could be concealed no longer. Apparently the idea was that as soon as his first teeth fell out every one connected with him would die, fire would fall on the huts, and blight on the fields. Nothing can alter this but the spread of the Gospel.

The social ills which afflicted Barotsiland may be roughly divided into those that could be put down by the king's fiat and those which could not. The latter were the customs and superstitions which only the transformation of hearts and minds can drive out—a barbed-wire entanglement in which “those that have clean escaped from them that dwell in error” are too often “entangled and overcome,” and senseless laws of taboo and ceremonial defilement, for the least breach of which, at that time, people were liable to death, lest they should bring ill-luck on others. These made them heartless and cruel: for, *e.g.*, they dared not touch a dead or (in many cases) a sick person for fear of being defiled, and hence forbidden to leave their courts even to pasture their cattle or till their fields until the next new moon, or even longer. It might be supposed that the idea of infection had something to do with this, but that was the last thing thought of. Lepers and smallpox patients bathed freely in the village fountains.

Among the former may be mentioned first those already spoken of, namely, burning of sorcerers, smelling-out, and torturing criminals and accused persons, and trial by ordeal; and the shielding from justice of privileged persons; and secondly, slave-trading, slave-raiding, and cattle-lifting, and beer-drinking, the fruitful cause of all the crimes of violence in the country. Very soon after his restoration to power, Lewanika forbade the manufacture, sale, and drinking of strong beer, under stringent penalties. This was entirely his own idea, adopted from his friend Khama. The French missionaries, however much they denounced drunkenness, had not the prohibitionist views common among their English and American colleagues, and M. Coillard, for one, thought the king was going too far, and would only bring his own orders into disrepute from the impossibility of enforcing them except at the capital. However, he contrived to do so with such success that a drunken man or woman was never seen out of doors till 1902, when he went to visit England, and during his absence his people got rather out of hand. He himself set the example, and his family and leading chiefs followed it. Even those whom he sent on distant embassies, northwards to the borders of the Congo State, and south to Basutoland, refused to touch it, although in the diplomatic intercourse of chiefs beer-drinking is as much a part of ceremonial as is the loving-cup at a Lord Mayor's banquet. They knew if they transgressed they would lose their appointments. A proof of this determination was given when, in the autumn of 1899, the Prime Minister, another official, and four chiefs, were found guilty of carrying on a drinking club at the residence of the first-named. They and all their pots of beer were brought into the lekhothla, and before the eyes of the assembled lords and commons they were made to pour the beer away on the thirsty sand, and were then stripped

of everything they possessed, viz., their wives, children, slaves, villages and fields (*i.e.*, their manors), dwellings, and personal property, including clothes and ornaments, their official decorations and titles, and even their manhood names, reverting to those of their childhood. They were sent back to their birth-places bearing only their child-names, and were exiled from the capital, the Prime Minister for life because he had abused his office. Obviously the zeal of a reformer is not always "according to knowledge," and the manner of this punishment could hardly commend itself to the most fanatical. But it led to a good thing, namely, to the appointment of the present Prime Minister, specially chosen by Lewanika because, being a Christian, brought up by the missionaries, he would be in favour of progress, "the bull that leads the herd across the stream."

By January, 1888, a year after the missionaries' arrival at the capital, the days of anarchy were practically ended. The massacres of rebels had so far justified themselves that the few who remained dared not oppose Lewanika's authority. In the civil war all the governing blood in both camps had been spilt. Almost all who had traditions and experience of administration and leadership, all whose loyalty had led them to take sides boldly for one or other party, had been exterminated with their descendants. Those who survived were for the most part time-servers, and the young; men without any sense of responsibility, for whom power signified only the means of self-gratification. Now the people began to feel the effects of all those wild years. Not only was there a dearth of corn, but the cattle had been almost entirely killed off during the days when it was not worth while taking care of them. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Famine threatened everybody. The shortest way out of the difficulty was to raid

their neighbours, the Mashi-kulumbwe. These were to the Barotsi what the Mashonas were to the Matabele—a vassal tribe of skulkers and cowards whom they could plunder at their pleasure. The pretext was that they had ill-used and robbed Dr. Holub's party.

The expedition was organised and returned at the end of five months. It had been completely successful. Immense numbers of cattle, troops of women and children were brought into the capital as booty, and distributed. Lewanika offered M. Coillard and M. Jeanmairet each a small herd, which was of course refused. "I understand," he replied, "but what do the Barotsi possess except by plunder?"

Meanwhile the missionaries had been robbed of all their own cattle one by one. Nothing was left. They had to live for some time on manioc and fish; no milk, no meat, no vegetables or fruit. Their European stores were depleted, except a few necessities for sickness. As for game, even in Central Africa it can seldom be shot from one's own doorstep, and everywhere else it was poaching, unless they were on good terms with the chiefs, which could not always be the case. Everything that grew in their gardens was stolen.

That the people might have the less excuse for raiding their neighbours, M. Coillard counselled Lewanika to encourage cattle rearing, and not to kill the herds but to keep them, as the Basutos and Zulus do, as *banks*, while living on agricultural produce and milk. So thoroughly was this advice acted upon, that ten years later, when the rinderpest swept away the staple wealth of South Africa, and the Barotsi Valley escaped its ravages, traders came there from north, south, east, and west to buy oxen from Lewanika—cows he would never part with. Thus, even before the British occupation in 1897, war for the mere sake of plunder had



MASHIKULI-MIWEL.

become a thing of the past, though the will for it certainly had not. When the Resident was announced to be on his way, the chiefs made a desperate effort to organise one more foray, before it should be for ever impossible. The troops were armed and ready to start for Mashikulumbweland on the morrow (Monday, September 27, 1897), when M. Adolphe Jalla, then the missionary of the station, preached so earnestly against it that the project was given up, and the fighting line melted away without another word.

This is again anticipating. To return to 1889; the king was readily convinced that in the industry of a growing population his country had a greater source of wealth than even in cattle. He had never been one of those rulers who systematically sell their people to the slave-dealers, but these *Mambaris* had often bought "black ivory" from the subordinate chiefs, who were charged to sell real ivory on his account, and of course he profited by this. Now he refused to do so; and when a case of this came to his ears he punished the trader severely, confiscated a quantity of the ivory he had just bought, and sent the slaves he had purchased back to their homes, though he lost money by this. The *Mambari* tore his clothes in rage and disappointment. From that time forth any merchant buying slaves was forbidden ever to trade at the capital again, and this traffic soon ceased in the Barotsi Valley, though it continued in the outlying regions which refused or ignored his jurisdiction.

M. Coillard also taught the king to grow wheat. After attempts repeated three years in succession, it succeeded very well, and the whole country will probably become a granary. He also showed them that bananas, hitherto regarded as "medicine," were good to eat. He hoped that both would become the food of the people.

But no, they were at once made royal monopolies, like honey and some other choice products. The idea that everything exists for the king is so ingrained that twenty years of Christian teaching have not broken it down. No longer ago than November, 1900, some chiefs came to the Lower River with sacks of wheat to sell on Lewanika's behalf to the traders. The Prince Litia, the Governor of Sesheke, told M. Louis Jalla these men had brought word that the people were starving at the capital. "Then why does not Lewanika sell his corn to his own people?" Litia stared, and then said, "But the king's children are all fed."

When M. Goy, a trained agriculturist, arrived he showed them how to make canals for transport and irrigation, and to drain the marshy land. Since then, both Lewanika and his sister the Queen have had several dug; but the planting of eucalyptus, also introduced about the same time to prevent malaria, has so far been beyond them. Nor have they learnt to plough with oxen, though M. Coillard sent for a plough and tried to teach them.

The name of M. Goy, whose too short career was closed by death in April, 1896, leads to the mention of his arrival with the first reinforcement which reached the Zambesi in August, 1887. It consisted of himself, Dr. Dardier, and the Rev. and Mme. Louis Jalla. Of these only M. Louis Jalla survives. One of a biographer's troubles must always be that it is impossible to speak as fully as could be wished of those who shared their leader's perils and whose loyal help made his work fruitful. Later pioneers of the Barotsi Mission were M. and Mme. Adolphe Jalla, Miss Kiener, and M. and Mme Béguin; besides M. and Mme. Jeanmairét already mentioned. Their successors might well say (as one of them did in 1899):—

“Que n'ont pas souffert les héros
Dont nous suivons la trace !
Que de dangers, que de travaux
Et quelle sainte audace !”

The share in all this taken by the Basuto catechists must never be forgotten. From the first they exercised a very great influence over both chiefs and people; recommended the Gospel to them by telling what it had done for themselves and their country, and above all, set the inestimable example of Christian native families.

These new workers had to occupy other places, where they remained in unspeakable isolation. When, as happened in December, 1888, two of the Basuto catechists had to return to their own country, the Coillards and Mr. Waddell were alone for nearly a year. In all that time they only saw one white man, Mr. Selous, and had but one post; and they had not a single friend or well-wisher among the natives except the king, whom as yet it was impossible to count upon. At any moment they were liable to be accused of sorcery, and executed accordingly; and the king might not have been able to save them. There were as yet no white traders resident at Lealui, and of those who came once a year, all were not of the same stamp as Westbeeche.

Though they rejoiced in the gradual improvement of social conditions around them, this was far from being all that the missionaries and their supporters looked for. On this subject M. Boegner, the Director of the Paris Missionary Society, once said that the salvation of the individual soul must always be the first object of the missionary, because the true conversion of a few individuals always brings about an improvement in the outward condition of the mass; it is one of the cases in which the less includes the greater. The object, he added, of the social side of mission work should be

to place every human being in a position to exercise its claim to the Divine salvation. The following comment on this remark appeared in the magazine of the Mission (April, 1901):—

“How deeply true this is must be felt by every one who knows something of African life. How can a wife exercise her claim to the Divine redemption when she is the absolute property of her husband, and as such must comply with the revolting customs of heathenism? How can a slave exercise his claim to become ‘a new man in Christ Jesus’ when at his master’s bidding he must steal for him and lie for him? How can even a minister of state exercise his claim to the Christian life when he may on occasion be called upon to boycott or even to assassinate the objects of his superior’s dislike? How can any man, even a chief, exercise this claim when, if he omits to comply with trivial and degrading superstitions, he is accused of bringing the direst calamities upon his neighbours, and punished accordingly? Finally, how can every soul exercise this claim in a community where only the aristocracy are allowed to attend school and public worship?”

“Without wishing to Europeanise the natives, it is perfectly evident that if they are to be converted they must be humanised; they must acquire a status of some sort, or else they cannot even *hear* the Gospel. We can only hope and pray that as the ruling tribe receives Christianity its members may gradually learn to ‘give to their bond-servants that which is just and equal’—namely, security before the law, and the right to call their souls their own.”

M. Coillard, however, was not one of the people to whom it is any pleasure to take part in public affairs. To him, spiritual ministry was everything. Many devoted missionaries have esteemed it both their duty and their privilege to take part in public affairs, and would probably have done it just the same if there had been no such great abuses to set right. At first by temperament and since by conviction he himself had come to take a different view of the Church’s position in the world. “Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour”—this summed up his attitude. To him this was an ever-present hope. True,

he longed to see a righteous administration established in the country ; but for this he would always rather look to Providence than try to play the part of Providence himself. Like the apostles, he would "give himself to prayer and to the ministry of the Word." Though in public affairs he would not withhold advice nor even rebuke, if needed, his feeling towards all around him was, "*That I might by any means save some.*" For this reason the utter indifference of the Barotsi to all higher things was heartbreaking both to him and his wife. They seemed to have neither heart nor conscience ; they did not seem emotional and affectionate like the Basutos and most Africans. He attributed this to their having so little real family life. "Who being past feeling have given themselves up," exactly expressed their condition. One word covered everything : "*Ho bapala,*" to amuse oneself. Everything was so much material for laughter ; tears were never seen. Even national affairs were treated without dignity ; royal councils usually ended in brawls. In private conversations or public addresses every mention of Divine things was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter and mimicry ; the king's court jester would sit in front of the preacher on Sundays, distracting the audience with his antics.

"You must not mind them," said Lewanika after one such performance. "The Barotsi are made like that."

"I never see any one laughing when the king speaks at the lekhotla," said M. Coillard. The hint was taken, and by degrees they learnt decorum. But to hear respectfully was not to heed. M. Coillard wrote :—

"I do not know in what language to make our friends understand that the savages—ours, that is—are not the least the sweet, simple, affectionate, confiding creatures they are represented to be in Europe ; that they have not

the slightest desire to hear, and still less to receive, the Gospel."

Yet he said in another letter (the first after his arrival):—

"We seek involuntarily among these people the 'brothers and sisters' who are promised to us, and whom the Grace of God will reveal to us one day. We shall love these Barotsi not only as human beings for whom Christ died, but as sociable fellow-creatures."

The people being so absolutely subject to their chiefs, it was evidently all-important that the king should embrace Christianity, but this he has never yet done. Twice he has been on the point of it. The first time the chiefs went to him by night and told him if he did so there would be a revolution. The second time was after his return from England, so impressed had he been by what he had seen of the power of the Gospel. "Even King Edward was crowned in a church," he said. But again he was turned back. This step, which his father could not or would not venture upon, was taken by his son and heir, Litia, who had been under the training of the Coillards from their arrival. Although, unfortunately, his conduct has not always been at the level of his profession—and lately he has fallen away still further—there can be no doubt that it was sincere at the time, and that it has helped the Mission more than any other outward circumstance. He has always till lately shown himself free from superstition, and remarkably truthful. To this even travellers have testified. The chiefs assured him that he should never reign, and even threatened to kill him if he persisted in his profession of Christianity; he calmly disregarded their menaces. His confession of

faith was made on Sunday, October 18, 1891. Till then there had been no conversion, and no sign of one, outside the missionaries' households. Mme. Coillard was present with her husband; it was the last time she was ever to visit the capital. Her health had never recovered from the strain of the first expedition to the Zambesi; it broke down as soon as they arrived the second time. Nevertheless her indomitable spirit had carried her through the nine years of suffering and hardship since her return to Africa in 1881. In response to the king's earnest invitation she had risen from a sick-bed to make this journey ("Christina so frail she looked like wax," says her husband's journal), and had spent two or three days among the ladies of his household, trying to turn their poor frivolous minds to higher thoughts while cutting out dresses for them and fitting them on. To the king's chief wife she gave a beautiful piece of stuff sent as a present to herself, which she thought too smart for her own use.

"Is it enough for a dress?" asked the princess.

"Yes."

"Then why haven't you made it up for me?"

"Because I am too weak and ill to sew even for myself."

"Then you can take it back. What are you here for if it is not to make dresses for us?"

"Oh, Ma-Moramboa, that is not nice of you," was Mme. Coillard's reply. Those who knew her will realise what she had gone through before she could make such an answer to such a speech! Ma-Moramboa is the one person whose contempt for the missionaries has never been modified. The reason? Her only son was an epileptic idiot, whom the skill of the white man could never cure. (He died in 1903, to her inconsolable grief.) Mme. Coillard well knew that she spoke then, as always, out of

the bitterness of a mother's heart, and so she passed it over. It was not their insolence, but the awful depravity of these poor women that troubled her.

To return to this memorable Sunday. Litia had been absent for some weeks on a journey which ended at Mangwato. There he was very much impressed by what he saw and heard in Khama's capital, and especially by the exhortations of a young man, a Christian, who "made friends" with him in the Bechuana fashion. He had long been under deep conviction, and these conversations brought him to the point of decision. This he announced publicly at the Iekhothla. M. Coillard responded: "Your testimony makes us happy. God only knows if it is sincere; it is the fruits which will tell us. It is said, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all else shall be added to you.'"

While Litia spoke, his friend Mokamba wept bitterly, "because," he said afterwards, "he felt himself such a sinner." He had accompanied his young master to Mangwato; the two lads were intimate friends. He afterwards became a Christian also, and has been Prime Minister (Gambella) since 1899. It was he who accompanied King Lewanika to England in 1902 to be present at the Coronation.

This was a bright day for Mme. Coillard. "A Morotsi weeping, and weeping for his sins! I thought a Morotsi had no tears to shed! It is a sight I would have travelled a thousand miles to see; and we have only come from Sefula!" A few days later she begged her husband to take her home, saying, "I cannot die here." Ten days later she was gone (October 28, 1891). "This place had been to her the post of duty and suffering," wrote her husband; "but for me, what solitude!"

"All those thirty years of her mission and married life



THE ROYAL KETTLEDRUMS. UPPER ZAMBESI.
(These are played all night.)

had passed before her [during one whole day]. 'Let us be in earnest, in earnest! How swiftly they have passed, all those years; how little I have done! *Do be in earnest, do!*'"

She was tenderly nursed by Miss Kiener, a young Swiss lady, who had come to them about a year before, feeling certain, as she always said, that Mme. Coillard needed such help. Though she knew no English and had never before left her home in the Jura Mountains, she had made the whole journey by herself, travelling from Shoshong to the Zambesi in the waggon of a Dutch transport rider. It was not the least deed of those early days.

The missionaries at this time were very badly housed, owing to the lack of building material in the country and the impossibility of commanding labour. The small, square mud houses they had at first put up, not expecting them to be more than a temporary shelter, were crumbling away and threatened to dissolve with the first rains. The bad dispositions of the chiefs during the previous year and a half had prevented them from obtaining either labour or materials to rebuild, and it was in a veritable hovel that Mme. Coillard breathed her last.

The Barotsi on this occasion showed real feeling, from the king downwards, and since then proofs have never been wanting that under the crust of cynicism they have hearts like other Africans and other men. But by the one bereaved, the loneliness of his position at his age was felt overwhelmingly, and more and more as time went on. He had always taken an ideal view of wedded life, as he did of everything else; he believed the marriage of true minds to be not for time only but also for eternity. More than most men, he was dependent upon such companionship. Life was never the same to him again. "I shall never have a home on earth," he often said, and so it proved.

Mme. Coillard's character was a very powerful one. She had strong convictions, strong likes and dislikes which her intense sincerity did not allow her to disguise. Consequently, while she inspired passionate attachments, all were not equally drawn to her. She enjoyed the social life of Europe and shone in it, but its domestic restrictions chafed her spirit, and those who never saw her in her own home did not know her as she really was, overflowing with kindness and hospitality, utterly devoted to her husband and his work. She had great influence with the natives; more, strange to say, with the men than with the women. The Basutos stood rather in awe of her, but the sufferings and miseries she witnessed among the Barotsi drew out all her compassion and forbearance. "Her character had wonderfully grown, softened, and beautified since coming to the Zambesi," wrote one of those who knew her best. To sorrow she was tenderly sympathetic. From first to last she "gave herself royally."

Of their mutual happiness it seems almost sacrilege to write, yet something must be said of a union so perfect, begun in circumstances so unusual. Knowing from those very circumstances that it was not self-will but God's Providence that had brought them together, each accepted the other with absolute confidence, as a gift from Him, and hence as one to be cherished and held sacred for the sake of the Giver. The Wise Man says: "*A gift is as a precious stone (marg., stone of grace) in the eyes of him that hath it: whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth*"; and this exactly describes what they were to one another. The changes and trials of their career only served to bring out fresh perfections in each other's eyes, so that their whole married life was one long series of delightful surprises, a never-ending romance.

As far as known, Mme. Coillard was the first of her nationality to be buried in Barotsiland.* Eighteen months before her death it had become a British Protectorate by the earnest desire of King Lewanika himself. It was not in order to extend the British Empire that she had travelled so far, for "they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country" was truer of her than of most. But the land she had left for so long was still dear, and it could not be a matter of indifference that its flag had followed even to the limits of her exile, first in Basutoland, and then to the Zambesi, and that the sceptre of her Queen was stretched out to protect the tribes she had come so far to help. Unfortunately the circumstances attending this great movement were so painful (not through the action of responsible parties but of mischief-makers) that all satisfaction was neutralised for the time being. These circumstances must form the subject of another chapter.

* It is perhaps worth remarking that the first white woman to enter Basutoland was also English—Miss Sarah Dyke, the wife of the Rev. E. Casalis.

CHAPTER XXI

BAROTSILAND BECOMES A BRITISH PROTECTORATE

1890-1891

The treaty with the British South Africa Company—First overtures of Lewanika—Khama's counsel—The first *pitso*—Opposition of the chiefs—Mr. Lochner's mission—Revoking—Treachery of chiefs—White slanderers—Persecution of missionaries—A crisis—Confidence restored—Poetic justice.

THE first treaty of the Barotsi monarch with the British South Africa Company was signed on June 27, 1890. For him the British Protectorate was the crown of his desires, and M. Coillard wrote: "If there is one man who perfectly understands the situation, it is certainly Lewanika, and it is on him and on his council that all the responsibility of these transactions rests. M. Adolphe Jalla and I were careful to bring out clearly the definite and perpetual character of the concession. For my part, I have no doubt that for the nation this will prove the one plank of safety. The Barotsi are incapable of governing, and, left to themselves, they would before long have annihilated each other."

It is not the purpose of this chapter to tell the story of the negotiations, but only to speak of them as they affected the Mission.

During his exile in 1885 Lewanika had heard about the Protectorate of Satory (Queen Victoria), which was

declared up to the Zambesi, when he was taking refuge at Libebe's (Chobe River), and it seemed to him just what he required to confirm him on his throne. On his return to power, the very day after M. Coillard and his party arrived (October, 1886), he spoke about it. "I can see him now," said Mr. Waddell to the writer, "sitting under a tree wrapped in wild-beast skins, and wanting M. Coillard to sit down and write a letter to the Queen then and there." This request was frequently renewed. For some years his missionary steadily refused to comply with it, partly because he was not a political agent and wished to steer clear of all such affairs, but also because Lewanika was the only person in the country who desired it, all his chiefs being strongly opposed thereto. "If you become a *motlanka*" (a servant of rulers), they said, "it is a humiliation the Barotsi will never accept."

As time went on, however, and the scramble for Africa became acute, it was impossible to keep altogether aloof from the subject, since all looked to him for counsel. He saw that this immense territory of nearly 200,000 square miles stretching on both sides of the Zambesi, which Lewanika claimed as his right, would certainly fall to the lot of some European Power or be split up amongst them, and out of his long experience he believed the British Protectorate would be the best. Whatever his personal convictions, however, prudence and principle alike forbade him to take the initiative. The advice he gave was to consult Khama, in whom they all had confidence, and who had himself accepted the Protectorate some years previously. He made it clear to the chiefs that, being a Frenchman, he had no national or personal interest in bringing it about; he set forth its advantages, and also its disadvantages, since a Protectorate, like everything else, must be paid for in some way or another. The whole thing was threshed out in the

lekhothla one day in October, 1888. On this occasion the chiefs indignantly rejected the idea of a guardianship which they clearly saw would limit their arbitrary powers, and nearly lynched Liomba, the one chief who supported Lewanika's proposals. Lewanika was so imprudent as to betray that he wanted the Protectorate to secure him against another revolution; they instantly interpreted this to mean that Liomba had accused them to their master of plotting and sorcery. The assemblage ended in a free fight, and M. and Mme. Coillard, who were both present, saved Liomba's life with great difficulty, the official Natamoyo having found it convenient to be out of the way as soon as the rioting began. This rescue did not increase their popularity with the disappointed mob.

However, the subject, once mooted, could not be dropped, and finally M. Coillard consented to write a letter on the king's behalf to Sir Sidney Sheppard, Administrator of British Bechuanaland. This letter was accompanied by one from Lewanika to Khama, asking his advice.

Khama's reply was as follows:—

“SHOSHONG, *July 17, 1889.*

“Concerning the word you ask me about the Government of the English, I can only say it is a thing for each Chief to do for himself.

“I rejoice in it, but I cannot advise you; you are Chief, and must do for yourself what you desire.

✓ “I have the people of the great Queen with me, and I am glad to have them. I live in peace with them, and I have no fear of the Matabele or the Boers any longer attacking me; that is the thing which I know and can tell you.

“If you wish to speak with the great Government, and if you wish to see some great man from the Queen's Government, then if you ask me, I will let the Government know, and a man will be sent to speak with you and hear your words.—I am, your friend,

(*Signed autographically*)

“KHAMA,

“Chief of the Ba-mangwato.”

Two months later (September 1, 1889) Sir Sidney Sheppard informed M. Coillard that Mr. Rhodes had written to the Board of the British South Africa Company supporting Lewanika's petition. Without fully knowing its greatness and importance, he had seen and grasped the opportunity. Almost immediately afterwards, the envoy of the Company, Mr. Elliot Lochner, left for Barotsiland to open negotiations, but he travelled at a bad time of year, and did not arrive till April, 1890. Mr. Rhodes had also written to M. Coillard himself, who replied to his letter as follows :—*

F. COILLARD TO C. J. RHODES, ESQ.

“ SEFULA, BAROTSI VALLEY,

“ April 8, 1890.

“ DEAR SIR,—I have duly received yours of October 12, 1889. Since then Mr. Lochner has arrived, and has already seen the king. He has come here to us to rest and recruit his health, which has been shattered by frequent attacks of fever.

“ I have little doubt as to the ultimate result of Mr. Lochner's mission. . . . [Here follows a description of the actual state of affairs.] . . . You inquire of me if I can accept the Residency. Well, I cannot serve two masters. But if without any official title I can be to your Company of any service *as a medium of communication* [italics not his own], and until you get the proper man, I willingly place myself at your disposal.

“ But in case Mr. Lochner's mission succeeds, I would strongly urge of you to act with promptitude, decision, and firmness. The choice of your representative here is a matter of the greatest importance, as much will depend

* This letter is reproduced by kind permission of the British South African Company's Board.

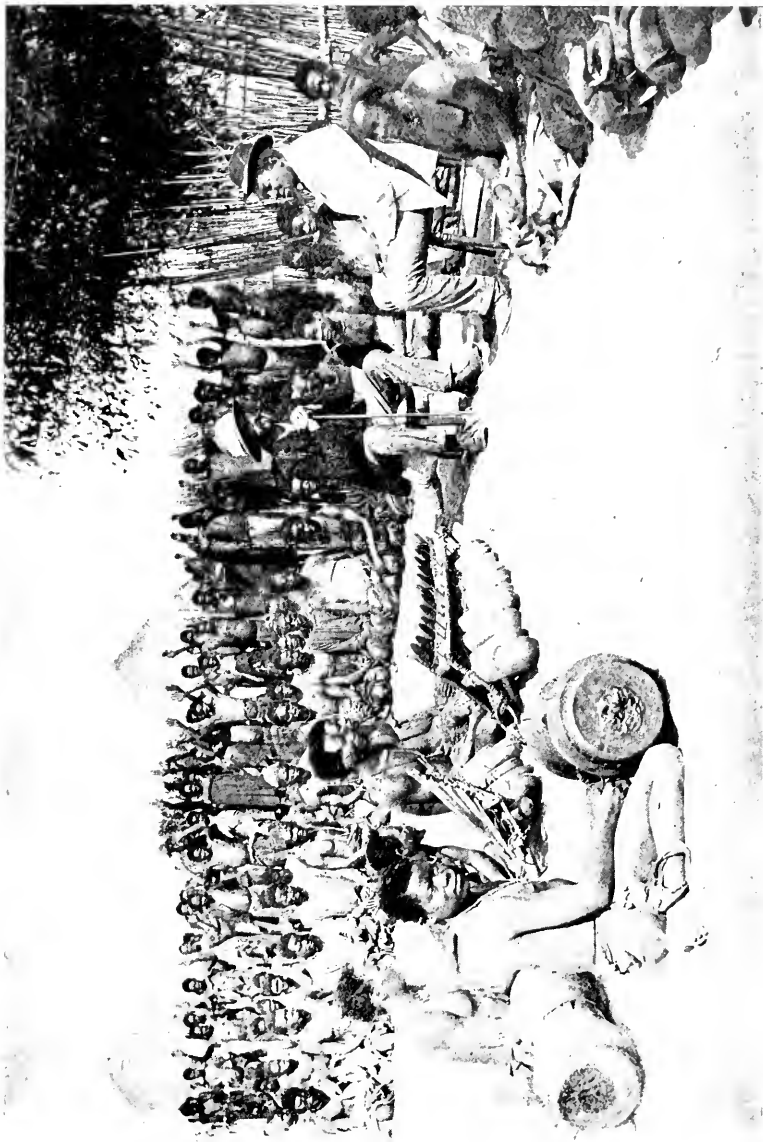
on his personal character and qualities. A mistake in the choice of the man might involve the Company in much unpleasantness and trouble.

“His escort ought to be such as to impress the natives that there is a new and real power in the land. . . .

(Signed) “F. COILLARD.”

Owing to his broken health, Mr. Lochner remained the Coillards' guest more or less during the whole time of his stay in the Barotsi Valley. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that M. Coillard was obliged to act as interpreter throughout all the negotiations, unfortunately identified the mission in the eyes of the Barotsi with the British Protectorate, much as M. Coillard desired to avoid such a construction being put upon his behaviour in the matter. It was inevitable at the time, but it led to much subsequent trouble. As a matter of fact, apart from his services as interpreter to both sides impartially, the only action M. Coillard took was to secure as far as possible the interests of the natives and the rights of the king and chiefs. In this he succeeded. The above letter to the late Mr. C. J. Rhodes proves the entire independence of his attitude. He would not consent to be anything but an intermediary, and even that he only contemplated for a few months until the Resident should arrive (Mr.—now Sir—Harry Johnston), as was then intended. The troubles in Matabeleland prevented this for seven years. As will now be seen, the slanders of which he immediately became the object obliged him in a very short time to decline all further responsibility.

Barotsiland was so little known at that time that the Company's ambassador had no idea beforehand of Lewanika's power and importance, and the extent of his realm. He found, in short, that he had hooked a much bigger fish than he expected, and one that in



THE DECISIVE INTERVIEW OF MR. ELLIOTT LOCHNER (BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY) WITH KING LEWANIKA.

JUNE, 1890.
[To face p. 381.]

consequence gave a good deal more play than he was altogether prepared for.

It has already been said that most of the chiefs were strongly opposed to the British Protectorate, and would rather have deposed Lewanika than accepted it. Their objections were almost wholly selfish; they knew it would restrict their power and its abuses, and by degrees they were apparently overcome, though not without great difficulty and much delay. At the critical moment of the negotiations, when the safety as well as the success of Mr. Lochner's mission was trembling in the balance, Khama's ambassador, Makoatsa, entered the lekhothla with his suite, and delivered a message from his master in these words:—

“Barotsi, I have tasted a delicious dish” (*i.e.*, British Protection), “and I have shared it with you. What have you done with it? To-day, I hear that you speak again of revolutions. Take care. Lewanika is my friend, and if you dare to make attempts against his life and power, I am Khama. You will see me with your eyes and hear me.”

This oration turned the scale. In the end the chiefs unanimously affixed their marks to the treaty on June 27, 1890. [This agreement was superseded by another in 1898.]

One word must here be said of Khama's perfect loyalty not only to the Imperial Government, but to his friend and ally, Lewanika. He has sometimes been taunted with the fact that it was to his interest to be true to the British Government. But it was not to his immediate interest to be true to Lewanika. It would have saved him much trouble for the Matabele to be driven across the Zambesi to prey upon the Barotsi, as many papers and politicians advocated at the time. The Barotsi would thus have been reduced to a position inferior to

his own. Instead of that, he has done his best at different times of crisis to confirm Lewanika on his throne, to warn and fortify him against enemies at home and abroad, and without flattery or cant, to strengthen his dawning convictions that "righteousness exalteth a nation." All that has been done frankly and above-board in full lekhothla, without any of the miserable *ntho ea malapa* (back-yard business) by means of which the diplomatic intercourse of chiefs has too often been carried on, in order to the undoing of the white man; and also without swerving from his allegiance to the English.

It was not very easy to make the Barotsi understand the position of the Company in all this, for it was the *direct* protection of the Queen, as in a Crown Colony, that Lewanika had desired. This misunderstanding was skilfully played upon by traitors for their own purposes. No sooner had Mr. Lochner left the country than the repressed opposition burst forth in a tempest, and, as usual in such cases, the missionaries were its lightning conductors. There was another cause for this hostility. The reforms already begun by Lewanika had struck at too many vested interests to be popular. Gradually it had come home to the chiefs that the teaching they had welcomed was not a profitable magic, but a moral discipline that ran counter to all their prejudices, and its messengers were not at all in public favour. Advantage of this was taken by a couple of disappointed concession-hunters, posing as the champions of the Barotsi people, to stir up a clamour against them, saying they had persuaded the king to sell his country, not even to the British Crown, but to a mere mining and trading association, "which would keep every one else out, and would soon leave them no place to sit down." In this they were aided by X, a working man of little skill or education,

who had been for some years a lay helper of the Mission, and had parted from it apparently on the best of terms. Whether he had been playing a part all the time, or whether his character had undergone one of those climatic transformations which, unfortunately, are not unknown in Africa, it is impossible to say. It was not until long afterwards that M. Coillard learnt in detail the personal accusations made against him by this man, which prepared the king's mind for the attack upon his public character which followed. The pressure brought to bear upon Lewanika by these traitors was such that he confiscated all the mails and informed M. Coillard that he would not get any of his letters until he himself had overhauled them in company with the Englishman now acting as his secretary.

It so chanced that one of the first letters thus opened came from a well-known traveller, to whom some time before Lewanika had entrusted a sum of money, asking him to procure for him a gun of a particular pattern. The traveller now enclosed the money (a banknote for about £50), asking M. Coillard to return it to the king, as he had not been able to execute the commission. The use made of this to blacken the character of the missionary (who, of course, had not even seen the letter) and to mislead the king, can hardly be believed. Nothing was left undone to identify the Mission with the Company and to discredit both, so as to get the one turned out of the country and the other kept out. Letters of astounding impudence were addressed to the High Commissioner and the Foreign Office, protesting against "the proposed monopoly" on the ground that Lewanika (save the mark!) "was an out-and-out free-trader"—Lewanika, who by the very constitution of his kingdom was probably the greatest monopolist living! The pretext apparently was the clause in the treaty which stated that

undesirable white men would not be allowed to settle in the country—a clause designed to protect the Barotsi, but which the “secretary” and his friends chose to consider was aimed at themselves.

Not only did they control the incoming mails, but also the outgoing ones, so that no letters should leave the country without their cognizance, meanwhile spreading all kinds of stories in Europe just where they were likely to do the Mission most harm. These miscreants actually tried to obtain men from Lewanika to burn down the Mission Station at Sefula over the heads of its inhabitants. Lewanika refused, of course—nevertheless the Mission Station did take fire one night in July, 1890, and the occupants had the greatest difficulty in extinguishing it. The kitchen was destroyed. By a providential circumstance the fire was seen at once by a little girl who was sleeping there for the first time, and who, feeling restless, looked out and gave the warning. At the time it was supposed to have been an accident; but though Lewanika would not lend himself to such a thing, there were plenty of others not so scrupulous.

Proof would be impossible, but the two who had tried to incite them to do this at Lealui, boasted openly of having burnt down the storehouses of some other missionaries at Sesheke.* These were Primitive Methodists, awaiting Lewanika's permission (afterwards accorded) to establish themselves among the Mashikulumbwe. Owing to a perfectly innocent breach of native custom on their part, they were accused of witchcraft against the Queen Mokwae, carried off to her temporary court at Linyanti with one of the French missionaries, M. Goy, and barbarously ill-used. Orders were indeed given to leave them on an island of the river to die of

* See *Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa* (Methuen), pp. 159-60. The missionaries were MM. Baldwin and Walker.

starvation and of their maltreatment, and these orders would have been carried out if M. Goy had not insisted upon being taken down river in the same boat with them. All this increased the popular agitation, for these missionaries, being English, were all supposed to be in the conspiracy against the nation. The chiefs of Sesheke threatened to depose Lewanika, and he dared not oppose them too openly, though he did his best to save the missionary whom he really loved (as King Darius did Daniel), and gave him confidential and mysterious warnings drawn from the misfortunes of the Primitive Methodists. This went on for months, till by May, 1891, the whole nation had worked itself into a frenzy.

At last, as was inevitable, a crisis came. No courteous invitation was sent, but late one evening M. Coillard was rudely summoned to the capital by what was virtually a band of police. They did not even bring a letter or token. From this interview he hardly expected to return alive, since, if it took place in the lekhothla, and the chiefs turned against him, he knew it would not be in Lewanika's power to save him. It was unsafe to take his wife with him, and yet—if he were killed, what would become of her and Waddell? (M. Ad. Jalla was absent in Europe.) But fortunately the interview was private, and stormy as it proved, victory eventually lay with him.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“SEFULA, *June 4, 1891.*

“Never yet such a tempest. The devil has let loose all the elements against us. My visit to the capital caused us all the greatest anxieties. It was not an ordinary visit, it was a summons. I felt very much inclined not to go, but that would have been adding fuel to the fire. Never, perhaps, have we cried to God so

earnestly. The ill-treatment they have made Mr. Baldwin undergo on the most frivolous of pretexts is a warning to me. . . . My person is not safe. The very thought is horrible, but God will give me His grace. I count upon it. The humiliating side of my position is nothing. I accept that. I ought not to have busied myself with all those affairs of the Protectorate; and yet I was the only medium for communications between these strangers and the king. But it is the work itself which preoccupies me. It is gravely compromised, alas! . . . if the Lord does not come to our help. He knows that all my desire is that *He* should be glorified whatever may happen to me. But, O my God, let not Thy servant be the martyr of a political transaction! . . .

“[*May 30th*]. . . . Immediately after breakfast the king had X. called. I offered him my hand; he refused it. I asked the king why he had sent for me. He told me it was to discuss with X. the affairs of the concession and to break Lochner’s contract. I showed him how idle such a discussion was, and the impossibility of breaking the contract. He then set to work to attack the character of the Company. . . . Hence, it fell to my part to contradict this whole farrago of false interpretations, showing first of all their falseness and then establishing the real facts. I had to bring out in its proper light the character of the Company, which is not at all a simple mining association, but which has received a charter from the Government. Alas! I know that the weak point on my side is that it is not the Government itself; but it presumes it, affirms it, and will bring it about like the British East Africa Company. The discussion became acute. X. was very angry. I confronted him with the king, and laid bare the lies and calumnies of which I had been the object.

“‘Who told you that?’ said X. ‘To whom did I

accuse you of having been bought over (*soudoyé*) by the Company?'

"'To the King: ask him.'

"Poor Lewanika was on thorns, wriggling like a worm. 'Oh,' he said, 'perhaps it was I who imagined it. You must not insist too much.' I was appalled to see and put my finger on the lies and intrigues of these two men. I felt like a fly fallen into the web of two spiders. What made me most indignant in all that was X.'s want of good faith in the whole matter—a want of good faith of which I could not have believed him capable. Thus, in the article of the contract which says that 'the country will be closed to immigration, and that except the employés of the Company no one can enter it without the king's consent' [a clause introduced entirely in the interests of the Barotsi], he made Lewanika believe that . . . the Company had secured this right for itself and the monopoly of it. . . . It was just the same with the article which designated Kazungula (the official ford of the Zambesi) as the only entrance to the country apart from the king's special permission. It was a measure of safeguarding himself on Lewanika's part. He, X., makes out that he [the king] has alienated all his rights, and that he can no longer open any other door to go out of his own country.

"This sitting lasted from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. . . . [The next day] Sunday, I spoke on 2 Cor. v. 21: 'We are ambassadors for Christ.' I insisted upon the representative authority and the inviolable character of an ambassador: then made the application to those of Jesus Christ. I related the scene which had taken place at Sesheke [the ill-treatment of Mr. Baldwin], and raised my voice very plainly against the conduct of Queen Mokwae and the chiefs. They listened breathlessly. . . .

"Monday morning early we resumed the discussion.

. . . The object of X. and the king was to throw off all responsibility on to me. . . . I carried away a suffocating feeling from this last interview. . . . I did not reach home till 7 p.m. Christina was waiting for me. 'Is it all right?' she called to me, from as far as she could. She had been on the rack. . . . Not a hair of my head had been touched. Hence I could reply, 'Yes, it is all right.' And yet all was not right. . . ."

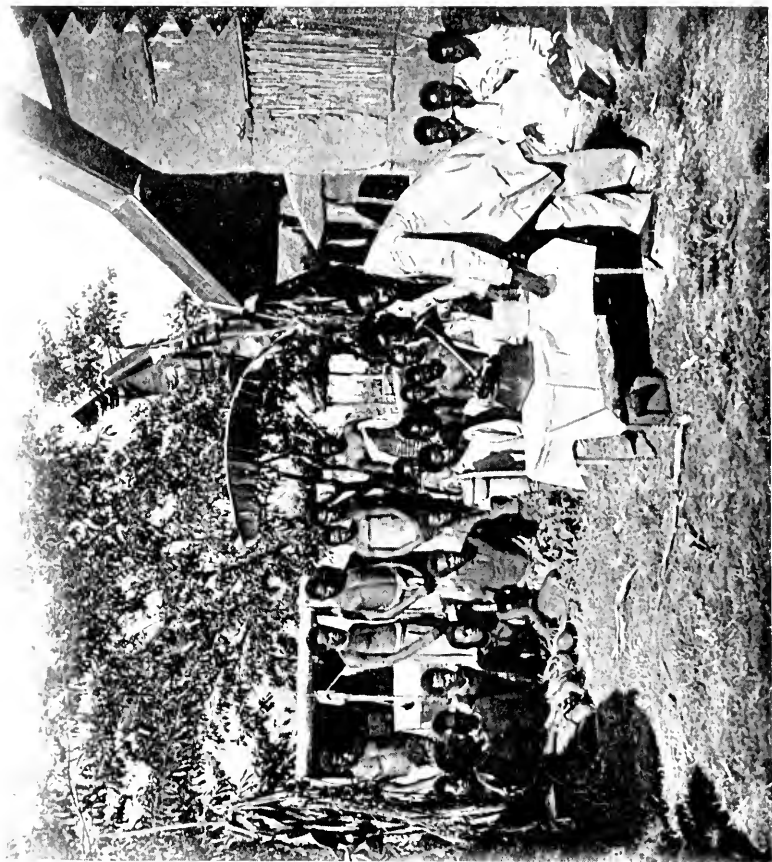
One thing that perplexed Lewanika very much was the absence of any letters from Her Majesty's Government confirming this treaty. Having chosen to quarrel with the missionary, he had got X. to write letters for him to the High Commissioner and the Colonial Secretary, but they were of such a character that no notice could be taken of them. In fact, no Government would be likely to believe, what was nevertheless the fact, that they had been written at Lewanika's request. M. Coillard now reluctantly consented to write one for him.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

"I had sent back to the king the copy of the message he is sending the Company. He replied by a furious and impertinent letter, imperiously demanding of me to let him know what was my own position relative to the Company by showing him my own letter. He had no right to do so, but as my position is compromised, and it is important above all not to let the least cloud rest upon my character as a minister of Jesus Christ, I sent him my letter. . . . That satisfied the king. But only for a time.

"June 21, 1891.

"I am fairly calm and confident. Deliverance is sure,



KING LEWANIKA LISTENING TO THE PHONOGRAPH. LEALUL, UPPER ZAMBESI, 1899.

so sure, that in spite of the storm I have ordered a small hand saw-mill from Waddell's brother."

Undoubtedly the intention was to drive the Mission out of the country, and for some time to come it seemed as if its members too were to be thrown as a sop to the wolves—the angry chiefs. Though the worst was over, it was long before confidence was restored. Lewanika would be kind and caressing at intervals, but he still kept away from the station, and would frequently burst out in storms of anger and insult. "What do we want with that rubbish-heap of fables that you call the Bible? What does your school do for us? For you it is the trade you live by; for us it is a purposeless and profitless folly." Not by any dramatic stroke, but by reiterated explanations and by the exercise of infinite tact and self-control, M. Coillard at last succeeded in soothing him down and persuading him to take no active steps against the treaty or the Company until he received some authoritative reply to the letters he had written to responsible persons.

The last move in this campaign was that X., when he left the country in July, recalled by his employers, and carrying the mail-bag with him, separated the whole of M. and Mme. Coillard's correspondence and left it at the Lower River (four batches of different dates) in order that all these important matters should become still further embroiled by delay.

However confidently they might bear themselves, these things preyed upon their spirits, and there is no doubt that they shortened Mme. Coillard's life, as they haunted her last hours. "My darling, my darling, they are slandering you!" she was reiterating all through the delirium of one night.

But already, two weeks before her death, things had

taken a turn for the better. When Litia returned from Mangwato (as already related, p. 376) he was the bearer of a serious and peremptory message from Khama to Lewanika, remonstrating with him and his chiefs for going back upon their own words and wishes. This message was delivered by the young prince himself at the lekhothla, and thus was calculated to produce the greatest possible impression. Coupled with his own profession of Christian faith made before the same assemblage two days later, it had a tremendous effect. Public opinion was prepared to receive favourably a letter from the High Commissioner which arrived in November, 1891. It announced that H.M. Queen Victoria had recognised Lewanika's treaty with the Company, and that an honourable Protectorate was now assured to him. This reply, dated September 19, 1891, had been delayed by a definite cause. The Conference of European Powers in 1890 to settle their respective spheres of influence in Africa had fixed the Zambesi River as the provisional western frontier between the Portuguese and the British in Central Africa, thus cutting the country of Lewanika in half. It had apparently never occurred to them that this might be the case or that it would matter if it were.

The Company could not honourably profess to protect a native chief if it let him be robbed of half his territories, and hence made energetic representations to the Foreign and Colonial Offices. The British Government did not want a dispute with Portugal just when the question of Delagoa Bay was rather a critical one. A great deal was said in Europe and elsewhere about England's lust of territory and the wickedness of quarrelling over a few square miles of swamp and sand, by people who did not realise that two very serious things would be involved in yielding on this point: first, the robbing of a native ruler; secondly, the perpetuation

of the devastating labour agencies (as they must be called) of the *mambaris*, which were depopulating whole regions and strewing the caravan routes with skeletons. By determined efforts the Company succeeded in getting the matter referred to the arbitration of the King of Italy. His award was announced in 1905. Lewanika did not secure all he claimed; as usual, the arbitrators split the difference; but probably he got as much as he had ever been able to occupy effectively.

M. Coillard had desired Crown Colony Government for Barotsiland rather than Government by Chartered Company. Of this he had had no experience and hence felt that to come under it was taking a leap in the dark. But as there was no alternative he accepted it loyally, as did his colleagues.

It is hardly necessary to point out that if the Barotsi had persisted in their intention of disregarding the treaty a costly native war would have been the sequel, in which Lewanika would have lost his throne, if not his life, like Lobengula.

This was averted, first by M. Coillard's representations and then by those of Khama (see p. 385). The proclamation put an end to all the worst troubles and restored confidence both between himself and Lewanika personally, and between the Mission and the nation.

The absurdity of the insinuations made against M. Coillard's relations with the Company was fully demonstrated. Soon afterwards Lewanika had a violent quarrel with X. (who had returned to the country), and drove him away with so little ceremony that it was only through M. Coillard's intercession on his behalf that he could obtain a canoe in which to depart.

CHAPTER XXII

BRIGHTER DAYS AT LEALUI

1892-1896

M. Coillard removes to Lealui—A spiritual awakening—A journey up-river—Dangerous illness—Return to Europe—Overthrow of the Matabele—Arrival of the British Resident.

IN October, 1892, on the anniversary of his wife's death, M. Coillard left Sefula and took up his residence at the capital itself. The ant-hill of Loatile was assigned to him for the station; the spot where formerly sorcerers were burnt, still encumbered with human bones, covered with brushwood, and swarming with snakes, rats, frogs, ants, and every other creeping thing. His horror of snakes and frogs was equal to St. Patrick's own, so that it could not be an attractive residence, still it was a proof that those days were over. He was cordially welcomed at the lekhothla by the very chiefs who had been ready to burn him there little more than a year before. "To-day our father comes amongst us, all these plots will end. He is a Morotsi, one of ourselves, and his home is here."

From that time the position of the Mission and its permanency have never been seriously in question.

All did not go smoothly, of course; that would have been impossible. There were dark moments of pillage and boycotting from time to time. There were many, very many, sources of private sorrow and difficulty in

the work which cannot here be told. What M. Coillard felt most sorely in his loneliness was the persistent way in which his attached and trained attendants were enticed away from his service by the king and his son Litia, and were thus lost not only to himself but to the Church. But on the whole the years between 1892 and 1897 have so far been the happiest period of the work. In 1894 a spiritual awakening took place, which spread to all the stations and led to many professed conversions. Although this blossoming has not produced all the fruit that was hoped for, and has not yet been renewed, still it was in itself a sign of life, and all those who are now Christians trace their conversion, or the beginning of it, to this time. The wandering habits of the people made it impossible to keep their conduct under observation, and also made it difficult to give them regular instruction. They were sent all over the country to work for their chiefs, perhaps only spending three or six weeks in a year near the Mission stations. Consequently there are very few indeed whom it has been thought wise or right to baptize, as there was little hope that their lives would adorn the Gospel, however earnest their professions of faith.

It may be asked why there are so many beautiful stories to be told of Basuto Christians, and none about the Barotsi. Such stories might be told with truth about the Barotsi, but it would be very unwise to do so. The work is too recent, they are not established in the Faith, and to speak of them as if they were might prove to be "glorying in appearance, and not in heart." The reaping time for souls has not yet come, but the results of the Mission are visible in changed lives and changed laws.

It was during these years (1891-7) that most of the reforms alluded to in the last chapter became general,

and also that the Barotsi nation was freed from the scourge of the Matabele. Just before Lo Bengula's power was finally broken, his hordes crossed the Zambesi and raided the Batoka country round Victoria Falls. The Rev. Louis Jalla thus describes the result:—

“I decided (in September, 1893) . . . to see with my own eyes the havoc wrought by the enemy. I found the chief camped under a shelter of branches at half an hour's distance from his village (which had been burnt), and surrounded by about fifty men and women who had escaped from the massacre. I only saw two *old* men, and two or three children; all the rest had perished miserably at the hands of the Matabele. . . . An impi [had] detached itself from the main band, reached the Batoka by forced marches, and taking their victims quite by surprise, surrounded them before they suspected anything. The people fled into the woods, but the Matabele stationed themselves on every path, even making new ones to be sure of letting no one escape. Then one morning they swooped down from all parts—more than fifty directions at once—upon these poor creatures, and made an appalling slaughter, over which they spent the whole day; they also took an enormous number of prisoners, whom they throttled immediately. Then they camped for the night on the banks of the Umgwesi. There took place another horrible butchery. All the prisoners were murdered without exception, and the details given by some eye-witnesses who were left for dead, but revived by the fresh night air, make one shudder. Some men were hung by the feet to trees, and left thus with assegais in their bodies; others bound to a tree trunk and burnt by slow fires to judge by their shrivelled and blackened hands. Numbers of little children were strung by the feet to a long perch, under which the enemy lighted fires, the better to enjoy the cries of these little victims. And so on. . . . When we reached [the spot] the camp was just as the enemy had left it. On all sides bones were lying about, scattered by the hyænas and vultures who had been enjoying the carcasses for the last month. . . . Judging by the remains lying among the skeletons, the majority of the prisoners had been women, especially young girls.”

M. Coillard wrote (May, 1894) on hearing of their overthrow and of Lo Bengula's miserable death from wounds received in Wilson's engagement at the Shangani River:

“But these human tigers had filled up the cup of their iniquity, and it overflowed: the innocent blood of women and little children cried to God—judgment has come at last! As a nation the Matabele have ceased to exist. For ourselves—I mean for the Barotsi—the end of the Matabele means peace and security, in so far as external affairs are concerned.”

A JOURNEY UP RIVER.

M. Coillard had long desired to explore the upper reaches of the Zambesi in search of new openings for mission work, and in June, 1895, he was able to carry out this plan; to visit the Balunda and Balubale tribes and to photograph some hitherto unexplored tributaries of the Zambesi. Lewanika encouraged the plan, and much against his missionary's wish, insisted on providing him with an escort of several chiefs, who each brought their retinue and paddlers for their canoes, forty persons in all. It was a company too few to protect, and large enough to arouse suspicion, but *his friend* must needs travel in a way worthy of himself, he said. They were hospitably received by Sindé and other important chiefs, and at first all went well till they left the Barotsi Valley and reached the Balubale tribes. These were counted as Lewanika's vassals, but they were unwilling subjects and he had had to send an army against them only three years before to exact the tribute due; hence they did not receive the visitors at all cordially. Moreover, as the villagers were universally intoxicated (another proof that Lewanika's writ did not run there), and a locust famine had ravaged the country, supplies ran short. When they drew near the village of Kakenge, the principal potentate of those parts, M. Coillard sent to him announcing his arrival and his credentials by an important chief who, however, did not think fit to deliver this message. The

consequence was that when he and his party reached Kakenge's they were rudely greeted, refused food, and bidden to camp on the other side of the river. As it was late, they were allowed to stay where they were for the night, but armed men surrounded them with war-dances and yells all night, and in the morning they conducted them to Kakenge's court. Throughout Africa it is the rule that no weapons, except clubs, are taken into the lekhothla (a measure of great prudence!) and the Barotsi consequently had left theirs outside. They were astonished to see their host surrounded by warriors in full war paint with stacks of Portuguese guns in front of them. He drove them away with abuse and without offering them the usual "ox of welcome," or even the *liyumbu*, or food of hospitality. The Barotsi were greatly alarmed, and the fact that they were nearly starving as well did not raise their spirits. Some of them, as soon as they had got their fowling-pieces in their hands again, wanted to attack the people who were insulting their king in the person of his friend and of the two envoys who accompanied him. Others were for loading the canoes and escaping by night. M. Coillard vetoed both suggestions. Indeed, the boldest course was as usual the most politic, for the chief who had failed to deliver their message would certainly (as it turned out) have murdered them all on the way back. He therefore told them about his adventures with Masonda (p. 245) and said, "Mark my word, it will be just the same here. The heart of Kakenge is as much in the hand of God as that of Lewanika or of Masonda. To-morrow, you will see, Kakenge will not only send us food, but will give us words of peace."

"As for myself, I was calm and confident because I felt that the glory of my God was at stake. No one slept, of course; all were crying to God, and the heathen louder



NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.
The Chief Sindé (now dead) with his hookah.

[To face p. 400.

than any. The morning broke, we had not been attacked. But where was the promised deliverance? The whole morning passed thus—waiting. *Nothing!* The afternoon wore on. *Nothing!* At last towards three o'clock, a procession which I saw coming out of the village advanced slowly towards us. *It was the promised food from Kakenge.** Baskets of manioc, millet, sweet potatoes, fowls, and what not!

“ ‘Moruti,’ said an old man, ‘here are the *liyumbu* of Kakenge. Now give him a present worthy of himself and of yourself.’ . . . At last I put my hand on a piece of stuff which caught the eyes of my Balubale, and not to embroil matters anew, I said to my people, ‘Come, I will carry it myself to Kakenge; let us go and thank him for his food.’ Seeing us break into the lekhothla, Kakenge fled into his court. I sent him the stuff and said to my people, ‘Now for the royal salutation.’ Their mighty *yosho* and hand-clappings produced such an effect that Kakenge himself, in spite of his dignity, hurried up, took his stool, and planted himself right in front of me. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I believe in your good intentions. I had sent orders up the river to have you arrested’ [in other words, massacred, as some of their ‘blood-brothers’ told the Barotsi had been determined upon]. ‘I am going to countermand them, and my own people shall conduct you to Nyaka-toro.’ ”

Their leader dared not place too much faith in these promises, as evidently it was a country where messages were apt to go astray (none having been received that the party had sent), so he decided to return to Lealui, after a day or two at Kakenge's. That chief was quite grieved to let them go. “Come back next year,” he said, after M. Coillard and some of the Christians who accompanied

* Promised, that is, by F. C. Kakenge had made no such promise.

him had preached in the lekhothla, "and I will give you two of my children to take away and teach."

Twelve men of the expedition were so impressed by the proof that God hears prayer that they professed themselves Christians at the lekhothla on their return.

The result of this journey was not only to prove the needs of the northern region, but to bring the Barotsi into friendly relations with their late enemies and to pave the way for future peaceful intercourse. The missionaries of Garenganze have several times made the journey to and fro from Lealui by river since then quite unmolested. Already in 1898 one of them wrote that some of their own converts, having occasion to travel down the Zambesi, met with some Christian Barotsi travelling northward, and at once they greeted each other as brothers, and shared each others' food as if they were of the same tribe. In former days they would have fought at once, or else have gripped their weapons and fled into the forest. However, Kakenge and his neighbours were allotted to the Portuguese dominion by the Frontier Arbitration of 1905.

During all this journey M. Coillard was in very bad health, which grew rapidly worse after his return. After enduring months of acute suffering, he was obliged to leave for Kimberley and submit to an operation, which was performed by Dr. Mackenzie, son of the well-known missionary of Bechuanaland. It proved completely successful, and at once he wanted to return to the Zambesi. This proved impossible, for the Second Matabele War, which had meantime broken out, barred the way, so he turned his face towards Europe, not knowing whether he would ever be able to return to Africa.

Passing through Wellington, he saw his beloved friends the Rev. Andrew Murray and at Stellenbosch Mr. Neethling. The latter initiated a subscription among

the Dutch pastors, and in order that M. Coillard, in his weak and suffering state, might travel comfortably, they remitted to him more than £100 as a mark of their brotherly sympathy. How much this touched him need not be told.

All this time the troubles in Matabeleland had made it impossible for the British South Africa Company to fulfil its pledge of sending a representative to Lewanika's court, but though Lewanika complained of this very much at the time, there is no doubt that the delay was all for the best. The progress of reforms prepared the nation to accept decrees of good government which earlier might have roused opposition. Moreover, the destruction of the Matabele power, from which the Barotsi tribes had suffered so cruelly, gave Great Britain a title to the confidence of the latter when the first Administrator, Mr. R. T. Coryndon, arrived in 1897.

"What a difference," wrote M. Coillard at the ford of the Zambesi on December 12, 1895, "between the passage of to-day and that of 1884! Then not a soul in that vast region knew even the name of the Lord, not one prayed to Him. To-day, let us acknowledge it to His glory, 'the Lord hath done great things.' We reckon five flourishing stations, and on each of them a greater or lesser number of Zambesians who profess to have found the Lord."

And to this must be added a vast kingdom transformed, peace and security instead of anarchy and bloodshed; slave-raiding and slave-trading abolished; infanticide, torture, trial by ordeal and by witchcraft forbidden, and drunkenness at that time never seen; also, as an indirect result, a great territory opened to civilised government without the firing of a single shot.

It was the fulfilment of Mme. Coillard's words, written in 1885, on her husband's first reception at Lealui :—

“Is it not wonderful that F. should have such a cordial reception from the Barotsi? We have no earthly good to offer . . . but truly Jesus is the Desired of all the nations. They long and hanker after some good which they don't possess, and can't even express their wishes; but the Framer of the heart has seen and answered their aspirations in sending us to them.”

CHAPTER XXIII

FURLOUGH IN EUROPE

1896-1898

Publication of *Sur le Haut Zambèze*—Personal characteristics—The S.V.M.U., Mildmay and Keswick—Farewell.

M. COILLARD'S passage was taken in the ill-fated *Drummond Castle*, but as there proved not to be a berth to spare, it was transferred to another vessel. He landed at Southampton on June 11, 1896, and was welcomed in France with an extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm and affection. At a dinner-party the late M. Auguste Sabatier coupled his name with a toast in these words: *To heroic simplicity!*

The whole responsibility of raising funds and workers for the Zambesi Mission having been thrown upon him from the first, he had had to be both General and war correspondent. This had kept him in constant communication with an immense circle of private friends, while his letters in the *Journal des Missions* during the previous twelve years had made him known far beyond missionary or even Protestant circles. All this paved the way for his book, *Sur le Haut Zambèze*, which appeared the following year in an *édition de luxe*, illustrated by plates from his own photographs. It had a great success. Of its purely literary merits, the *Figaro* said at the time of his death: "M. Coillard était un écrivain de race. Son livre, *Sur le Haut Zambèze*

est déjà classique." An English version was issued with the title, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, which ran into a second edition.

He was not indifferent to this reception: it was delightful to him to be loved instead of being lionised only, as on his previous furlough. But a private record reveals what he felt about it all.

1896.

"I think I might have been intoxicated by all the adulation lavished on me, had not God in His mercy given me such a revelation of my own heart as humbles me to the dust, and renders me perfectly indifferent to anything that can be said of me." (And again.) "O God, let not *this* be my reward—[the praise of men]."

F. C. TO A RELATIVE:—

"February 15, 1897.

"Yesterday in the evening, lecture at the theatre; the place crammed, and hundreds could not get tickets even, although a counter conference had been organised for a member of the Institut de France. It is sad to see the fear people have of anything approaching religious matters outside religious buildings and times. 'Lecture by M. Coillard, *missionary*.' That very name seemed obnoxious, and they wanted to put '*explorer*' and what not. And every one took care to put me on my guard. 'Above all, *no religion*.' And just going in, the daughter of the organiser (*un gros bonnet, ce Monsieur*) came again, 'And above all, Monsieur, *no religion*, you know.' 'What do you mean, Mademoiselle; do you expect me to put my flag in my pocket?' I was determined to protest, and so after proceeding by contrasts, I ended by that ideal view of the negro who looks from afar off, making myself the interpreter of his feelings and his fears as he sees the immigration [of the white man]

rising like a flood, finding nothing at the hands of man, I sent him John iii. 16 as a message, in his own language first, which I translated into French afterwards. It was so good to be saying it to that crowd hanging on my lips—‘*God so loved the world*’—and thus to close with the words of the Gospel.”

Another time, when he was visiting some friends, his hostess came to the supper-table excusing herself for being late. “I was putting my little boy to bed, and he kept me. When he was saying his prayers I bade him pray for M. Coillard, and he asked, ‘Why does every one make such a fuss (*tant de cas*) over M. Coillard?’ So I began to tell him why, and he said—what do you suppose? ‘I think we must all ask God not to let him grow too proud!’” Everybody laughed except the subject of this remark, who looked very grave. The next day, in private, the hope was expressed that he had not been annoyed by such an embarrassing speech. “Oh no,” he replied, “it was God’s message to me, and He sent it by the mouth of a child so that it should not wound me.”

Children adored him, not only those old enough to be charmed by his stories, but even babies would sometimes cry to be taken by him from their own mothers, and fall quietly asleep in his arms. It was a sort of fascination. Every one, indeed, seemed to feel more or less the spell of his personality. He did not believe that God’s glory was served by ignoring and soaring above human sympathies and relationships, but rather by deepening and multiplying them. Moreover, he possessed the power of giving to the many that close and intimate affection which most of us can only give to the few. At the same time he was never in any danger of incurring the curse pronounced on those of

whom all men speak well. Though he had loyal colleagues and friends, he also had severe critics, who sometimes misjudged and misrepresented him. In some ways he himself did not understand everybody. His unfamiliarity with present developments of thought and activity accounted for this. But if he could not understand everybody, he could love them notwithstanding; and many of his friends, like the late Auguste Sabatier, were men from whom he differed widely. One trait of his character was that he could see people's faults very clearly without caring for them the less; and could even speak of these without alienating the sympathies of his hearers. Just as there are some people who can make one detest a man by praising him, so there are others (and he was one) whose criticism leaves one more than ever in charity with its object. He "despaired of no man." Sectarian barriers always distressed him. He thought that Christians ought to sink minor differences and work together for common ends, not fully realising that precisely the point of controversy lay in the question of what constituted minor differences. But while viewing many points as open questions, on others he was uncompromising. He did not believe in Divine guidance apart from the written Word. He held to the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and felt that private judgment could only interpret this aright by the Holy Spirit's working in a submissive heart and a conscience undefiled. Hence he was distressed by the "laïcising" of Protestant thought and the surrender to destructive criticism of the Scriptures, which were to him "*a tried word*"; and also by the sort of pious anarchy, the penumbra of Tolstoi-ism, advocated in some religious circles both in England and on the Continent. Though he had so often had to plead the cause of mercy, he still believed that the law should be a terror to evil-



doers. In France he had to combat the extreme chauvinism which did not wish to support any missions that were not in French territory. In England the contrary tendency never ceased to amaze him, namely, good people always running down their own country and countrymen. "Even if it is true, they should leave such denunciations to other countries to utter," he would say. To his mind disloyalty was the supreme crime, and he said quite seriously that such people (mentioning one or two by name) ought to be put in prison. "Oh, we let them talk; it is no use sitting on the safety-valve," said an English friend. "You do not know the harm it does in South Africa," he replied. When some one in his presence observed during a discussion, "England has too often sought to conciliate her enemies at the expense of her friends," he said, "Ah, that is only too true." He referred to three instances: the abandonment of Moshesh by the withdrawal of the Orange Sovereignty; the abandonment of the loyal Basutos in the Gun War; and of the loyal natives in the Transvaal and elsewhere after Majuba Hill. Thus, though he frankly preferred English colonial rule to any other for the native, he admired it not unreservedly, because he thought justice had at times been sacrificed to party politics.

The death of the great Sir George Grey took place while he was in London. "He was the best, the greatest of them all," he said, as he stood bareheaded to watch the funeral procession go by. "Oh, if his policy had only been carried out, all the troubles of South Africa would have been spared us." Yet (so little are great men understood by their own generation) M. Coillard himself in 1860 had written of this Governor's recall, "I hope we may get a better; we could not have a worse." In saying this he was, of course, repeating

the opinions around him, for he was too young and inexperienced to have formed one of his own, and was besides fascinated by Sir George Grey's Christian character and charm in their personal intercourse. But it was then thought his arbitration had been unjust to the Basutos; afterwards he was better understood.

M. Coillard's power of sympathy made him a born father confessor. It was not only the poor and lowly whose trials he entered into; he had a wonderful insight into the lives of those weighted by the responsibilities of wealth and position. In Africa, as in Europe, he was overwhelmed with letters from people—frequently strangers—pouring out their most private griefs and penitences, and asking his advice on all sorts of family and business matters, of which often he could not possibly judge. "M. Coillard always suggested Jesus Christ to me," said one of his South African friends, "simplicity, transparency, humility, with the courage of the Holy Ghost." A young lady, a casual visitor who had never seen him before, turned one day as he left the room, and said, "He reminds me of the 'Golden Legend,'" quoting:—

"O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness,
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Is like the yielding but irresistible air."

Irresistible indeed he was. "We were just like wax in M. Coillard's hands," said some rough transport riders to the South African friend above mentioned. "We always knew we should have to do what he wanted in the end, though he seemed to be giving in all the time." There lay behind his gentle, retiring ways a dignity and independence which few ever made a mistake about

twice. Personally the humblest of men, he never forgot Whose minister he was, and that the work of extending Christ's kingdom commanded men's homage, not their patronage. A well-known English explorer, who knew him both in Africa and in England, wrote after his death:—

“I delight in analysing the character of my fellow-man, and am afraid—like all those who are far from faultless themselves—am sometimes a severe critic, but in M. Coillard I have never seen a human fault or weakness—while his singleness of purpose, devotion to the high ideals which guided every action, and his charitable treatment of the weak or wicked stamped him as a man of exceptional virtue. When you add to such traits of character the presence, spirit, and manner of an accomplished gentleman, you have what I have always felt to be the personality of this best of men.”

He was an ideal guest; more than one person has remarked, “He was like an angel in the house.” One of his greatest charms as an inmate was his readiness to enjoy simple pleasures and to fall in with established ways. “Not like some visitors,” said one long-suffering hostess, “who begin to wind everything round their own reel before they have been half an hour in the house.”

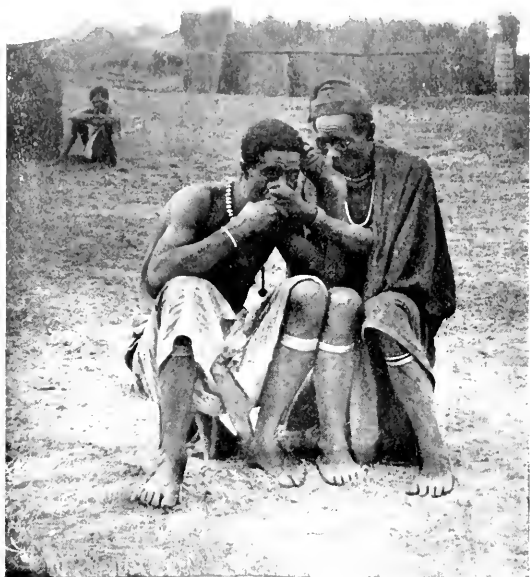
He was also in his own home an ideal host; to his colleagues truly a father in God, and full of small, affectionate attentions to their wives and children, remembering birthdays and anniversaries, and caring for them in sickness with a woman's tenderness. “I would rather be a burden to you, M. Coillard, than to any one else,” said one person naïvely, for whom he had turned his house into a hospital.

Roughing it so much had rather intensified than otherwise his preference for cultivated life. He took great pleasure in looking at fine china, fine books, and—truly French—fine clocks! He had also some curious æsthetic fancies, which seemed part of himself, *e.g.*, he liked every-

thing blue and pink and dove coloured, disliked red and purple, and shuddered at yellow, as some men shudder at a cat.

The record of his life is somewhat stern and sombre, but he himself was full of a charming playfulness that glanced over every subject presented to him. At the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897 some friends invited him to join with them in a private meeting for National Humiliation, which they had arranged for the same day and hour, on the principle which led Job to offer sacrifices whilst his sons were feasting. M. Coillard enjoyed festivity and also cherished a deep admiration for the Queen. If he could have remained in England for it, he would certainly have gone to see the procession. "Well, I don't say you have no causes for humiliation," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "*(je ne dis pas que vous n'avez pas de quoi!)* but you see I have borne the sins of Africa on my heart for forty years; and those of France, my native land, also lie very heavily on my conscience. Don't you think it is asking a little too much of me to confess the sins of *your* country too?"

The year he arrived in England (1896) was a very interesting one in the circles most sympathetic to himself. It was that of the famous Student Volunteer Conference in Liverpool. Its motto, "*The Evangelisation of the World in this Generation*," appealed strongly to him; its report, *Make Jesus King*, became his vademecum all through his preaching tours. Immediately after his arrival took place the Jubilee gathering of the Evangelical Alliance at Mildmay, at which he was present. From thence he went to the Keswick Convention. After his long isolation it gave him unspeakable delight to meet with so many fellow-workers from other lands, and especially Mr. Hudson Taylor, in whose China Inland Mission he had found such inspiration. There



THE GREETING OF INTIMATE FRIENDS, BAROTSILAND,
UPPER ZAMBESI.



The Gambella.

THE BIG WAR-DRUMS, UPPER ZAMBESI.
Each is hewn out of a solid tree trunk.

was an affinity between them: each had been encouraged by the victorious faith of the other. One day, seeing Mr. Hudson Taylor (like himself a very small man) struggling with a heavy overcoat, he came to the rescue, saying as he did so, "I am so glad to have the opportunity of helping you, just for once." "Dear brother," was the reply, "you have been helping me all your life!"

In Liverpool he enjoyed an interview with the aged Bishop, Dr. Ryle, whose tract, *Wheat or Chaff*, had led to his own conversion. "He prayed fervently and repeated several times, 'It is so good to think we are going where there are no more partings.'"

In Paris he had the happiness of baptizing Semoindji Stephen, a Christian boy whom he had brought from the Zambesi, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends and helpers who heard his confession of faith, and to whom it was the proof of his ministry.

Once when they were visiting the Guinness family at Cliff College, who had treated this boy very kindly, the latter came to his master's room one night after every one had gone to bed. He was sobbing violently, and it was long before he could control himself to speak. At last he said, "Oh, I never understood before what you gave up when you came to bring us the *thuto* (Gospel). I did not know your home was so different. With us, you know how it is, when we meet strangers we fly from each other, and each man seeks his weapon. When we go from village to village we meet only enemies who hate us. Here, you go from one home to another: all are friends, all is love and confidence and welcome. I know now what it must have cost you to leave it all for us."

It would be impossible to speak in detail of this campaign of two and a half years among the French-speaking Protestants of the Continent. His meetings produced a powerful effect, the more surprising since

as a speaker he was very unequal. This was natural seeing that he had often to speak when he was physically unfit for it. One Sunday he had to give no fewer than seven addresses! At times he was admirable, at others conscious of failure. However, these oratorical failures sometimes yielded the best practical results. He never pleaded for the Barotsiland Mission alone, but used the Great Commission as a stimulus to a revival in Christian life. After his campaign among the Swiss churches, where much had been given for the Zambesi work, the contributions to their own missions (Mission Romande) were larger than they had ever been before, and this was attributed entirely to the stimulus of his influence. If we could look into the secret history of many congregations, it would probably be found that his visits had had not a little to do with the recent quickening of spiritual life among those of France, which has prepared them for the sacrifices involved in the separation of Church and State. Thanks largely to him, the annual income of the Paris Mission rose from £13,200 in 1891 to £49,000 in 1902-3.

His addresses were carefully thought out. Some people have one lecture which they repeat everywhere. This he would never do. He could not speak to half a dozen schoolgirls (unless taken by surprise) without devoting an hour or two to preparing his address, or rather preparing himself to deliver it. "I can't feed people on stale bread," he would say, when urged to leave it for some social engagement; and once he wrote, "I have not dealt in missionary pastry only, but in the Bread of Life." This was true. His addresses, as heard, seemed only remarkable for a certain primordial freshness and simplicity springing from the fact that as a man he had lived close to earth, and as a Christian close to heaven. Yet no one who heard him speak ever seemed

able to forget it. A series of notes for such addresses reveals the secret of their power. Every one was in reality a Bible study, a sequence of Scripture passages setting forth the work and claims of Christ, forming the backbone, so skilfully clothed with interesting details of African life that those who listened did not realise the Word of God was finding its way into their hearts and minds, and that the "missionary talk" had conveyed a whole Divine argument. Old and young, as well as many pastors, were grateful for his ministry.

It will have been noted that every great spiritual revelation in his life was followed by a great test, to which he responded. The same thing happened now. It was at Keswick that he received a blessing. The teaching of Mildmay on Consecration twenty-two years before had put the whole question of *service* on an entirely new plane for him, and imparted a new joy. He learnt then the deep truth of the figure, "*When the burnt offering began, the Song of the Lord began also.*" Still the subject of *sanctification* which from boyhood had occupied his mind had never been clear to him. The doctrine of "sinless perfection," and the total eradication of the evil nature, whether sudden or gradual, he never could see in Scripture. To the end of his life he was beset by the sense of failure and temptation. But now he understood the principle of what he had long experienced in practice: "The law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death, . . . *that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit*"; and thus he learnt to count upon victory over the inward foe just as confidently as on that over outward circumstances. As regarded his work, though he was always depressed about the present, because his ideals were so exalted, he was ever confident about the future.

But as regarded his own spiritual progress, he was introspective and despondent by nature, and it was happiness when he could say, "Thanks be to God which causeth us always to triumph in Christ." Few have realised to the same extent as he how entirely this life of victory depends upon obedience and communion with God. He once said to a friend: "I have always desired three things, and now more than ever. I desire all equally: I do not name them in order of importance:—

"To know him—His own Person;

To be a man who can dig deep into the Word of God;

To be a man of prayer; to know how to pray and to prevail with God."

Aspiration alone did not satisfy him. He neglected no practice or discipline that could help him to attain these ends. He rose early at three or four or five o'clock every morning (unless ill) in order to secure time undisturbed. He usually studied the Bible in French, in two English versions (the A.V. and R.V.), and the New Testament in Greek. Besides this, he always had some commentary at hand, and also some simple Manual of the inner life. Latterly the books of Dr. Andrew Murray and Dr. Torrey's *How to Pray* were always lying on his table. Increasingly towards the end of his life, the subject of prayer occupied his mind, and was dwelt upon in his letters, as, *e.g.* :—

"George Müller's life teaches me many things about prayer. We are apt to separate faith from holiness, as if we erected our own will like an idol and called it faith because we ardently wish what we ask. The ardent desire must be there, but the abiding in Jesus too, and the doing of His Commandments."



IN THE RAPIDS.

His one object was to arouse both the Church and the world to the claims of Christ the King and Saviour. The sight and even the thought of a heart where Jesus did not reign so grieved him as to cause almost physical suffering, *e.g.* :—

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“BONSKEID, *December 24, 1897.*

“The remembrance of our happy stay here in 1881 and that beautiful Christmas Day makes me sad. ‘Merry Christmas!’ and my Saviour is unknown, despised, outraged, crowned with thorns, by this world He came to save. *Merry*; and the heathen world perishes in darkness. O my God, awaken Thy people!”

He knew the appeal must be to sacrifice : to give what could be spared would never meet the world's needs. He knew, too, by his own experience that self-denial, the duty of the rich, is the luxury of the poor : he was not afraid to appeal to both, and both responded, but principally the latter. He could not receive the fruits of so many sacrifices without sharing them ; and here came the test above spoken of. He wanted to take out fifteen workers to the Zambesi. As on a former occasion, some great gift was needed to set the example, but it was not forthcoming. Then it was revealed to him that he must himself be the giver. From sources unconnected with the Mission, he had recently acquired a small capital (laid by for his approaching retirement), on the income of which (about £40) he thought he could live, instead of taking a pension from the Society, while the principal would pass to it at his death. Now, however, that his recovered health enabled him to return to Africa, he felt he must give it at once. Not a soul knew of his decision, not even his nearest relatives. He withdrew

his whole banking account to the last halfpenny. The director to whom the anonymous donation was handed guessed, and put the question to him. He acknowledged it in return for a pledge of secrecy, which was kept till after his death. It was entered in the published lists as, "All I possess, . . . to send workers to the Zambesi." The present writer, little dreaming what he had had to do with it, asked him what he thought of such a gift. All he would say was, "The widow cast in all the living that she had, and Jesus commended it."

The example thus given proved stimulating. One lady sold her pearls, also anonymously; others brought large contributions, and at last sufficient funds came in to send the fifteen workers so much desired. However, it was more difficult to find them than to find the money. By the annexation of Madagascar to France, the Paris Society had been forced to take over all the schools and most of the churches of the London Missionary Society's immense work there, and needed all the available recruits for that purpose.

The very first Sunday M. Coillard preached in Paris, a young man passing the door and seeing the notice, strolled in to listen. Next morning he offered himself for the Barotsi Mission. He belonged to a leading Protestant family, and had just completed a brilliant University career. Here, without further training and ready to start at once, was the very man required to direct the schools of Madagascar. But it was for the Zambesi Mr. Mondain had offered—would M. Coillard give him up? "*Yes, he would.*" Only the pioneers of a great enterprise can appreciate this act of abnegation. However, it had the best of effects, proving to the advocates of Colonial Missions who had hitherto frowned on the Barotsi Mission and its founder that (as the young man said at his ordination), "*all missions are in*

reality one, and are a support to each other, and that to weaken one is to weaken and diminish all the others."

Two days before sailing for the Zambesi (December 8, 1898), M. Coillard addressed a farewell meeting in Exeter Hall, presided over by the Rev. E. W. Moore, of Emanuel Church, Wimbledon. It was a small one, for he was very little known in England; but the address he gave, speaking in English, was from every point of view one of the finest he ever uttered. According to his wish, no collection was made and no appeal for funds. It was an occasion for thanksgiving only, to announce that the fifteen workers had been found and also the money.

By a striking and wholly unexpected coincidence, when he rose to his feet, there sat just in front of him the Rev. Roger Price, the sole survivor of the Helmore expedition in 1859. They had never met since their stay at Dr. Moffat's in 1868 (see p. 179), little dreaming then that the work Mr. Price had attempted, it would be his to perform. Very few present knew anything of this history, but his opening words acquainted them with it:—

"When I left my native land a little more than forty-one years ago, one word was a source of strength and comfort: 'He that shall leave father, mother, brothers, and sisters [for My sake and the Gospel's] shall find in this world a hundredfold of them.'

"I see in this meeting and in all the words that have been spoken now the fulfilment of the promise of our Blessed Lord; and I say, 'How great is the family of God, and how rich is the man who finds all his relations multiplied to such a degree.'

"A friend told me one day, 'You [missionaries] are the foot of the Church, and wherever you go the Church goes with you.' 'Oh,' I said, 'that is beautiful! The

feet of the Church, that is the lowest part of the body, that treads in the mud very often, and in the dust, and if the feet of the Messengers of Peace are so very beautiful in the sight of God and of the angels, what must be the body? and if the body is so beautiful and so glorious, what must be the Head?’

“Oh, dear friends, let us place Him there in the midst; of Him and through Him and for Him are all things!

“. . . A great deal has been spoken about my name here, and I am sorry that so much should have been said. . . . We have a custom in South Africa among the blacks—when a man kills a bird, he never eats it himself, but he lays it at the feet of his senior; and if I had killed a bird to-night, I think it would be my duty to lay it at the feet of my dear brother who is here now and whom I have not seen for more than thirty years, the Rev. Roger Price, of the London Missionary Society—the true pioneer of the Barotsi Mission.”

CHAPTER XXIV

RETURN TO AFRICA

1898-1904

Basutoland revisited—Wonderful progress—Baptism of Litia—The last seven years—Accumulated trials—Death of many colleagues—Lewanika's visit to the Coronation—The Ethiopian treachery—Threatened blindness—Visit to the Cape and tour, 1903—The Drostdy Mission College—Return to the Zambesi—"All forsook me"—A last crisis—The end—Pioneer days over—Memorial service in Paris.

M. COILLARD sailed for South Africa on December 10, 1898, with his friend Captain Bertrand, of Geneva, a connection of Cæsar Malan's family and a cousin of the late Major Malan, who had visited the Zambesi Mission in 1895 in company with Major St. Hill Gibbons and Mr. Percy Reid, and had ever since been its devoted champion. Before returning to the Barotsi, they made a tour through M. Coillard's old mission-field of Basutoland, to which he had bidden farewell in 1884, leaving the work of his youth, as it seemed, in ruins. Now it had risen from its ashes to a stronger and deeper life than ever before. It was summertime, and they went from station to station, thousands assembling in the open air to listen to the preaching, while hundreds of baptized Christians flocked to the

Communion. It was to him a Divine recompense for the griefs and disappointments of the past, and a bright encouragement for the future of the Barotsi Mission. The ten days spent at his own old station of Leribé were the crown of all.

JOURNAL F. C. :—

“LERIBÉ, *Sunday, February 12, 1899.*

“A great day. From early morning group after group arrived from all sides—all the chiefs of the country, except Joel. The assembly met under *my* trees before the church, the same place where I had bidden them farewell fifteen years before. I spoke to them on my favourite theme, the Royalty of Jesus. But Jonathan must needs speak first, overwhelming me with all sorts of praises, recalling what I had done for him personally and for the nation—a speech which seemed to be much appreciated. And when I had finished he again spoke, in order to reply with evident conviction to my question, ‘What is it that has saved this nation amid the break-up of all the surrounding tribes?’

“He replied that ‘it was not our exploits in arms, but the Gospel.’ And he backed up his demonstration with peremptory arguments. At table he was still full of the subject, and he continued amid all the other chiefs to develop it. One of the most impressive sights I ever had in my life was the last one we had to commemorate our Lord’s death. Like the Sunday before, heathens, chiefs and all, had flocked to meetings, and resolved to stay to the last. But the church, which contains from six hundred to seven hundred people, was full to overflowing with *communicants only*, and all the others, inquirers, candidates for baptism, as well as heathen, had to gather outside under the trees. I was overwhelmed with emotion and joy in being permitted to see how wonderfully the

Lord's work had prospered—so that I could hear the songs of gladness of the reapers where we had sown with so many tears in days gone by. But these remarks apply to the work in Basutoland generally—I have been struck with the wonderful progress made not only in the *spread* of the Gospel and in civilised ways, but in the deepening of spiritual life among our native Christians.

“*February 24, 1899.*

“Farewells are always sad, but what a difference between this farewell and that of 1884! Then our flock, ravaged by the Disarmament War, watched our departure with mingled grief and bitterness, thinking we were forsaking them. To-day, the work (under first the Weitzeckers and now the Dieterlens) has developed in all directions, as witness our last meeting, to me the best of them all, where I saw my own church filled with hundreds of communicants, so that there was not even room for the catechumens. In this amazing extension of the work the Christians of Leribé most certainly see the seal of God placed upon the call we felt we had received to the Zambesi.”

In 1884 the Church in Basutoland was impoverished, materially and spiritually, yet it sent of its best—money, native preachers, and four white missionaries to the Zambesi. Certainly, in these twenty years since, the sacrifice has been made good to the givers.

F. C. (a private letter, *English*):—

“WANKIES, *April 30, 1899.*

“Hitherto in the midst of the noise made the Lord has given me such an insight of my own unworthiness and deficiency that He cast me in the dust. And the praise of men, in holding before me such a grand ideal which I

might have reached, showed me most painfully how far I was from it. . . . Of course, cork will always float on the water, do what one will. Men have not got the balance of the sanctuary: it is in the hands of God; and alas for the man who is found wanting. His only resource then is to cast himself on Christ, and from Him receive grace for grace. At present I am absorbed in this expedition I am leading. I am not a leader of men; I have none of the qualities required for it, and that again casts me very low before the throne of grace. When I look back upon those three years of labours in Europe, I wonder that God should have used such a tool, and in some circumstances used it with blessing. Humbling failings crowd in my remembrance, and my wounded pride would have them blotted out. The Lord used them, however, for my training; a soldier learns in defeat, and makes it a step to victory. Now when I have brought this phalanx to the battlefield and seen every one at his post of honour, then it seems my work will be done, and I don't quite see how best I can serve the Mission. The Lord shall surely show me."

The "fifteen" new workers had started a few months later to rejoin him by rail at Bulawayo—wonderful Bulawayo!—where he saw the transformations effected by the Matabele War, and lunched at Government House on the identical spot where Lobengula had held him a captive at his kraal.

They reached the banks of the Zambesi on May 18th. His sermon on the first Sunday was from the text in 2 Cor. xii. 14:—

"This is the third time I am ready to come to you, and I will not be burdensome to you, for I seek not yours but you . . . and I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."



HAULING CANOES OVERLAND PAST THE RAPIDS.

It was not only true at the moment, but prophetic of the future. Every one was confidently hoping for a bright and peaceful evening after such a stormy life; but it was not to be. His last seven years in Africa were beyond all question the saddest and most troubled of his life. These sorrows are too recent and too personal to be spoken of in detail. St. Paul could sum up in six lines his "perils by waters, and perils by the heathen," but "the care of all the Churches" fills half the New Testament. It is when there are some Christians to be shepherded that the real trials of a mission begin.

So large a caravan had never passed through Rhodesia to the Zambesi, for, till the final overthrow of the Matabele and the extension of the railway to Bulawayo, the route had always been further west from Palapye (Bechuanaland) to Kazungula. Hence the path was little better than a track; it was this passage that made it into a road. The African proverb says, "Where the waggon-wheel has passed, the grass never grows again." Unfortunately this is only metaphorically true. It was easy to lose the way. The journey was long, and from time to time they were detained in swampy places where the germs of fever were contracted. On reaching the Zambesi they were met by the news of Mme. Louis Jalla's death, and a few days later the youngest of the party, Mme. Bouchet, also passed away. The last words on her lips were, "*Avec joie.*" It was under the shadow of this sorrow that a meeting was held, the most important for the Mission that had ever taken place, namely, the baptism of Litia, the king's son, who also presented his infant son and heir for baptism. One of the young arrivals, M. Liénard, while contrasting the simple Protestant ceremony with the gorgeous rites that accompanied the baptism of King Clovis at Rheims, dwelt on the historic importance of the occasion. The parallel,

alas! proved closer than he guessed, and the Christianity of Litia, sincere as it then seemed, was exactly on a level with that of the Merovingian kings of France—a form of godliness without the power thereof.

As already related, a few months earlier Lewanika had appointed Mokamba, a Christian, to the office of Gambella, or Prime Minister. He had also received Mr. Coryndon, the representative of the British South Africa Company—his country being styled North-West Rhodesia—and he had signed a new treaty with which the missionaries had nothing to do. So that, while the king's mind was at rest, their position was now quite free from political clouds and complications—to M. Coillard a source of unspeakable relief. It seemed that henceforth, instead of “serving tables,” the missionaries had nothing more to do but preach and teach the Word of God, and reap where they had sown. After a warm welcome from the king they were appointed to their several stations, and all promised well. Nothing but trouble followed.

A period of bad seasons had set in. At the Zambesi they seem to recur in cycles of about five years. Already M. Goy and Mme. Louis Jalla had been carried off, and out of the twenty-four young people who had gone thither since 1897, eight died and eleven were sent home either invalided or widowed. Only five of this band are still on the field, though new recruits have replaced the others.

M. Coillard was overwhelmed with sorrow, especially at the death of M. Liénard, a Frenchman by birth, and one of the most brilliant students who ever graduated from Montauban University. The artisans and the technical expert, M. Georges Mercier, whom they had counted on for building, and for the Industrial School he longed so much to put on a proper footing, were among the first to succumb—two died, others had to leave invalided. He wrote: “I feel like an old tree, dry and isolated, whom

the axe has forgotten in the midst of a clearing. Oh, why does not God spare the young? ”

It was the more perplexing as during the previous thirteen years there had been only two European deaths in the Mission besides children, although the conditions in which the pioneers had lived were far more difficult and deadly.

A fierce storm of criticism arose; people at home could not realise that there are moments in missions, as in war and in other human undertakings, when not merely the interest but the capital of human life must be sunk.

“Better give it up,” was said openly by many. M. Coillard was indignant at the idea.

“Do people seriously think we are capable of deserting a post because it is perilous above all others? It is the Cross: yes, the Cross with its sufferings and shame that has redeemed the world, and since in Christianity, Jesus and His Cross are not to be separated, let us thank God that here it is given to us to know both!

“Have you not in Europe men remarkable for the ardour of their youth, the wealth of their talents and activities, who succumb? Careers full of promise and hope broken at the start? Men who seem to us indispensable, and whom God takes away in the zenith of a blessed service? What names, what facts pass before my mind and crowd under my pen! Show me the map of the world, and on it the corner—a single one—which the love of God does not cover and for which Jesus Christ did not die! If you cannot, then do not bid us hand over to others—because people die there—a mission which God has so clearly and peremptorily pointed out to us. The extraordinary death-wave, which is devastating without as well as within our circle, will pass; and how we should [one day] regret the reluctance and unfaithfulness which would have delayed the hour of victory!”

Others came to fill the empty places, but for several years the work did little more than maintain itself in the intervals of sickness. However, all this trouble had one good result. People at home began to realise that the missionary is not sent out to be, as M. Coillard once said, *une machine à sacrifices*, but to be efficient, and that a cheap mission in a tropical climate could not be an efficient one. The result was the starting of the Building Fund, which has already provided several hygienic houses for the Zambesi. Since the researches of Major Ross, the idea of preventing malaria by mosquito-proof dwellings has become so familiar it is difficult to realise that the first mosquito-proof house at the Upper Zambesi was erected by Dr. Reutter, the Mission doctor, in 1902, at Sesheke. It has been a complete success in shielding its inmates from fever.

F. C. (private letter, *English*):—

“LEALUI, *January 6, 1900.*

“At my suggestion [the king] invited us to a great dinner. I am sure it would have interested you to be there. The king's dining and reception hall is very spacious. He has a splendid telescope table where we sat, twenty in all, including the ladies, and the king himself, who sat at the head, and presided with more calm and dignity than I credited him for. I could not, however, obtain from him that his sister, the queen of Nalolo, who is here on a visit, should sit with us. He would have had her sitting on a mat and eating by herself, but not at the same table with himself! That meal I could not help comparing with the first dinner, where I found myself a rather cumbersome guest. The king, squatting on a mat, was tearing a duck with his teeth, and when he had satisfied himself passed me the rest,

remarking that I must be hungry. Of course to look at him had quite satisfied me.

“*May 26, 1900.*”

“Of course I gave him some messages [from Europe] about his conversion. ‘But,’ said he, ‘I like the things of God—it pleases me to see people becoming Christians, even my children and my wives. It is only my person that is not there because I have never made a profession.’ . . . As for me, I shall weep over the man and pray as Samuel over Saul, until the Lord tells me ‘It is enough.’”

LETTER TO A RELATIVE :—

“*Sunday evening, March 17, 1901.*”

“The Queen’s death was a very sad and unexpected blow. What a mourning there has been ! I preached on 2 Chron. xxxi. 20, 21, with Psa. ii. 10. I gave on the life of the beloved Queen such details as would interest the people and do good.”

“Hezekiah . . . wrought that which was good and right and truth before the Lord his God, and in every work that he began in the service of the house of God and in the law and in the commandments to seek his God, he did it with all his heart and prospered ” (2 Chron. xxxi. 20).

“Be wise now therefore, O ye kings ; and be instructed, ye judges of the earth ” (Psa. ii. 10).

In early days, while the missionaries were so few in number, the difficulty of reaching any but the ruling tribe had not troubled them greatly, because that in itself gave them more to do than they could overtake. But how to evangelise the masses of the people now became a pressing question.

F. COILLARD TO THE REV. F. PAYNTER :—

(Apparently 1902, but undated.)

“The great, great difficulty for me is how to reach the

poor, the slaves of slaves, who cannot believe that if the Gospel brings some blessing it is for them as well as for their masters. One yesterday who came to me for medical help said, 'We have no time to serve God as you say; all our time and strength is "eaten up" by our masters; the Gospel is not for us, the poor and the slave.' And when I showed him how that God had sent His Gospel to be preached *to the poor*, he stared at me and said, 'You love the poor, then?' I do indeed, and I never understood as I do now, in the evening of my life, the depth there is in those words, 'When Jesus saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them.'

In this same year (1902) took place Lewanika's memorable visit to England to be present at King Edward's Coronation. "Shall you not feel embarrassed at your first interview?" asked M. Coillard. "Oh no," was the reply; "when we kings get together we always find plenty to talk about." It was a curious sensation for M. Coillard's young relatives to see the ogre of their childhood seated at their own table in the garb and with the manners of a finished gentleman. In personal intercourse Lewanika inspired both affection and regard, and always behaved with consummate dignity both in public and in private. The Barotsi were delirious with excitement when he returned; they had been uncertain whether he had not been spirited away for ever. He arrived at the capital on January 1, 1903. M. Coillard had assembled all the children from the five schools of the Upper Zambesi (about five hundred) to make a demonstration in his honour, which pleased him very much. The Gambella (Prime Minister) summed up his impressions of England in these words: "The great ones honoured us; the believers showed us affection; but the people of the world despised us because our skins were

black." The Barotsi coined a new proverb : " There are only two men in the world : Lewanika and his brother Edward ! "

Next Sunday, after the sermon, the King spoke :—

" I have two words : the first is, *Praise God and bless Him*. In spite of all your fears, I have come back among you all, full of life and health. No doubt it is thanks to Colonel Harding, who accompanied me, and to your old missionary, whose letters prepared my way, but it is God, and God alone, whom we must praise. Let us talk no more about our ancestors, they are no gods.

" My second word is this : *The Gospel (thuto) is everything*. I have seen many things, and many wonderful things, but I have also seen one thing which I cannot keep silent about. It is that everywhere it is the Word of God which guides kings and their councils. In Parliament it is the Gospel which makes the laws ; in Society it is the Gospel which inspires a benevolence we have never even imagined. It is the Gospel which makes people intelligent through their schools, and which gives them security and happiness. The missionaries told me all this, but now I have seen it. Barotsi, let us come out of our darkness, our ancient heathenism ! Come and hear the teachings of our missionaries—come on Sunday. Send your children to school, that we too may become a nation."

These were cheering words. It seemed that only one step more was needed for the king to declare himself a Christian, and all his people expected it. But no ; he drew back. Soon after this declaration that their ancestral gods were no gods, he went and venerated their shrines, though not, he carefully explained, to offer sacrifices there—a custom which for some time he had given up. Still it was regarded by the people as an act of homage to their national deities, and many were thereby turned back who were ready to declare themselves Christians if only their king would have given them a lead, but who without this had not the courage of their convictions.

Which of the two was the act of sincerity ? which the act of hypocrisy—to confess the new faith he had really come to believe in, or to pay devotions to gods whose very existence he had just denied ? " The heart of kings

is unsearchable." Evidently the light in which he chiefly appreciated the *thuto* (Gospel; by which word is meant the moral teaching of the Scriptures) was as an agent for the *material* advancement of his people. And this made it all the easier for him to fall into the snare of the Ethiopian movement which darkened M. Coillard's last days.

In April, 1903, increasing trouble with his eyes obliged him (in view of an operation for cataract) to visit the Cape. Expert examination, however, proved that surgery would be useless, as the threatened blindness was caused by the dust and glare of the tropics and the effects of fever and advancing years. A visit to Basutoland was planned to recruit his health, and he spent some weeks there which he much enjoyed. At Berea he baptized seventy Christians. When visiting his old station of Leribé his young hostess, Mme. Lorriaux, said one morning at breakfast, "M. Coillard, you must eat some of these, you know. They are your own quinces which you planted in 1877, and which you said in your book you had never tasted." It was quite true, for though he had returned from time to time, it was never at the right season to find them ripe! It was not the only long-deferred fruit he enjoyed. He had a most touching interview with his beloved friend, Nathanael Makotoko, now helpless and paralysed, but quite clear in his head. No one who heard it could forget the dear old Mosuto's prayer when for the last time they took the Lord's Supper together. Another happy visit was to Joas, the boy he had taken with him to Natal in 1867, now a grey-headed evangelist, whose own son (named Francis Coillard) was preparing in his turn to be a teacher to his own people.

In the course of this last journey he made acquaintance with two books, both of which seemed to impress and delight him. One was Mrs. Josephine Butler's



Ph. Mr. Meiring

Worcester, C. C. The Drostdy, once the Hunting Lodge of the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, now the
MISSIONARY TRAINING COLLEGE OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

Catherine of Siena. He several times referred to this in his latest letters, saying he wished he might be like St. Catherine whose prayer it was "always to see the beauty of every human soul."

The other was the *Silex Scintillans*, of Henry Vaughan. A certain like-mindedness enabled him to appreciate this poet in spite of the obscurities which it might be thought only an English reader could overcome. One poem in particular he asked so often to have read to him that it may be taken as expressing his last and deepest desires.

"King of Mercy, King of Love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun.
Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for thee, to thee aspire.

* * * *

Oh, it is Thy only Art,
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since Thine is victorie
Strongholds should belong to Thee:
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
But since I would not have it mine
O my God, let it be Thine!"

He was worn out in mind and body. Invitations to visit friends and speak on behalf of the Mission prevented him from taking a real rest, but the affectionate welcome of South African friends, old and new, cheered him greatly. Amid it all, nothing gave him such joy as his stay at Worcester, Cape Colony, where he was entertained by the Dutch minister, the Rev. A. de Villiers, and visited the new mission house, the Drostdy, where over a hundred young Dutchmen who had devoted themselves

to the evangelisation of the natives were being trained under the direction of Mr. Louw and others. Many of these young men, the sons of Free Staters from the borders of Basutoland, could speak Sesuto fluently, and two of them, MM. Kliengbiel and Brummer, accompanied him as lay helpers to Barotsiland, where they remained for three years and rendered most valuable help.

In Johannesburg, that city of youth, people turned round in the street to gaze after the old man with his white beard and white soft hat, a weather-beaten blue cloak thrown over his shoulders. There he visited the Basutos and Barotsi in the mining compound, and gave evidence before the Commission of Native Labour which was then sitting, and in a private interview to the High Commissioner, Lord Milner. In Bulawayo he enjoyed meeting once more his old friend the Rev. J. S. Moffat. They had a long and deeply interesting conversation on the new aspect of the native question, saddening in some respects. They both had to recognise that with the immense growth of mining and industrial life in South Africa and the flooding of the country by a white working-man population, fresh problems had arisen, even more difficult of solution than the old ones. Chief among these were first the crowding together of natives in compounds and locations, away from domestic ties and tribal restraints; and secondly the determined opposition of the English artisan class to the training of the native in skilled labour that might compete with theirs. Both were distressed by the growth of a feeling against the uplifting of the native among the English colonists, remembering the time, not so long before, when the English posed, and not without reason, as the protectors of the natives. They agreed as to the extreme danger (to put it on no higher ground) of neglecting the black man's higher

interests, moral, mental, and manual, and repressing his legitimate aspirations.

Such were not the views of an English working man, in the train between Bulawayo and Victoria Falls in 1903. "It's absurd the way the Rhodesian Government pampers the natives: the hut-tax only £1 a year; I'd make it £4. Then look at them in N.W. Rhodesia (Barotsiland), all for peace and keeping the natives quiet. What they want is a licking, and I only hope I shall be there when they get it. I fought all through the Matabele War."

"The Barotsi are quite unlike the Matabele," replied M. Coillard. "There is no possible reason for fighting them now."

"We'd find one easy enough. Talk about Missions! . . . I'm a member of the Congregational Church at Bulawayo. I'm very keen about it. I believe in belonging to a Church myself—always did. I've a brother who's always asking me about the missions in N.W. Rhodesia. I tell him we convert the natives with the sjambok (whip)—teach them the Gospel of Labour—that's what they want! My brother lives only for the next world; why, we can make a heaven of this one if we like, and we pioneers of this great Empire have got a duty to posterity.' He intimated that the Company's government, by promoting the welfare of the natives and preventing himself and his friends from wiping them off the face of the earth, stood in the way of this millennium.

M. Coillard answered with a smile, "Mr. —, do you forget that if you and I had been born a century earlier, the classes then in power would have denied us the means of improving our lot?"

"I don't forget. We taught them a lesson or two: French Revolution, Chartists, and all that."

M. Coillard, with shuddering recollections, asked him

if he really wished to goad the natives into teaching the white man a lesson of the same sort? He himself was not a sentimentalist in administrative matters. In 1887 he had written :—

“We are not among those who think a more liberal government would satisfy this nation which is not prepared for such progress. What it wants is a strong benevolent government of such a kind that the Gospel can develop the people and fit them for a better life.”

He believed in “rendering to all their dues,” and when, in 1904, King Lewanika asked his opinion of the hut-tax about to be imposed in Barotsiland, he records :—

“I said, ‘The Lord Jesus paid tribute: why should not we?’ I explained to him that that revenue was not private money which the king put in his pocket, but a treasure for public works and so on; and I seized the opportunity of lecturing him on the way he makes his people work for him, from the beginning of the year to the end. . . . I told him unpalatable truths, for which, however, he thanked me.” *

But to deprive the natives of the soil of their fathers, and thus of all herding, husbandry, or hunting on their own account—a policy constantly advocated by the class of colonists whom this man represented—seemed to him sheer robbery; and it distressed him to hear the name

* This tyranny of forced labour for the king and chiefs has been put an end to by the Company’s administration. Under the new decree of emancipation, the people are only required to work twelve days in the year for their feudal lords.

of the British Empire invoked upon such sentiments. He had spoken of this very thing in his farewell address in England with his usual simplicity and directness :—

“I think that Great Britain has a great destiny before her, a great mission which God has entrusted to her, and I want to say a word here before I leave to lay this matter upon your hearts. My dear friends, it is not for naught that in the views of Providence your language goes round the world, and that the sun does not set upon Her Majesty's possessions. I do not believe that it is simply to get prosperity and to take all the riches and all that you can find in those countries. . . . Will these people—and here I do not speak simply of the Zambesi Mission, but of Africa—will these people be simply hewers of wood and drawers of water? Is it for this that the Lord has given you those people to rule? What will be the end of it?”

This trip to the Victoria Falls with the present writer was real campaigning, for the railway was only partly constructed. Here it was possible to see him in characteristic surroundings—careless of food and creature comforts; ever watchful for those of others. He saw and photographed the first lines of the bridge over the gorge, and found to his delight that the superintending engineer was a Frenchman, M. Imbault. One picture lingers in the memory, namely, the Sunday evening service, he was requested by the white men to hold at Livingstone, the township of Victoria Falls. The dark, stuffy little hut was crowded by men whose massive brows and shoulders asserted themselves curiously in the half-darkness against the background of mud wall. A few women and children sat under the lamps. There were no hymn-books, no one could have seen to read them if

there had been, but all could and did join in the familiar three, "Holy, Holy, Holy," "O God, our help in ages past," and "Rock of Ages." It was strange to stand where the Prince of Darkness had so lately reigned and hear the chorus that shook the roof. Oh that it might be not lip service only, but the true ideal of the new dominion!

M. Coillard spoke from the text which (as his autobiography shows) had first brought the light to his own soul: "*To as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the sons of God, even to as many as believed on His Name.*"

Early in 1904 he was invited to preside over important missionary conferences in Johannesburg and in Livingstonia (Lake Nyassa); he was also asked to visit the American Mission at Bihé. All these invitations he had to refuse: the work was in too critical a condition. A dark cloud overhung everything; the threatened invasion of the field by the schismatic Ethiopian Church, led by Willie Mokalapa, one of the most gifted, and apparently devoted, of the Basuto catechists. He had left the country some years before on the best of terms with the missionaries, and had ever since been carrying on a correspondence with the king, the character of which may be judged from one passage in a letter shown to M. Jalla: "Do not trust those white missionaries. They do not love you. It is only we who love you." He contrived to reach the capital several weeks before M. Coillard's own return, and to escort three members of the royal family who had been abroad for education, and whom he won over to his cause, thus lending the greatest prestige to his arrival at the capital. There he carried on a campaign of calumny, which, now that it is silenced, it would be idle to revive. M. Coillard wrote him the following letter:—

[*Translation from the Sesuto.*]

From F. COILLARD.

SESHEKE, Oct. 8, 1903.

My Brother,

When we met near Bloemfontein, at the Waterworks Station, we had no time for all we had to say. Still, we said enough to show you how firmly my affection remains fixed on you. I wished, it is my desire, that you should be able to make us forget the sorrows you have caused us. You are our child, do not kick at those who have brought you up, and do not despise them before the heathen. That could not be a good beginning for your work.

If you are fully resolved to come and teach in Barotsiland independently of us, then let it be so ; but I entreat you, my brother, do not let it be in a spirit of hostility and to dispute with us the field we have cleared and ploughed. Go with your colleagues to the ba-Lubale, to the Mashé, or even to the M——, where there are as yet no *baruti*. And if you do not give another Gospel than the one we have given you, we shall rejoice, we shall pray to God for you, and when we meet again it will be with joy. My affection for you is always the same. My heart cleaves to you, my brother, though you have left us.

Africa is an immense country, and even the part ruled by Lewanika is vast, very vast. If then you are burning with zeal for God, for souls, it is not necessary that you should tread on our toes. I do not desire that we should look askance at each other when we meet, above all in a country like this, which is, as you know, a country of sickness and death. If you come and settle here, even if at some distance from us, we must strengthen each other's hands by a mutual respect and affection, instead of causing reciprocal pain by despising each other, and thus destroying the work of God.

Farewell, my brother. Receive my letter in a good spirit.

It is I, who love thee still,

F. COILLARD.

REPLY.

From the Rev. W. J. Mokalapa, Arch-Elder, Overseer, Director of the Training Institute, President of the District Conference, Presiding Elder of Barotsiland and Central Africa.

To the
Rev. F. Coillard
Dear Sir

N.W. Rhodesia
10 November 1903

I have received your most insulting letter, dated Oct. 8th, 1903, in which you insulted me. You are not at all justified in opposing

our coming into this country as Missionaries of the Gospel. There is still room enough for every Christian denomination in this valley, especially in this city where there are hundreds and hundreds of people unconverted.

We are not going to snatch members of your Church, we don't want them. Yet the door of our church is still wide open for every soul that comes to Christ.

In your letter you compared on [? one] to a Beast, freebooter, an adversary, etc., etc. Sir, you must know that I am a minister of the Word of Christ, *Duely Ordained* according to the holy Ordinances. If I respect you as a father, I don't see the reason why you shouldn't respect me as your son. Please stop this insolence of yours to me, or else I may be attempted to return the complement. I have not forgotten the ill-treatment I received from you, yet still for all I honour you as a father, you must also honour me as a son.

There is no dispute let us work in harmony. We do recognise every Christian denomination on the surface of the Globe.

I beg to remain with much respect and have the honour to be—
Your sincer Son in Christ

W. J. MOKALAPA, V.D.M.
Presiding Elder.

God did not send you here that you may claim the Country and prevent other Christian denomination to come into this country or even to this dying city of *Lealui*. This is impugned by Christ Himself. (Luc. 9. 49-50)

I have heard that you are going about speaking evil against me and my Church, if you don't want to be in trouble, please stop it, my Church is loyal you can't charge it for dis-loyalty.

“It was not an enemy that did this, else I could have borne it.”

This letter from his own son in the faith and the conduct which accompanied it, broke M. Coillard's heart and hastened his death.

Some may think, as some have said, that the Rev. Willie had better have remained a heathen than treat his spiritual father in such a way. Perhaps so. But before we cast stones at him we may well ask ourselves



VICTORIA FALLS, SHOWING THE FIRST LINES OF THE NEW BRIDGE.
 Photographed by F. Coillard, September 2, 1904.



Devil's Cataract.

South Bank. Rainbow (a very rare effect in a negative
 VICTORIA FALLS FROM SOUTH BANK.

if white Christians have never displayed sectarian bitterness in even harsher forms?

M. Coillard said of this and all other manifestations of independence on the part of native Christians: "It is the ferment of adolescence. Do we not see the same thing in our own sons when they are not quite men? It is not a reason for leaving them alone, but for watching over them more than ever." He himself deeply felt that the treatment of native Christians by white ones (often by real Christians), excluding them, even the best among them, from their Churches, and seizing every opportunity to disparage and laugh at them, had given but too much occasion in the past for a spirit of hostility and mistrust. He sometimes referred to Mme. Coillard's first attendance at church in Natal (1866). She had with her little Samuel Makotoko, a boy of four years old, whom she had brought up from infancy just as if he had been her own. Our Saviour said, "Suffer little children . . . and forbid them not," when His disciples rebuked them that brought them. But the sidesman informed her she must either send the black child out or go herself, so she had to stand in the porch holding his hand throughout the service. Unfortunately — and this was what grieved him — this hostility has been displayed all through South Africa, not so much against the real begetters of it as against the missionaries, their best friends.

It ought perhaps to be said here that M. Coillard was not at all weak-minded about the treatment of the natives. He believed in guiding them with a very firm hand. He never permitted familiarity, though he encouraged confidence; and in his own household he expected his boys to treat him with the same forms of respect as they used towards their native masters, not in words only but in gesture; and it was therefore all the more painful to bear

from some of his former pupils the insolence in which "Willie" encouraged them.

This enmity and its results did not abate, but were rather intensified as weeks went on. All the dearest objects of his affections and labours among the Barotsi were, with few exceptions, alienated from him. Lewanika, the king, while overwhelming him with outward attentions, withdrew his confidence; the children ceased in large numbers to attend school; the "English" and "Normal" classes were forsaken by the older pupils in favour of those started by the Ethiopians. Some professing Christians apostatised with shameful excesses, and at the April Conference, 1904, even the Barotsi evangelists, the crown and proof of the ministry, men of proved character and convictions, threatened to desert to the new-comers.

What he went through when these beloved but misguided disciples presented their ultimatum it is impossible to describe. He marked in his Bible the verse, "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought." He saw, as he thought, the whole work of his life—a work, moreover, which had cost so many other precious lives—crumbling into nothing. "*Mon œuvre s'effond avant moi*," he exclaimed to one of his colleagues. But his work was not in vain. This last sorrow was spared him.

"I took [the evangelists] apart, myself alone under a tree. God gave me grace to speak firmly to them, faithfully, but from the heart too. At the end they asked me for a little time in which to reflect upon what I had said. These hours of waiting I spent alone in the bush. God alone knows my distress and my agony. . . . In the end they reappeared, announcing that they would return to us. Since then the usual order has returned. Yes, but

the future is big with storms, and never had we greater need to become prudent, wise, and, above all, *loving*. We have *love*, but we need to become *loving*; that love may be always more the motive force of our ministry and life—not merely to have love in our hearts, but to *show* it.”

So he had written two years before in a less serious crisis (*Journal*, May 31, 1902):—

“May God forgive me! If I had known how to love, how different my ministry would have been! It seems to me that it is only now I have some slight glimpses of what love is—true love, the love of God which loves unselfishly, without calculation, without response; which loves in spite of hostility, ingratitude, or even hatred! God is love. My God . . . live in me, that I may live with Thy life and love with Thy love.”

It was the turning of the tide. By degrees confidence in the Mission returned; the Ethiopian movement gradually flickered out; the intriguers were caught in their own toils and openly discredited. Willie was forbidden the country, and at present not one of his people remains at Lealui. All this M. Coillard did not live to see. Though he had the comfort of knowing that the people's confidence had to some extent been restored, their spiritual deadness still depressed him.

“March 4, 1904.

“Read lately Dr. Stewart's *Dawn in the Dark Continent*, *Daybreak in Livingstonia*, and *Among the Wild Ngoni*, by Dr. Elmslie. To state my impressions would be impossible. I am humbled and moved to wonder. What great things the Lord has done there! And why

not here? Oh, when will that awakening come? . . . Lord, forget us not for ever."

He once wrote to a friend: "My great, *great* desire is, not to live a day longer than I can work." This wish was almost literally granted.

This crisis with the evangelists was followed by a fortnight of hard work, preaching at each of the stations of the Upper River, though he was suffering from fever the whole time, and often scarcely able to speak or stand. On May 16, 1904, he could hold out no longer, stricken down by the dreaded hæmaturic fever. He was devotedly tended by all the missionaries, men and women, especially by Dr. de Prosch and M. Adolphe Jalla, and also by his own boy, Stephen Semoindji; but complications set in, and on Friday, May 27th, he passed away. Throughout his illness he was unable to converse, and scarcely noticed what passed around him; though he recognised his friends, he sent no farewells, uttered no last words. His work was done. He ploughed and sowed; others will reap the harvest.

Two at least of his desires were accomplished. He died in the midst of his work, and was buried beside his wife under the great tree of Sefula. A marble cross, erected by his colleagues, marks the spot, engraved with his name and the motto of his life:

"TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

On June 1st the railway reached Victoria Falls, just two days after the funeral of him who had opened the way. The pioneer days were over.

When the news of his death reached Europe, a memorial meeting was convened in Paris at the Oratoire, on July 17th, the day on which, had he lived, he would have completed his 70th year. The vast building, hung

with black, was filled to overflowing to give thanks for this faithful servant whose life had been a blessing to so many. They sang the hymn he had loved in childhood:—

“Non, ce n'est pas mourir que d'aller vers son Dieu.”

Striking addresses were delivered by the Rev. G. Appia, the Rev. A. Boegner, Director of the Missions Evangeliques, and by Captain Bertrand and M. Edouard Favre of Geneva, representing the wide circle of M. Coillard's supporters beyond the boundaries of France.

M. Boegner dwelt on his early life and the legacies of its later period: the new mission field conquered, the immense number of hearts won by him to God's service in Europe; the spectacle of triumphant faith. M. Favre said: “Coillard was given to France: he has been taken from the whole world.”

Captain Bertrand spoke of Christian missions (exemplified in M. Coillard's life), as bearing witness to Revealed Truth. “They constitute a power which escapes man's intelligence and analysis; they are the continuation of the apostles' work, and apart from the subtleties of theology, they avail to bring us back to the True Faith.”

The Rev. G. Appia spoke of M. Coillard's deep humility, which never allowed him to imagine that he was probably the greatest missionary that the Paris Society had ever sent out. “The great service which Coillard had rendered is to have been in the fullest sense the man—the Christian of his own epoch; and to have demonstrated . . . that by the grace of God a life can be lived in full modern conditions to which, in face of modern pessimism, we can point and say, ‘Here is the proof that life is in itself a good, and that the Gospel *is to-day* and ever remains the school of such a life and character as we would all desire to leave in memory.’”

Extract from the Will of FRANÇOIS COILLARD.

“ON THE THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY, AND IN THE PRESENCE OF MY GOD, I SOLEMNLY BEQUEATH TO THE CHURCHES OF FRANCE, MY NATIVE LAND, THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LORD’S WORK IN BAROTSILAND, AND I ADJURE THEM, IN HIS HOLY NAME, NEVER TO GIVE IT UP—WHICH WOULD BE TO DESPISE AND RENOUNCE THE RICH HARVEST RESERVED TO THE SOWING THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IN SUFFERING AND TEARS.”

THE END.



THROUGH THE RAPIDS.



THE GREAT TREE OF SEETLA.

Graves of Rev. F. and Mme. Coillard, Mme. de Prosch, M. Liénard, M. Rittener, and
of Philippe Volla.

[To face p. 146.



Appendices

APPENDIX I

COILLARD OF THE ZAMBESI

(By Mr. P. LYTTELTON GELL, a Director of the British South Africa Co.)

Reprinted and Abridged by kind permission.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Times*.

June, 1904.

SIR,—Your issue of June 20th contained the announcement of the death of a remarkable man, the Rev. François Coillard, a devoted French pastor, the chief of the Zambesi Mission, whose career is so interesting to Englishmen, both in its results and in its failures, that it should scarcely pass unnoticed. . . .

It was M. Coillard who acted as interpreter, who explained to the Barotsi king and the National Assembly every detail of the negotiations with the Chartered Company, and who advised the Act which converted Barotsiland into North-West Rhodesia.

But for this indomitable French missionary and the Chartered Company, Lewanika, who has twice fought his way to the throne, would not have held his ground against Portuguese encroachments and internal factions, and, but for him, Barotsiland would never have known the blessings of the past ten years of peace.

Above all, no one but M. Coillard could have maintained through all these years the faith of Lewanika and his Chiefs in the justice and veracity of the Imperial authorities at home, while so greatly tried by the unchecked inroads of the Portuguese. The British Foreign Office had plunged without knowledge into the treaty which cut in two the dominion of a dependent nation. Great Britain handed the western slice to the Portuguese, reserving, however, to the Barotsi the right to recover their own territory subsequently, if they could prove their occupation. For years the Barotsi have called upon the Imperial Government to do them justice, and for years the Imperial Government has merely tendered promises of attention, accompanied with rigid instructions that our friends must on no account resist the Portuguese, who have meanwhile established post after post in the

disputed territory. In the official Emphyrean, where such things seem unimportant and all things await their turn, there is little thought of the grave injury to those who trust us, little sympathy for those who have to come back again and again to their people with empty hands and unfulfilled pledges. Now, at length, the claims of the Barotsi Federation to live undivided under the British flag have been faced by Lord Lansdowne, and only await the verdict of the King of Italy. If, owing to the original error of our Foreign Office, the award does not substantially secure the Barotsi rights, it may be well to remember that one voice is silent which would have been raised to calm misunderstanding and to counsel acquiescence.*

There is something inspiring in the figure of this solitary French missionary throwing himself twenty years ago into a post beyond the uttermost confines of civilisation, and fighting on tenaciously to evolve Christianity and moral order out of the Barotsi chaos until the tide of "Pax Britannica" should sweep on to him, and Great Britain reap where he had sown. To the best of my recollection, not one shot has been fired by the Company's forces to gather the Barotsi under the British flag. I do not minimise the credit due to King Lewanika—surrounded as he is by tribal difficulties—nor to Major Coryndon, the Company's tactful and sympathetic Administrator; but for the mutual confidence and loyalty, which has made a good understanding possible, Englishmen are indebted to this single-hearted and indomitable Frenchman.

Judged by missionary statistics, it might be urged that the definite results have been small in proportion to the grave cost in life and energy; and, at the very close of his life, Coillard's heart was broken by the appearance of the Ethiopian Schismatics upon the scene of his labours, seducing his unstable followers by the offer of their bastard Christianity—retrograde and polygamous.

And yet the career of M. Coillard emphatically illustrates the broader and deeper aspects of mission work—the leaven which may spread from the presence of one single-hearted, devoted man of the higher race (for higher the White Race is, despite all sentimentality), one man of immovable and fearless rectitude amongst these undeveloped negroid peoples. That fact, and the responsibility which attaches to it, must remain both the justification and the test of all Missions in South Africa.

* Since this letter was written, the award of the Arbitrator (the King of Italy) has been published. It surrendered to Portuguese rule a large area over which Lewanika had exercised sovereignty, though he recovered a large portion of the territory claimed by the Barotsi.

While M. Coillard and many of his helpers have laid down their lives, seeming to leave a mere handful of definite "converts" behind them, it is impossible to estimate the good done, and the evil arrested, in the welter of a fickle, immoral, and unprincipled people by the leaven of his sincerity and devotion. The transformation of the ruthless and vindictive Robosi into the seeking, reforming Lewanika—not even now a professed convert to his friend's faith, yet "coveting earnestly the best gifts"—the pacific passage of a great territory racked with bloodshed, slave-raids, and hideous cruelties, into the haven of the "Pax Britannica," the suppression of torture and witch-doctors, the growing respect for life, marriage-law and contracts—such things—not the mere list of "converts"—show the influence of M. Coillard's personality. He was not the active instrument in such things; but while spending himself with indomitable hopefulness upon his frivolous and wayward disciples, he unconsciously created the atmosphere, the trust, and the aspirations which made so much possible. . . .

The retrospect of M. Coillard's journeys recalls the enormous responsibilities thrust upon our Empire within a single lifetime.

Basutoland, Mashonaland, Matabeleland, Barotsiland, not to mention the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, were all outside the "Pax Britannica" when M. Coillard first approached them in his mission journeys. He had seen all harried by violence, and from all in turn he had been repulsed.

On his last journey, when he returned to die at Lealui, M. Coillard traversed successively all these great territories, through which he had once trekked in peril and privation, and saw them united in absolute peace under British protection; and the Rhodesian railway brought him home to the far-off country on the Zambesi, which in the past it had taken many arduous months to reach.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

P. LYTTTELTON GELL.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall.

Extract from the Minutes of a Board Meeting of the British South Africa Company, held on the 22nd June, 1904.

BAROTSI MISSION (PARIS MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

DEATH OF THE REV. FRANÇOIS COILLARD.

The Secretary reported that a cable announcing the death of the Rev. F. Coillard, the head of the Barotsi Mission, had been received by the relatives.

The Board desired to place on record an expression of its deep regret at the death of the Rev. Mr. Coillard; its appreciation of his high ideals, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty; and its sense of the great loss which the removal by death of its distinguished chief would be to the Mission, the beneficent work of which in Barotsiland the Board had for many years fully recognised.

FROM HIS HONOUR THE ADMINISTRATOR OF BAROTSI-
LAND, NORTH-WEST RHODESIA.

. . . I think it was M. Coillard's constant endeavour to have as little as possible to do with political questions, and to alienate himself from all controversy and connection with such matters; and I can recollect no occasion on which his advice was ever unduly thrust forward or in which he interfered in the slightest degree with any official matter with which I was connected.

I found it advisable to consult him upon a few rare occasions as to some point upon which his unique experience and sound judgment could alone cast the necessary light, and though he never offered advice, he never refused it to me, and in every case have I been grateful for his assistance. I know both from himself and from Mr. Adolphe Jalla that Lewanika occasionally consulted him upon some matter in connection with the administration which he did not quite understand, and I am perfectly confident that in every such case the advice tendered to the chief was carefully thought out, wise, and kind.

Apart from matters of personal feeling, and speaking officially, I have never ceased to be grateful for the fact that M. Coillard was at hand in the early days to explain to Lewanika and the indunas questions which they did not understand, to smooth away any temporary irritation on their part, and, I have no doubt, to speak plainly to them when occasion demanded.

I like to believe that he felt an admiration for British methods of Colonial administration, and I trust and believe that he was satisfied with the honesty and sound lines upon which it has been my constant endeavour to direct the settlement of those points upon which I found myself in disagreement with Lewanika and his Council; and I suspect that the British South Africa Company is indebted to M. Coillard's wisdom and loyalty upon more occasions than I am actually aware of. Of his personal charm of manner and invariable courtesy and honesty I do not desire to speak much now, except to record my gratitude for his charmingly expressed sympathy and



BAROTSI NATIVE POLICE, GOVERNMENT STATION, MONGU.



advice and his frequent kindnesses to our officials ; but I am abidingly conscious of the fact that in my official work I owe much of what I trust to be the present feeling of mutual friendship and confidence between Lewanika and our Administration to M. Coillard's honesty of thought and heart, his sound judgment, and, not least, his loyalty to the Government to whose care was committed the country for whose sake he worked and died.

For his personal character I have nothing but the greatest regard ; but what I wish to emphasise now is the fact that I recognise the assistance he was to the Administration, and I can afford no better proof than the fact that not once since I arrived in Lealui in 1897 was his name used as a handle against us or as a menace to us ; and that officially as well as privately his presence was never anything but an encouragement and an aid.

(Signed)

R. T. CORYNDON.

FROM THE REV. JUSTE BOUCHET, SEFULA.

Our dear *doyen* . . . in Europe no one will ever know all that this hero whom God has recalled to Himself was to our Mission. People have read his life, and have seen the heroic side of it, but the other side, the simple, human side, was even more beautiful and inspiring.

What patience, what charity, what devotion have we not seen in the work of our venerated friend ! With what emotion have we not always seen the light of his study-lamp, which had always long been burning when we, young folk, began to think of rising. And those morning hours of which he was so jealous he employed in meditating on God's Word and in prayer.

It happened to me rather often [when at Lealui] to ask the hospitality of his study when the mosquitoes drove me from my bed ; each time I left it with something infinitely sweet and good. We scarcely spoke, both being generally busy. But at one moment or another he would invite me to pray with him, and what good he did me by those prayers, so simple and so fervent, where nothing was forgotten. Oh that little study . . . its walls worn through by the lizards [and ants]. I shall never forget it. How often . . . has an instant spent there in prayer with him brought back to me the sense of freedom needful for thinking and believing. And when we rose again, and he would say with his kind look, pressing my hand, " Well, brother Bouchet, the Lord will give you something good for our people," his faith reinforced mine ; and I felt that it would be so, because the Spirit of God was there.

454 COILLARD OF THE ZAMBESI

FROM THE REV. A. MANN.

Formerly of the Barotsi Mission (Paris Missionary Society).

There are unique personalities, exercising such extraordinary power over people, that it is very difficult to discover just where it begins and where it ends. Such was the influence of M. Coillard over the Ba-rotsi. His position was unique; his power unprecedented. But neither was self-arrogated nor used in an arbitrary way. To some he was the prophet of Jehovah, bringing a gospel of peace and goodwill—calling a nation from its bondage of sin into the liberty wherewith Christ made them free. By such he was loved dearly, and they were always ready to listen to his wonderful expositions of Scripture. To others he was a father; “the childless father of a nation,” whose home was ever open to receive the oppressed, and whose heart was ever beating with a paternal affection towards them. To those of high and low degree, he was the nation’s trusty counsellor, faithful friend—a Mo-rotsi—one of our nation. . . . M. Coillard was always given the name *par excellence* among the missionaries. . . . [Not merely] his seniority, but . . . his deep piety was the secret of his unique power. If he was held in high repute by the court, he would never compromise his conscience, but like a Hebrew seer he would raise his voice against its sensuality, luxury, and paganism, until vice was constrained to hide its head in shame. His courage was not that of a Richard Cœur de Lion, but rather that of a Savonarola. There was never any lack of time-servers who were ready to whisper “treason,” and seek to impeach the faithful and dauntless witness, but the king was inevitably obliged to confess, “It is not treason but truth.” . . . All missionaries obtain a good hearing, but I observed that when M. Coillard was preaching the congregation was exceptionally good, and the attention most remarkable. Every thought was illuminated by some illustration taken from life such as they could grasp and follow. He could stoop to their mental level as few could, and thus make things clear and lucid which before were obscure.

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear,
And with his finger on the place,
He said, “Thou ailest here and here.”

He was as much appreciated in the towns and villages as in the Church and on the station. It was my pleasure to accompany him several times, and everywhere we went I noticed that the people really loved him.

His heart was so full of sympathy and love, his life so gentle and gracious, that one could not live with him without being a better missionary. . . . He was always intensely interested in my own work at Mabumbu.

I shall always remember his touching words to all the missionaries assembled at Loatile. M. Coillard leading the meeting read Luke v. 1-11, "*We have toiled all night and taken nothing.*" Again he read these words . . . until he trembled with emotion. . . . "Yes, alas! I have toiled all night, a long night it has been, sometimes chilled by the winds, at others tossed by the waves; but labour in vain and strength spent for nought." Then tears came to his relief, and with upturned head and outstretched hand, as if grasping a coming promise of his beloved Master, he cried. . . . "Nevertheless, at Thy word, I will let down the net." He had that moment caught the inspiration of his Master's promise, and believing it, every word sounded now with ringing cheer and hope. "*Soul, hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him.*" That meeting was a spiritual uplift to us all, and we returned to our work with greater hope and stronger faith than ever our souls possessed before. . . .

It is one of the supremest joys of my life to have lived and laboured with such a great and good man; a man so intensely human, yet who in his daily life reflected his Saviour's moral and spiritual glories to an extraordinary degree. Living and walking in the Spirit, the Spirit's fruit, "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness," beautified his every-day life. I have ceased to search for the secret of his unique power and chastened character, for long before I left . . . that was known to me. Long before man had awakened from sleep and the sun had risen, François Coillard was awake and in the intimacy of Divine communion. When Moses came down from the mount his face shone, but he wist it not, and when François Coillard came forth from those early hours of contemplation and devotion, his very life was seraphic—we knew it well though he "wist it not." . . .

Dear M. Coillard may sometimes have felt that his work was not very successful, but I believe it was vastly more successful than even he or others have imagined or thought. There will be many glad surprises in heaven when the saints enter with their works, and amongst them there will be this—that his work was crowned with lustre, glory, and success.

APPENDIX II

GLOSSARY

- Ba*, noun, prefix, indicating plural.
Ba-rotsi (or *Ma-rotsi*), people of Barotsiland.
Ba-ruti, (1) teachers, (2) missionaries.
Bo, noun prefix, indicating multitude.
Bo-rena, the chiefs, the governing body.
Gambella, title of Prime Minister.
Ho lumela (infinitive mood), to agree [with].
Ho ba-pala, to play, or amuse oneself.
Ifu, manes, ancestral spirits (*serotsi*).
Khosi (or *n'Khosi*), one of the nobility ; a chief.
Impi, regiment (Zulu).
Induna, captain or chief (Zulu).
Lekhothla, court of council, or tribunal.
Letsema, a day's work done for the chief (*corvée*).
Lengolo, (1) writing, (2) Scriptures, (3) all instruction.
Lebila, magic potion ; medicine.
Li-kombo, plural of *Sekombo*, the king's personal staff.
Sebuku (or *Seboka*), the representative animal of a man or tribe.
Liomba, second Minister of State.
Litaola, divining bones.
Liteng, light beer.
Liyumbu, ceremonious gift of food to a guest.
Lumela, Good-day—the universal greeting.
Ma, noun prefix, forming plural.
Ma, mother, or matron.
Ma-leseli, Mother of Light.
Mabele, Kaffir corn, sorgho.
Ma-fi, thick curded milk.
Ma-lapa, courts fenced with reeds.
Ma-luti, chain of mountains.
Ma-mbari, half-civilised natives of Portuguese West Coast.

Mékoa, customs, festivals.

Mo, noun, prefix, forming singular.

Mo-rotsi, singular of Barotsi.

Mo-suto, singular of Basuto.

Mo-nyai, singular of Banyai.

Moati, the poison used for trial by ordeal.

Mo-limo, God, the Deity ; plural, *melimo*, used for tribal deities.

Monere (or *monare*), father ; title of respect.

Morena, supreme chief or king, a ruler (in Scripture, *Lord*)

Moruti, teacher, missionary.

Mothlanka, servant, dependant ; plural, *ba-thlanka*.

Motselisi, comforter.

Mo-sali, a woman.

Mo-loi, sorcerer (plural, *baloi*).

Nalikuanka, the state barge.

Natamoyo, Minister of Mercy.

Ntate, father, term of affection.

Ntho, a thing.

Ngaka, doctor, magician.

Nyambé, name of the Supreme God (*serotsi*).

Pitso, tribal assembly.

Pelaelo, *arrière-pensées* ; grievances.

Se, prefix, indicating the language.

Se-suto, language of the Basuto.

Se-rotsi, language of the Barotsi.

Se-nyai, language of the Banyai.

Sepora, stool.

Setsiba, a piece of cloth two and a half yards long, used as a kilt

It is a standard value in barter.

Shangwe, sir, or master ; an expression of respect (*serotsi*).

Shoalela, the royal salute.

Setsomi, sportsman.

Tau-tona, lion.

Thaka, equal-in-age.

Thuto, (1) the Gospel, (2) the teaching of Christianity.

Yoala, strong beer.

APPENDIX III

LIST OF BOOKS ON BAROTSILAND

In English.

Seven Years in South Africa. 2 vols.	Dr. E. Holub.
A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa	F. C. Selous.
Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa, 1882-1893	F. C. Selous.
How I Crossed Africa. 2 vols. <i>Sampson Low & Co.</i>	Major Serpa Pinto.
Romance and Reality in Central Africa. <i>Hodder & Stoughton</i>	Dr. J. Johnston, of Jamaica.
The Kingdom of the Barotsi. <i>T. Fisher Unwin</i>	A. Bertrand.
Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa. <i>Methuen</i>	Major A. St. Hill Gibbons.
Africa from South to North through Ma- rotseland. 2 vols. <i>John Lane</i>	Major A. St. Hill Gibbons.
Explorations in Central Africa and in the Zambesi Basin, 1840-1864	D. Livingstone.
The Zambesi and its Tributaries	D. Livingstone.
(And all biographies of Livingstone.)	
In Remotest Barotsiland. <i>Hurst & Blackett</i> ...	Colonel Harding.
Three Years in Savage Africa	Lionel Dècle.
On the Threshold of Central Africa. <i>Hodder & Stoughton</i> , 7s. 6d.	F. Coillard.
Alone in Africa; or, Seven Years on the Zambesi. <i>J. Nisbet</i> , 1s.	Mme. Goy.
A Visit to King Lewanika. 1s.	Captain Luck.
Article by Sir Arthur Lawley in <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 1898.	
Garenganze	F. S. Arnot.

Magazines.

News from Barotsiland (Letters of Missionaries), 1898-1907 (Hon.
Sec., 5, Adamson Road, S. Hampstead).

In French.

Sur le Haut Zambèze, 8 frs. <i>Berger Levrault</i> ...	F. Coillard.
Notre Voyage au Zambèze (1899), 6 frs. ...	J. L. Liénard.
Lettres and Fragments (Imprimerie <i>Coueslant</i> , Cahors, Lot, France), 1901. 5 frs. ...	J. L. Liénard.
Pionniers parmi les Marotsé (1890-1902), 3 frs. 50 c. ...	Adolphe Jalla.
Les Ma-Rotse. Etude Géographique and Ethnographique (1902) (<i>Benda</i> , Lausanne) ...	Eugène Béguin.
Etudes sur les Langues du Haut Zambèze (<i>Ernest Leroux</i> , Paris, 28, Rue Bonaparte) ...	E. Jacottet.
Dans les Solitudes de l'Afrique (1 fr.) ...	Mme. Goy.
La Mission au Zambèze ...	T. Jousse.
Au Pays des Barotsis. <i>Hachette</i>	A. Bertrand

Magazines.

Journal des Missions Evangéliques. (The organ of the Paris Society.) 6 frs. yearly ...	{ 102, Boulevard Arago, Paris, France.
Nouvelles du Zambèze (Imprimerie <i>Kündig</i> , Rue due Vieux College, Geneva). 1 fr. yearly.	

LIST OF BOOKS ON BASUTOLAND.

In English.

Basutoland Records. 3 vols. (1830-69) Compiled by G. M. Theal.	
Among Boers and Basutos (1893) ...	Mrs. Barkly.
Fourteen Years in Basutoland (1891) ...	Canon Widdicombe.
Basutoland: Its Legends and Customs (1903) ...	Mrs. Martin.
A Practical Method to Learn Sesuto (1906). <i>Morija</i>	E. Jacottet.
Reports. To be had from Mrs. Sutherland-Taylor (Hon. Sec.), 57, Mildmay Park, N.	

In French.

Voyage d'Exploration (1836) ...	M. Arbousset.
(English Translation of the above.)	
Les Bassoutos (1860) ...	E. Casalis.
(English Translation of the above.)	
Mes Souvenirs ...	E. Casalis.
Au Sud de l'Afrique (Illustrated) ...	F. Christol.
Vie de A. Mabile, Missionnaire au Lessouto ...	H. Dieterlen
La Mission française au Sud de l'Afrique (<i>Fischbacher</i>). 2 vols. (1889)...	T. Jousse.



Vincit Qui Patitur.

In Memoriam.



FRANÇOIS AND CHRISTINA COILLARD

BURIED AT SEFULA, UPPER ZAMBESI.

ALSO THEIR COMRADES

Who laid down their lives in the Barotsi Mission.

MME. BOUCHET.

MME. EVA DUPUY.

MME. LOUIS JALLA.

MME. ADOLPHE JALLA.

MME. MARTIN.

MRS. MANN.

MME. DE PROSCH.

DR. DARDIER.

REV. A. GOY.

REV. J. LIÉNARD.

M. GEORGES MERCIER.

M. RITTENER.

ELEAZAR MARATHANE.

BUSHMAN.

KHOSANA.

THEODORE.

ELISA PAULUS.

And the Children—

MARGUERITE JEANMAIRET.

EMILE GOY.

GIULIO JALLA.

GUIDO & ODOARDO JALLA.

MARGUERITE AND ANITA
JALLA.

ALBERT BOITEUX.

JEANNE BOITEUX.

MADELEINE LAGEARD.

AMÉLIE LAGEARD.

PHILIPPE VOLLA.

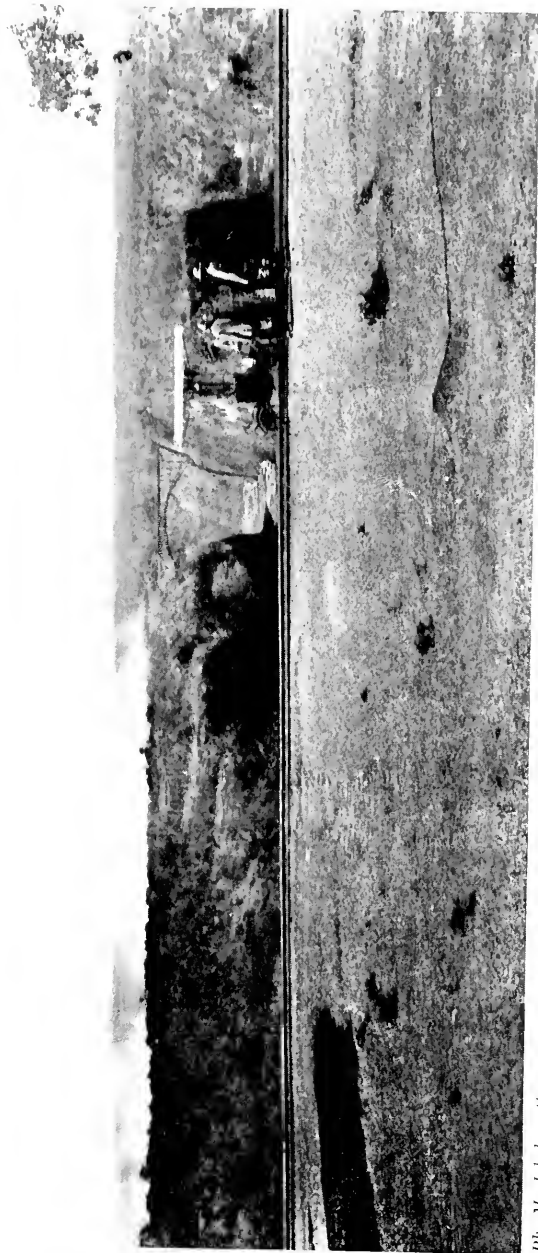
MONYAI.

FILOLOKA.

CAROLINE. AND OTHERS.

We must remember that it was not by interceding for the world in glory that Jesus saved it. *He gave Himself*, and our prayers for the evangelisation of the world are but a bitter irony so long as we only give of our superfluity and hold back from the sacrifice of ourselves.

F. COILLARD.



Ph. M. Jeheuer, Geneva

EXTREMES MEET.

The Prince Lilia with a motor-car in front of the Victoria Falls Hotel looking at the bridge

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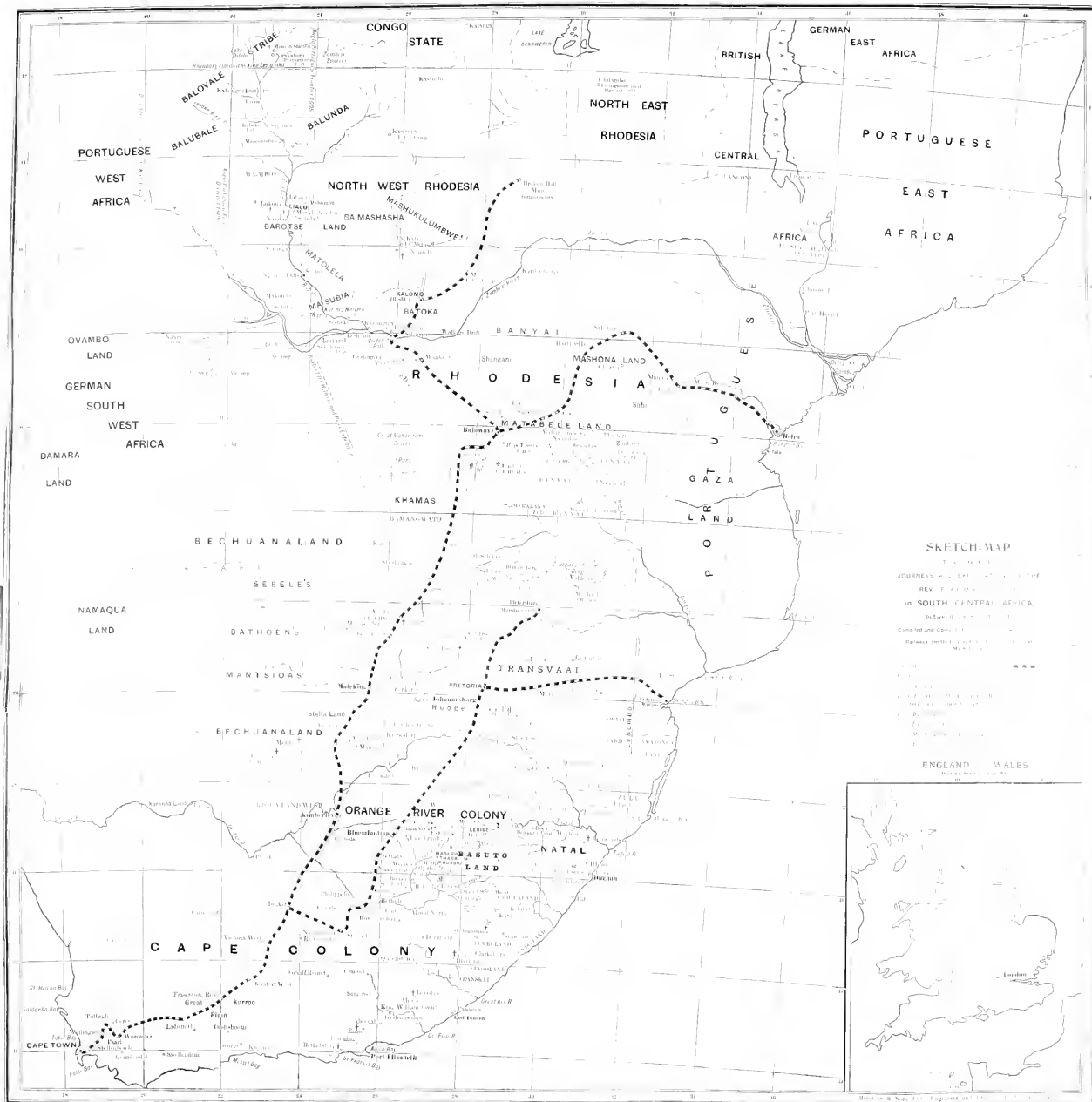
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